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# LETTERS

FROM THE

UNITED STATES, CUBA AND CANADA

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VOL. II.



LETTERS

FROM THE

UNITED STATES, CUBA AND CANADA

BY THE

HON. AMELIA M. MURRAY



IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. II

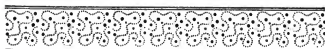
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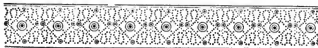
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## ERRATA IN VOL. II.

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- Page 10, line 1, for *Gelucinum* read *Gelecinium*.  
 „ 14, „ 9, for *taken up with him* read *taken up in it*.  
 „ 29, „ 13, for *Gelucinum* read *Gelecinium*.  
 „ „ 26, for *but none I have seen* read *but none seem*.  
 „ 31, „ 12, for *Solamen* read *Solanum*.  
 „ „ 19, for *which also grows* read *which I saw growing*.  
 „ 35, „ 19, for *Mr. Mann* read *Mrs. Mann*.  
 „ 36, „ 18, for *dim-coloured kite* read *dun-coloured kite*.  
 „ 40, „ 26, for *Tampa* read *Tampas*.  
 „ 43, „ 15, for *Chittanogs* read *Chattanooga*.  
 „ 53, „ 27, for *decollettes* read *decollées*.  
 „ 64, „ 14, for *Solamena* read *Solanum*.  
 „ 73, „ 9, for *underrating* read *eradicating*.  
 „ 78, „ 18, for *laws do not permit slaves* read *laws do not allow slaves*.  
 „ 79, „ 23, for *Citadel of Quatre* read *Citadel of Quebec*.  
 „ 83, „ 23, for *Oreodoza Regia* read *Oreodoza Regis*.  
 „ 93, „ 1, for *St. Clair Hotel* read *St. Charles Hotel*.  
 „ „ 10, for *Eryobotria Japonica* read *Eryobotria Japonica*.  
 „ 94, „ 12, erase „and”.  
 „ 98, „ 23, for *Biddell* read *Riddell*.  
 „ 105, „ 25, for *Dr. M—* read *Dr. R—*.  
 „ 160, „ 19, for *flowers* read *flouces*.  
 „ 163, „ 14, for *Bacciniuns* read *Vacciniuns*.  
 „ 164, „ 18, for *we left the Atlanta* read *we left Atlanta*.  
 „ 197, „ 16, for *forms of Government* read *form of Government*.  
 „ 201, Letter XXVII should be dated May 30.  
 „ „ 10, for *town* read *tours*.  
 „ „ 11, for *Aderondak* read *Adirondaks*.  
 „ 203, „ 23, for *sermon of the Scotch* read *sermon of the Scotch Chaplain*.  
 „ 208, „ 14, for *Wilkesdane* read *Wilkesbarrie*.  
 „ 213, „ 21, for *Bishop confirmed the persons* read *Bishop confirmed three persons*.  
 „ 268, „ 23, for *Lilypods* read *Lilypads*, and the same afterwards.



## LETTER XVIII.

SAVANNAH, GEORGIA,  
February 4, 1855.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—

The *Calhoun* steamer left Charleston at four o'clock yesterday, and brought us here about three in the morning—a quiet and bright moonlight voyage. Mr. H——, to whose care I was recommended by my friend Mr. R——, of Liverpool, put me on board the vessel, and invited me to return to his house on the 15th, to take the *Isabel* for Cuba on the 19th. My last letter closed very hastily, as I had only just time to seal it before going on board. I do not know what you and our abolitionist friend F—— may think of my slavery conclusions. You will imagine that I have fallen under some evil influence; but really we in England know as little about the domestic arrangements of these Southerners as they do about our great landholders in England. I have been several times assured that the present Duchess

of Sutherland depopulated the Highlands for the sake of raising sheep there. They confuse dates and facts, and confound the present Duchess with the old Countess Duchess, whose energetic plans aided the starving Celts she caused to emigrate, and that outlay of money may perhaps now tend towards the improvement of the estates of the present Duke. I fell in with a personification of 'Rebecca' on board the *Calhoun* steamer. I was introduced when we embarked, and I felt myself attracted by her beautiful, melancholy face. When we got acquainted, she told me this singular story:—At thirteen, she had run away from doting friends with her present husband, who, being a Christian, was not acceptable to them, and they refused forgiveness. Some years after, when she was on a steamer with her husband and a young babe, she was induced to sing 'Sweet Home' on deck, in the dark. A voice not far off said, in a beseeching way, 'Again, lady—pray again.' A vague feeling crossed her that its tone was familiar, still she hesitated to obey the request, when a friend near exclaimed, 'Yes, do: it may be that the stranger is separated from those he loves.' She repeated the air, and no more was said. The next morning she saw her father in the vessel. She darted up towards him, but he turned his back upon her; and her courage failing her, she attempted no other appeal. Just after this he stopped the black

nurse carrying her infant, took him in his arms, kissed his forehead, and said to a gentleman standing near, 'This is my grandson;' yet he forgave not; and some months afterwards he died without asking to see his daughter or her child again. She is now a fifteen-years' happy wife, with eight children, and has at last been invited to visit her former home alone. Her husband insisted upon her accepting this invitation, though it excluded him, and to-morrow she will be received by slowly-forgiving relations. I could not but sympathize with her feelings.

Savannah seems a large town, with many pleasant squares, in one of which this (Pulaski) hotel is situated. It is so called in memory of a fine steamer of that name, which, before boilers were well regulated, blew up and engulfed members of almost all the principal families in this place. One family, consisting of thirteen, lost eleven individuals; only the father and one infant were left behind. In all the States of the Union I find complaints of poverty and public debt; so that while the Central Government of Washington boasts of a superabundance of money, the Empire as a whole is little less involved than Great Britain. I think this fact is not understood in Europe; and what is more, while the national debt seems not to clog prosperity in England, poverty makes itself very evident among the governments of the Federal States. Matters of

public utility are at a standstill in their chief cities. It is very easy for President and Congress to have a surplus, as long as the Union remains at peace: taxes flow in, and there are few out-goings. In general, the local capitals are ill-paved, indifferently drained, and poorly lighted, and the public buildings are few and badly kept.

The air seems warmer here than at Charlestown; but I caught cold on board the steamer, which confines me to the house for to-day, and not having taken off my clothes last night, I do not feel very excursive. The Bishop of Georgia (Elliott), with his lady, and a gentleman and some ladies I knew in the north, have called upon me.

I find that the term 'Slave' is rarely made use of in the south. The blacks are called 'our servants,' or more commonly 'our people.' We must remember that when slaves are to be disposed of, people in this country do not consider they are literally buying *men* but *services*, and what we hear of, are the abuses not the laws of the system. Should a master ill-treat a slave, the law protects the latter; and I am inclined to believe cases of such treatment are rare. If a slave violates the law, a judge sends to his master, and says, This is your servant; if you do not punish him, I must. Of course the culprit much prefers to be corrected by his own master, by whom all extenuating circumstances are understood

and allowed for ; and he is usually left in his hands.

As I have said before, the blacks are children of larger growth. They are tricky, idle, and dirty. An excellent English housekeeper who has the management of this house, tells me that it is impossible for them to get on with the motives that would influence whites. She is very averse to reporting any of the darkies as requiring correction (*alias*, a whipping) ; but without the power of doing so, they would be utterly unmanageable. As it is, one white servant would do the work of three blacks. 'Tom,' perhaps, has no other vocation than to light fires. I have been amused to watch the slow round-about way in which he performs the operation, never having all he wants at hand. This morning he brought no light ; so before preparing to light the fire he takes my wax candle, lights it, and lets it stand burning uselessly. Then, after lighting the fire, he keeps the candle burning for half-an-hour in broad daylight, while he goes through various evolutions about the cinders and the dust, till he has settled it all to his satisfaction : and it is of no use to suggest any quicker mode of proceeding. I must repeat, over and over again, our ideas of negro character, and its capabilities, are little grounded upon truth.

We have cast aside the evidence of people who, with clear unbiassed judgment, have watched the

African from his cradle to his grave, and taken the opinion and the advice of well-intentioned but hot-headed zealots, until we have damaged the cause of civilization, checked the progress of individuals of the black race, and at the same time done mischief to ourselves, and to fine islands and colonies which are now again tending towards barbarism. People of the Southern States might not be considered unprejudiced witnesses of the present condition and prospects of our West Indian Islands; but I know from other sources, and I appeal to Englishmen for the truth of my information. Barbadoes has already much deteriorated, and unless the power of landed acquisition by negroes receive some legal check (owing to the small disbursements necessary to their existence, and their giving no credit, with a deep-laid intention of getting rid of white proprietors), the blacks will slowly but certainly gain possession of the island. The same process will follow in others; and when too late the British nation will come to a conviction that it must either re-conquer its West Indian islands, or permit them to amalgamate with the United States, which by that time will be too wise to permit them to remain free black republics. There is no doubt the blacks are susceptible of education and improvement, to a certain extent, under white influence. The darkies of Baltimore and Virginia are a shade

higher in the scale of improvement than those of Georgia, from being more in approximation with whites in a mass ; but you can never change the Ethiopian character, or wash white his skin. 'The pig will never grow into the lion.' Under good direction, it is a light-hearted, merry, unreflecting race, excitable and impulsive ; but it has a sense of justice, and can be attached, and be made an honest, useful, and highly respectable servant, by judicious management and early training. A well-taught negro coachman drives admirably. They are apt at any mechanical employment. Some of them are very orderly, but put them out of a track to which they have been accustomed, and they rapidly lose themselves. A lady here has taken great pains with a negro boy born in her family. I was amused to observe him standing behind her chair, with a tray under his arm, like a little black statue. He never forgets to come at a particular hour for her orders ; but the teaching him to read is no small undertaking. He goes on the box of the carriage, and well performs any accustomed duty ; but if you ask him to take a knife and dig up a plant, he looks utterly bewildered.

What are we doing ? Instead of bringing away the African race, to return them in a generation or two educated for the improvement and enlightenment of Africa, are we not *re-barbarizing* the Christian world by giving fair fields back again into



savage hands? Negro Christians left to their own guidance fall sooner or later again into pagan habits. Inquire of the British consuls; ask the admirably devoted clergy and bishops of this land; take the convictions of any persons of experience and judgment who have lived among blacks. No discrepancies will be found in such opinions; but our people and our Governments of the last forty years have been led away by preconceived notions; they have listened only to well-intentioned but weak religionists, and under a mistaken impression that they promoted freedom and Christianity, have they been giving encouragement to ultimate bondage and paganism. It appears that in this world God punishes weakness as well as wickedness. If we have intended virtuously as a nation, have we not acted weakly? Instead of being surprised that these slave proprietors feel themselves insulted and aggrieved by the manner in which English philanthropists have vilified and abused them, I am only astonished at the patience and gentleness with which they have endured our calumnies. They are just and kind towards us in spite of our faults, and for the sake of good intention, they forgive. It is said the 'Injurer never forgives;' let us beware how we realize that adage. Among a large class in the North I found a jealous and unkind spirit towards the old country; the reverse of this may be said of the South. I have

observed a noble, generous, gentlemanly spirit in this part of the Union; I feel assured that if the Southern proprietors, as a class, had found reason to believe that the institution of Slavery was prejudicial either to the Christian or temporal interests of the blacks, they have chivalry enough in their composition to have cast aside mere motives of private interest; but they knew, and we did not know—that was the difference. They have a right to accuse us of ignorance and conceit, and they are more forbearing than we had any claim to expect. I will try not again to recur to this subject till I get to Cuba, but it meets me so at every turn here, it is difficult to refrain.

*Savannah, February 6.*—Yesterday I had a pleasant breakfast with Mr. and Mrs. H——, to meet Dr. Elliott, as amiable and excellent as his friend and brother of Pennsylvania. He remained among his flock during the yellow fever, or rather plague, of the last autumn, the consoler and the nurse of old and young, and he escaped that pestilence all through a diocese as large as Great Britain. He is sincerely loved and truly valued, and amidst his onerous duties he neither seorns nor neglects the study of nature.

After breakfast, Miss T—— took me a delightful drive to the Cemetery of Buonaventura. We went part of the way through a forest, even now full of interest for the eye of a botanist. Rare pines,

magnolias, *Gelucinum sempervirens* (here called Jessamine), fan palms, cactuses, live oaks, and palmetto trees, not, as in the Northern forests, set like pins in a pincushion, but sufficiently apart to allow for increasing size, with airy glades and a lovely undergrowth.

Buonaventura once belonged to a gentleman of old family here; he planted five avenues of live oaks verging to a centre, where stood his residence. That house was burned down; a decreased income obliged the family to part with their beautiful place, and it was bought by speculators, who are realizing large sums by turning it into a cemetery; it is a most appropriate spot for the purpose. The live oaks form arches equal to those of cathedrals; while the *Tillandsia*, weeping from every branch of every tree, unartificially sympathizes with mourners, and adds solemnity to the whole scene. Two palmettos standing near the entrance to the old house are magnificent specimens of that noble tree. I found some young seedlings from them, which I hope to carry safely across the Atlantic. We came home by a rice plantation and negro village, with its neat and comfortable houses; but in their interiors the people evinced no ideas of tidiness or comfort. My negro woman at Sandwich had the only neat room I have as yet seen among them. I was assured by everyone on Saturday that the *Seminole* steamer for

Palatka would start at ten o'clock this morning; now I am told not till four in the afternoon. I hope this afternoon start will not turn out to be midnight, as at Detroit.

*Darien, February 9.*—Some days of adventure. It was midnight before the *Seminole* left Savannah for Palatka, owing to a necessity for repairs which the captain could not get executed—such is the slowness of negro work-people; but a brilliant moon made everything nearly as visible as day. I was tired, and after a while got into my berth without undressing—a precaution I had every reason to be glad of; for about two o'clock I was awakened by a terrible crash of timber on my side the vessel, only a few yards to the left of my head. I was sure a collision had occurred, and rushed out to ascertain whether the water was likely to rush in, the *Arctic* strongly in my imagination. I saw that a schooner had run directly into the paddle-box, just beyond my berth, and completely smashed that wheel. The man at the helm of the intruding vessel must have been asleep; suddenly awakened by the noise of our steamer, he steered his boat the wrong way, and before our pilot could do anything, she was plump into us. Had he only continued the course he was on, when asleep, we should have passed without damage; as it was, he broke his own bowsprit straight off, sprung his foremast, and

crippled us thoroughly ; so that all our captain could do was to cast anchor (fortunately within the bar of the Savannah River), and send off a boat instantly, eighteen miles to the town, for relief.

A tedious time we had of it till five o'clock, Wednesday, when a steamer came down, attached herself to our *well* side, and took the poor *Seminole* safely back to the wharf, from which she had started the day before. It was no use to give way to terror about proceeding in consequence of the singular accident which had occurred ; I convinced myself we were not likely to meet with anything unpleasant again immediately ; and, after all, feelings of thankfulness were those uppermost in my mind, that we had passed such a danger unscathed. I decided to set forth again by the *St. John* steamer, at eight o'clock next morning. Poor R—— could not get over the fright ; and if there had been any back door to have run out of, for the first time I suspect she was almost inclined to desert ; however, with a melancholy expression, she became resigned, and we returned to the Pulaski Hotel to sleep ; for though Captain Postell was very kind, and offered us our berths on board, we were too much tired and exhausted not to seek quiet beds on shore. As in most bad cases there is compensation, so here good came out of evil. A common misfortune made me well acquainted with two agreeable and superior

men, President Wheeler, of Burlington College, and Dr. Turner, of Savannah. They took charge of us as if we had been their sisters; smoothed every difficulty, and as it turned out, there being no hotel or place of reception at Darien, if we had succeeded in landing there the first night, we should have been thrown into an awkward situation. Now, Dr. Turner went on shore there to prepare accommodations; and he and the Professor took us to the house of a hospitable Mr. and Mrs. Smith, who gave us a comfortable bed in their nursery, evidently putting themselves to some temporary inconvenience to take in the strangers. This place, Darien, is where General Oglethorpe entrenched himself during the war; it is singular in appearance, and must be pretty in summer. Now, from the absence of all bright green, and the grey tinge thrown over vegetation by the *Tillandsia*, it has a very original look. The houses are mostly scattered, built of a kind of a oyster-shell compost, the usual material hereabouts; these oysters and mussels are thrown up in banks upon the shores of the Walaki (St. John's) River, and the brackish lakes, which here form a chain, sometimes communicating with the sea, sometimes joining the rivers, all the way from Savannah, upon this Georgian coast. It is a singular navigation; one moment we stole along between swamps of high grass, where it was not

possible for the steamer to get through the narrow bends except by the assistance of a towing-boat ; then we went out into the sea ; then we came back into a wide river, but so shallow that we were frequently sticking fast in the mud ; and at last, at night, we reached Darien. Fortunately a four-oared canoe-like boat, of Mr. Hamilton Cooper's, had come down from his plantation on the Altamaha, upon some business. Dr. Turner insured our being taken up with him ; we met Mr. Cooper also by accident, and after a very pleasant row of about five miles, he brought us to his English-like house (as respects the interior) and interesting home, my first resident introduction to plantation life. A happy attached negro population surround this abode ; I never saw servants in any old English family more comfortable, or more devoted ; it is quite a relief to see anything so patriarchal, after the apparently uncomfortable relations of masters and servants in the Northern States. I should much prefer being a 'slave' here, to a grumbling saucy 'help' there ; but everyone to their tastes. We left the river about a quarter of a mile from the house, and came up a narrow canal, between rice plantations, almost to the door ; we passed two or three large flat boats, laden with rice ; and Mr. Cooper took me to see the threshing-machine which was at work in a barn ; the women putting in the rice just as we do our grain ; they were

more comfortably dressed than our peasantry, and looked happier ; otherwise (except the complexions) the scene was much of the same kind as that at a threshing-barn in England. It is in vain to intend keeping silence upon the one thought that must be uppermost in a mind accustomed from childhood to erroneous views upon the Slavery question ; and I may as well write on. I now see the great error we have committed is in assuming that the African race is equal in capacity with the European ; and that under similar circumstances it is capable of equal moral and intellectual culture.

The history of Egypt, of Rome, of the English, French, and Spanish Colonies, and the experience of American slavery, prove the reverse. No separate African civilization has sprung up from centuries of contact. St. Domingo has relapsed into barbarism, except in the case of some of the towns. The other emancipated colonies, not excepting Jamaica, are retrograding fast in the face of a white population, and notwithstanding Government influence ; in the United States, spite of more than a hundred years of white association, though they have been made rather superior to their brethren in Africa, in intellect and moral character they remain, and ever will remain, inferior to the whites. I believe, and must not hesitate to confess my belief, the negro race is incapable of self-government ; and I suspect its



present condition in the United States is practically the best that the character of the negroes admits of. It is for their happiness and their interest to remain in tutelage—at any rate for two or three generations. Is there any part of Africa, the West Indies, or South America, where three millions of negroes are to be found as comfortable, intelligent, and religious, or as happy, as in the Southern States? The most practical mode of improving a semi-barbarous race is to place it in the proportion of one to two in the midst of a civilized people. The system of slavery has been blamed for the ignorance and vices of the Africans: are they less ignorant or more virtuous where slavery does not exist? It has pleased Providence to make them barbarian, and as barbarian they must be governed, however Christian may be the principles and the feelings of their masters. One of the mistakes we make is to attribute to a black the ideas and refined feelings of a white, and then we imagine his sufferings under circumstances of comparative degradation; but happily what would be intolerable to the refined and cultivated is easily borne by the obtuse and ignorant. ‘God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.’ That evils must always exist under any system of almost irresponsible power is certain; and there are, of course, painful exceptions to the generally kind, parental, and just rule of Southern planters; but these are the exceptions.

The duty of Slave States and slave-owners is, by law and practice, to limit arbitrary power. The condition of the race at present admits of no higher government, and the duty of all real philanthropists is to aid and support the masters in their efforts to ameliorate painful circumstances, by kind, liberal, and temperate suggestions of such correction as the system will admit of. As the Abolitionist is powerless, he should feel that 'moral suasion' is his only means of operating. If he means well by the slave, he will not create angry feelings in the master by inflammatory appeals to his people. I have heard individuals lauded for giving freedom to their slaves; my observations lead me to believe that such people have only cast off an onerous and painful responsibility. One of the most intelligent and independent black men I ever heard of, born free in Canada, said, 'I know enough to know that my race is not either happier or better for what is called freedom. I would myself rather have been born a slave!' He was asked why he did not go to Liberia. 'No,' he said, 'Republics are quite unfit for us—I will have nothing to do with them.'

*Hopeton, February 12.*—I went yesterday through a forest of *Pinus palustris* to a spot where it is Mr. Cooper's intention to build a house to be called Altama. It will be beautifully situated on the edge of a pine barren, a sloping thicket of live oaks,

magnolias, and fan palms, on one side, ending in rice plantations, with distant forest and river views extending towards Darien. This place was once the site of an Indian village, and I picked up fragments of their pottery. But there are now none of the Aborigines left in the Southern States. General Jackson removed all westward. I have had some conversation with Mr. Hamilton Cooper about the monetary affairs of the States. He says my remarks respecting the local debts are just, as respects a few of the States and cities, but that generally they are trifling when compared with their means and resources. In 1853, the aggregate State debt was about fifty millions sterling—that of Georgia sixty-three thousand. Pennsylvania is the most indebted: but there the debt is not more than ten per cent. on the property of the State. Complaints of poverty at present are temporary, the result of restless speculation. Evidences of wealth and prosperity in America must be sought for among the masses, not in public works of governmental origin; and the absence of appearance in State capitals must not be mistaken for State poverty. Money is laid out; but it is expended in magnificent hotels, in private residences, churches, schools, banks, railroads, &c. &c., in all objects ministering to individual enjoyment and to reproductive purposes. Corporate associations do all those things required for public conve-

nience which are beyond individual ability, but public buildings and public works are generally put aside, or made a secondary consideration. I forgot to mention that there are from three to four hundred negroes on this estate. Mr. and Mrs. Cooper have no white servants: their family consists of six sons and two daughters. I should not like to inhabit a lonely part of Ireland, or even Scotland, surrounded only by three hundred Celts. I believe there is not a soldier or a policeman nearer than Savannah, a distance of sixty miles. Surely this speaks volumes for the contentment of the slave population. When I think of the misery and barbarism of the peasantry of Kintail, and other parts of Scotland (putting aside that of Ireland), and look at the people here, it is hardly possible not to blush at the recollection of all the hard words I have heard applied to the slaveholder of the South. Why, the very pigsties of the negroes are better than some Celtic hovels I have seen. Mr. Cooper is under some difficulty about a negro family he took in trust, to manumit from the produce of their own labour. The poor people are averse to being freed, and especially to being sent to Africa. It certainly seems a cruelty to force them to accept that which they consider no boon. I believe this is a dilemma by no means rare.

*February 12.*—Actually another white frost; every

one says such cold is uncommon ; I find the weather now, much like ours at this time of year, and I expect the *Chamærops serrulata*, and other plants which do not seem affected by the cold we have here now, will be quite hardy in the West of England. The red maple is in bloom ; I have not ascertained the species yet, but it is quite new to me, and a very showy, elegant thing. Upon looking to Elliot's *Botany of South Carolina and Georgia*, I find this tree is *Acer rubra* ; it has a smooth, clouded bark, and in damp, rich soils becomes a large tree ; but near the sea, where salt forms a component part of the soil, it dwindles into a small shrub. I have been wandering about among the negro dwellings, seeing the ugly babes and still uglier old people ; only one individual in bed in the hospital, and five or six in the male and female wards, cowering round the fires. Mr. Cooper tells me he once tried the capabilities of some of the most active among his people, by giving them the cultivation of fifty acres for themselves ; the first season, under direction, the plantation cleared fifteen hundred dollars, which he took care to give them in silver, hoping that would excite their industry ; the next year, left to their own management, the crop lessened one half ; and the third season they let the land run to waste, so that it was useless to permit them to retain it. Yet these very same people will

labour readily and pleasantly under good superintendence.

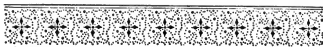
In warm weather alligators are frequently seen, but now they remain torpid in their watery or muddy dens. They are not able to pursue and catch live creatures on shore, although they like to bask in the sun; but if a young negro child, a calf, or a pig, lies down carelessly at the edge of the water, these American crocodiles use their tails to whisk such prey down, where they can devour it at their leisure. A Southern lady told me that her son once brought home some alligator's eggs. She placed them upon a table; forty-eight hours afterwards, upon hearing a black girl scream, her mistress rushed down stairs: the warmth of the parlour had hatched three young alligators, two were running about the room, a third had been thrown out of the window, and in the fright of the moment all were killed, to the grief of the boy, who would gladly have made them pets.

I have been out to sketch the house and plantation; the air is warm and genial—nothing to remind us of this morning's frost.

Yours affectionately,

A. M. M.





## LETTER XIX.

HOPETON, ALTAMAHA RIVER, GEORGIA,  
*Wednesday, February 14, 1855.*

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—

I hope my last letter arrived safely. Mr. Cooper sent down to Darien with it, so there is a good margin of time before the mail is closed for the 24th instant. After the sharp white frost of Monday, we had rain yesterday, and the folks here hope Winter has at last taken his departure; there is a bright sun this morning, and I expect to see vegetation advance rapidly, when once it fairly starts for the summer. Only six days will be left for my Florida tour, and yet if I had been able to proceed sooner, the weather would not have been favourable. I may get to Palatka, Friday evening; in the next three days the orange-groves and Silver Springs must be accomplished, to leave one clear day for St. Augustine, where I should like to spend a week; but we must return to Savannah, so as to take the steamer which leaves for Charleston, the 24th.

A glimpse of Florida is better than not seeing it at all ; with that I must be content. I cannot find myself dull with this pleasant family ; yesterday we did all sorts of things, just as I should have done among my own belongings in England. We cooked, and drew, and studied natural history. It has given me pleasure myself to pick up some interesting freshwater and land shells in the rice ground ; then I like to hear all about the negro weddings ; how the young ladies make the cake, &c. &c. ; and I was amused by an account of one little Topsy, who could not resist cents when they fell in her way ; her mistress thought that by giving a few to her to take care of, she might be brought to some idea of mine and thine ; but when the pence were asked for, they had vanished. With a sad face the child said, ' All gone ; somebody *tiefed* from me.' Soon afterwards she said to one of the negro girls, ' Me very sorry, me could not help ; me *tiefed* from myself.' It is not often the blacks of this country are dishonest, but they sometimes reason in this way : ' I belong to massa, all massa has belongs to me ;' and there is some difficulty in preserving onions or fruits, because they are thought to be common property ; they fish, and trap, and catch game ; and if guns were allowed them, everything would be destroyed. The only security for fish and game, is keeping the ' darkies' well employed ; and such is their feeling towards their master, that in some cases where freshets have



put his crops in danger, they have worked freely eighteen hours out of the twenty-four, for three weeks, to save them—more than they would have done for themselves in such a case. The thanks of Mr. Cooper, and a few little presents, make them quite happy: they are devoted servants, and miserable free people. This fact it is impossible to state too often or too decidedly. The Creator of men formed them for labour under guidance, and there is probably a providential intention of producing some good Christian men and women out of it in time. We have been blindly endeavouring to counteract this intention: we have thought ourselves wiser than our forefathers in all points, because we have advanced beyond them in others; and it has been the habit for us in England to believe ourselves more religious, and virtuous, and benevolent than these slaveholders; whereas, I fear there is a greater amount of irreligion and vice in one town of ours, or of the Northern States here, than in all the Southern States put together. When I watch the kindness, the patience, the consideration shown by white gentlemen and gentlewomen towards these 'darkies,' I could say to some anti-slavery people I have known, 'Go thou, and do likewise.' There is such a sense of security in this country that doors and windows are as often left unfastened at night as not; and a slaveholder told me he had lived alone for eight years among his

negroes, without once thinking it necessary to lock a door or bar a window.

*February 15.*—I spent two hours in the pine barrens and swamps yesterday, with some young friends, gathering seeds and taking up plants which I am going to send to England. However beautiful the flowers may be in May, this season is more advantageous to a gardener, because now roots can be moved with more safety. Mr. Cooper will go with me to Brunswick, where the *St. John* steamer calls, at three or four o'clock to-morrow morning, in her way to Palatka.

*St. Augustine, February 19.*—Brunswick is little more than the promise of a future town, but it is in a healthy situation, where there might be a fine park, at present there is only an hotel. Streets are marked out, and there are many pretty detached villas. Our way to it was over a deep sandy road, through the pine barren, and a continual undergrowth of that palm with a saw-like stem, and fan leaf (*Chamærops serrulata*), from the leaves of which pretty baskets are manufactured, and I imagine hats might be made equal to those of Leghorn; it grows all about this extensive white sand district, as thick as fern with us, and I think it would be hardy in the southwestern parts of England. As we approached Brunswick, fine specimens of the tree or cabbage palmetto were by the wayside; with difficulty we

took up young ones for seedlings ; some run so deep into the ground it is hard to move them. A very primitive kind of post-office may be observed in these forests ; boxes without any lock nailed to a tree, into which, when a mail passes, letters are occasionally dropped.

The *St. John* steamer arrived soon after midnight, but the tide did not rise sufficiently for her to leave till near three in the morning, because she would not have been able to cross the bar of the St. John River. The following day proved bright and sunshiny, though cold for the climate ; in the north the weather has continued severe, with deep snow. Before entering the bar at the mouth of the St. John (or Walaka) River we had to cross the open sea for some miles. I saw Palmettos, at least seventy or eighty feet high, upon the sandbanks as we entered the river ; it is said their roots reach to the clay beneath, but they do not appear to require either rich or marshy land. The sand here is just like that at Bournemouth in Hampshire ; but on this coast it extends over many hundred miles. I have seen nothing else all the way from Savannah ; it has evidently been the bottom of the sea, and above it is a bed of shells, much resembling those of Hordwell Cliff, in England ; and there is a tract of still more recent formation, between Brunswick

and Hopeton, where the bones of the megatherium, &c. &c., are found in large quantities. A railroad is at present left in an unfinished state, as you approach Brunswick. Some of these days, if it is carried into the interior, that place will become of importance. We touched at a small village called Mayport, on the Walaka River; there the steamer grounded, and detained us for some hours, till the rise of the tide. I went on shore and picked up a curious little prickly fish, a plate bone of an alligator, and shells, among them some curiously-shaped oysters and delicate little pholases. We got off about four o'clock, and proceeded to Jacksonville; the sun set finely before we reached that place. This water resembles more a series of inland lakes than a river. We passed Magnolia and Picolata in the night, and reached Palatka about six in the morning. There I found it was not possible to get any conveyance to the Orange Springs before Monday, so I determined to return as far as Picolata in the steamer, and get across a pine barren to visit St. Augustine, as there will be time enough for me to be back at Palatka for the next mail. We had a delightful passage down again, through the still calm water of the wide Walatka. Each shore fringed by live oaks, with occasional palmettos, and now and then an orange-grove—but oranges are very scarce, since a severe frost some years ago destroyed nearly all the trees. I have seen no fruit

whatever, since the oranges and bananas imported to Charleston from Cuba. We got a rough carriage at Picolata; it was of a light description, and drawn by two large horses; but the deep white sand continued the whole eighteen miles to St. Augustine, and it took us nearly five hours to get through it. I begin to see blossoms by the way-side; a pretty white *Rubus*, looking like a single rose, I never saw before, and a very large violet without scent, a pretty white *Tussilago*, or aster-looking plant, about three inches from the ground (*Chaptalia*) the white star-like *Houstonia* in bright patches, and the fragrant yellow *Gelucinum*, running among the bushes, and up nearly to the top of trees in occasional swamps; a tiny white violet below, with *Andromedas*, *Gordonias*, and *Yucca filimentosa*, now and then by the side of our track.

We crossed the branch of the St. Sebastian River, and a dismal-looking marsh near St. Augustine. Soon after my arrival, President Wheeler, of Burlington, and Mr. Myers took me to see the ancient Spanish fort, built of the Cucino, a stone formed entirely of shell *débris*. This is a shell land; houses and walls made of shells, ground made of shells. I have got some recent ones—a fine large pholas, *prima mactras*, &c. &c., but none I have seem to have the gorgeous colouring of those in the South. Two fine date trees stand in the garden of Mr. Myers's house. I do not know if these are remarkable

specimens, but they have far exceeded my expectations ; the regularly tiled bark, crowned by feathery foliage, more gigantic and noble-looking even than the Palmetto I admire so much, and the fruit (which hangs even now in wreaths between the leaves), when it has its golden purplish hue, must be beautiful.

I am disappointed to find that this place is not upon the main sea, but upon the St. Sebastian, which is rather a creek than a river. The streets are extremely narrow, and in general appearance the town is bare and dilapidated. Here, as well as at Brunswick, a railroad would soon be the means of improvement and ultimate prosperity ; but I suppose there is not capital enough to construct one even over this flat country, with timber on every side easily turned into sleepers ; only sixteen miles of rail would reach the St. John's (Walaka), but I do not hear of any proposition to make it.

*Silver Springs, Florida, February 21.*—At last I have got to this place, and without regretting the trouble of coming two hundred and thirty miles from Savannah, although my journey has been a tedious and difficult one. Even with my superficial knowledge of geology, I find the features of this country very interesting ; both at Ocala and here, there is a kind of chalk and greensand with the fossils belonging to a cretaceous formation, and the Silver Spring bursts

forth just like many streams and springs in Dorsetshire, clear and bright as crystal; but I must go back to St. Augustine before I say more about this part of Florida. I got a kind of open vehicle with four horses, which in five hours took us to Picolata—there the Charleston steamer *Caroline*, which would take passengers on to Palatka, was expected; and we got shelter in a shed belonging to an Englishman, who acted as postmaster. It rained hard, but I took my umbrella and walked out to look for plants in a wood near. Growing by a shed, I found a *Solamen*, new to me, which had been brought from the West; it was a shrub with white flowers and soft cottony leaves on, and growing under the trees. I gathered white blossoms of the beautiful little creeping *Rubus* I had before seen, like a small white rose; it resembled one much both in leaves and flowers. I also picked up seeds of the red maple, which also grows on the banks of the Altamaha, but then not forward enough.

The *Caroline* came about five o'clock; she was a swift boat, but less comfortable in point of accommodation than the *St. John*, as the ladies' cabin was below, and there was no pleasant place upon which to sit out upon deck. However, as the evening continued rainy, that did not signify. We reached Palatka about eight; and by nine next morning a comfortable mail carriage with four horses took us in, bound, as

I believed, for the Silver Spring, a place about seventy-six miles from hence. If I had known that we should not arrive there till after midnight, fifteen hours' travel, with one man driving four horses through a pine barren, which harbours wolves, bears, and panthers, my courage would have failed me. At last, when we reached our journey's end, I found myself not at the Silver Spring, but at a place called Ocala, which I had never before heard of; and I have since discovered that, owing to the abuse of power in this republican country, I was made to go six miles out of my way, because the postmaster, who has a small boarding-house near the Spring, was not a supporter of this President; so the democrats got the mail altered to Ocala, for the purpose of damaging Mr. Mann; and although there might be a practicable water-carriage by the Ochlawaha, straight from Palaka to the Silver Springs, where there is a perfect inland harbour for steamers, which ought to make that place a considerable one, with fair usage,—that harbour has been neglected or discouraged; so that cotton must be dragged the whole way we have come in bullock-waggon. Such an act of despotism could never have been perpetrated in monarchical England; after all, the most truly free country in the world.

At midnight, cold, wet, and dark, we at last reached Ocala. I fortunately had some tea with me; I



begged some hot water, and a black girl brought in one hand an open iron pan, with the water escaping fast out of a hole; in the other, the remains of a china teapot without spout or handle.

‘Missus, which shall I make it in?’

I said we had better put the tea into the one that had no hole in the bottom, and so we made something like tea. Next morning I was surprised to find some bits of greensand rock containing fossils, which first made me suppose there must be something like chalk in the neighbourhood. I asked where there had been digging, and Mrs. B——, sister to the landlord, who entered into the matter, proposed to walk with me to a spot, through the nearest hummock (or small wood), where there had been an abortive attempt to sink a well. She got a negro boy to guide us, and I found the spot; a shaft had been sunk to the depth of sixty feet, and there, sure enough, were fossils, Nummulites; pectens, &c. &c.

At first I was told it was not possible to get to Silver Spring. But at last, with some difficulty I procured two one-horse wagons, which took R—— and me to the little cottage hotel near the Silver Spring, from whence I now write: it is kept by the postmaster, Mr. Mann, who three or four years ago bought some land, and settled here from Georgia. He and his good wife make us as much at home as they can

by the side of their comfortable pine blaze, which is fire and candle in one; and with the aid of a feather-bed and blankets, I did not suffer from cold in the night, although the roof was not wholly closed from the air, and light showed between the planked walls; frost outside. For twenty years such severe weather has not been known in these parts, and all still looks wintry.

I have been in a little boat upon the bright clear water, which in some places is forty feet deep, issuing freely, I suppose, out of the greensand rock below, which looks as if made out of solid aquamarine—every fish, and shell, and weed is perfectly visible. This silver stream flows a good sized river five miles, and then joins the Ochlawaha, which runs into the St. John's twenty miles above Palatka; and though it may be double the land distance from that place, the water carriage would be much pleasanter and more rapid than wading through about seventy miles of sandy, swampy-pine barrens. I now find that a stage which passed ours on the road actually came straight by this place from Palatka, so I should have paid twelve dollars less, and we should have arrived here some time earlier, and not have had the difficulty of getting back again here, if it had suited the views or the interests of Palatka to let me know the Silver Spring was nearer than Ocala;—but I find, in this country, travellers must always be on their guard

against false information, given from the selfish rivalry of parties or individuals; in this respect, America is worse than any part of the world I ever before visited. Mr. Robert Chambers was either much mistaken or grossly deceived when he published a letter asserting the absence of imposition at the hotels. For less real comfort, I have as yet been made to pay everywhere (with the one exception of Cleveland on Lake Erie) far more than in England; upon an average at about ten pounds a week for my maid and self, taking our meals at the public table, and without a private sitting-room. This exceeds anything I ever paid in any country in Europe; and there is neither appeal nor redress. Whether you dine out every day or not, no difference is made in your hotel expenses. It is true you may generally console yourself by the use of gorgeous mirrors, silk curtains, and splendid carpets; but few travellers wish for this kind of accommodation. Mr. Mann drove me yesterday to see the plantation of Mr. P——, a gentleman's place, where there is a really fine grove of orange trees; they are indigenous, some of them standing in a clearing, and others, as undergrowth in the forest, extending down to the river which flows from the Silver Spring. Some of these trees are thirty feet high, loaded with fruit of a kind called here the 'bitter sweet;' they are good, if all the pulp is carefully taken out; but eaten without that operation

they are as bitter as what we call Seville oranges. I saw several little green paroquets with yellow heads, the only kind of parrot common in Florida. Rattlesnakes are frequent, but they always get out of the way, if they can; wolves and panthers, too, are only dangerous to sheep and dogs. A gentleman hunting in this neighbourhood lately, on a mule, the animal trod upon a snake, which stung him so that he died in a few minutes; and some days ago, a tiger cat jumped out upon a negro, who drove it off by a stab with his knife; but the man's clothes were torn, and he was so terribly frightened that he could give no clear account of his assailant; these are the only casualties from wild beasts I have heard of, and I have seen nothing of the kind to alarm me. I have not even got a sight of an alligator yet, and the only remarkable birds I have observed, were a bald-headed eagle on the Altamaha River, and a very dim-coloured kite.

From the inquiries I have made, and my own observations, I suspect that the centre part of Florida was once an island, divided from the mainland by a strait, which went across where a dismal swamp may now be seen; the sea, probably, extended from about St. Augustine to Savannah, across to Apalachicola; and from thence, towards Picolata and Alligator, the country begins to rise; then comes a volcanic and then the chalk district; and I

understand there are higher limestone ridges further south, where the land falls down to the plains of the Everglades; a tribe of Seminole Indians (so called because they are runaways from the Creeks) still haunt those Everglades. The United States Government have military stations or posts to prevent them from coming further north; and some endeavours will be made to induce them to follow the other Indian nations westward. A chief once consented to such an arrangement, but his people refused to ratify it. The wood they call 'kindling' (*Pinus palustris*). Game, fish, and yams are so plentiful in the South, it is not to be wondered at that the poor savages are loth to emigrate to the cold north-west; but their fate is sealed; go they must, sooner or later, before the encroaching white man; however sad, there is no alternative. The Indian name of these springs is poetical and appropriate. 'Chatawa via wa—Chatawa via na wa' (Bright flowing river of silver silent waters.) We have been living here, in Mr. Mann's open log-dwelling, with only him, Mrs. Mann, and their negroes, sharing pot-luck; R—— and I sitting by the blazing pinewood fire; little niggers at our feet; black 'boys and girls' of all ages coming in and out, and leaning and gossiping against the fireplace, whenever they 'minded.' Mr. Mann said, 'You see how it is; how much harder I and my

poor wife work than these people; I would gladly give them all away for one good white servant; their food and clothing cost me more than I should have to pay for wages; and they are so wasteful. All my children are married. My old woman and I could be much more comfortable if we were not hampered by fifteen negroes. I should not like to sell them, or make them leave; it is a hard task we have; but it would be such a distress and ruin to the poor things, if we rid ourselves of them.'

*Ocala, February 24.*—In the afternoon of the day before yesterday, I returned to this place; symptoms of a chalky country the whole way. Before sun-rise the next morning I was out. Upon going down stairs I found no fastening to the external door of this house; but a light chair was placed against it, which a child could have pushed aside. What an evidence of the security of property in this unguarded slave country, when locks and bolts are considered unnecessary. Before breakfast, I rambled two or three miles into a beautiful forest to the south-west, without the smallest fear of meeting anything more alarming than two or three black pigs, which are allowed to wander at will after roots and acorns; if rattlesnakes have finished their winter-nap, they are not up so early. Everything around was bright and tranquil—magnolias, streaming epiphytes, and palmettos, looked so

foreign, that when I came to what in Devonshire would be called a 'gully,' in this usually flat country, and saw a stump covered with one of the English feather mosses (*Hypnum proliferum*), I was quite surprised. In a clearing, upon my return towards this little town of seven years' existence, I met an old negro, sitting upon his bullock-cart. We had a long conversation: he asked about England, and seemed anxious to talk of the condition of his race, and their prospects in Liberia; he was by far the most intelligent negro I ever met with. He told me he had worked for himself at odd times, and had accumulated enough to buy his own freedom; he purposes doing this, and going to Liberia, he and his wife, with the view of guiding and improving his fellow blacks. He thinks the slaves unfit for freedom in the mass; that only those who have been raised for a generation or two among the whites can be induced to work; and that some few, who like himself have got improved habits, may go back to do good in Africa. Old Dick would not have stopped the slave trade; 'No, ma'am; bring them away to make them better.' Mr. G——, an excellent Episcopalian missionary and clergyman here, who was educated in the North, is of the same opinion. No one can live long in this country without being convinced of the want of real information, and the injudicious tendency of

*Uncle Tom.* He says such books, however popular and ingenious, are false in fact, and therefore bad in principle; and I have already seen enough fully to concur in that conclusion. Untruth will never promote Christianity; and those who sincerely desire to advance the cause of the negro should remain for some months in the Southern States of America; not with the view of strengthening their own prejudices, but single-minded, and with a simple intention to seek, and to accept, such information as really may enable them to understand what will benefit their fellow-creatures. I spent yesterday in visiting every quarry and opening which might enable me to comprehend the geological features of this neighbourhood. Chalk and flint and greensand abound; and I can hear of no other formations within any reasonable distance. I found strong evidence of the up-heaving by volcanic action—fossils plentiful; but I found no gryphites, scaphites, or nautili.

This morning, we return as far as the Orange Springs, for I shall not again be inveigled into a fifteen hours' journey through the sand barrens.

*Palatka, February 25.*—Our stage did not leave Ocala before eleven o'clock. It was delayed by the non-arrival of the mail from Tampa, a place a hundred miles to the south-west. A crow in this country makes a noise just like the bark of a dog. The



deer, which are still frequently shot, are of small size; their horns have never more than five or six points; their weight from eighty to one hundred and sixty pounds. There are panthers measuring twelve feet from the nose to the tip of the tail, which occasionally carry off cows and oxen. A large one destroyed some pigs close to Palatka. Several gentlemen pursued the animal. It took refuge in a large swampy hummock; the hunters then sent their dogs to get the beast out, but of thirteen only eight ever appeared again, and it was concluded that the other five were killed by the panther. Unless alarmed, or wounded, they have never been known to attack a man. After a tedious journey, we reached Orange Springs by seven in the evening. I got a carriage very early, and went to breakfast with Mr. and Mrs. L——, who 'are roughing it in the Bush.' They gave me excellent bread-and-butter, which was a treat after the hot rolls and buckwheat cakes most usually met with in America. I saw the sulphur springs and lakes, which may have once been volcanic sinks, and got back to Mr. Dickenson's boarding-house in time for the departing stage. The weather proved wet, and our journey back to Palatka dreary.

*February 26.*—I saw a bone here last night seven feet long and three inches wide, wavy in form, and apparently recent. Some one suggested that it

might have belonged to a sea-cow. It did not resemble the rib of a whale, though it might belong to the head of a large one. I sketched the form, not being able to guess what creature had ever owned it. As the Walatka steamer makes a trip of thirty-two miles up the North Creek, one of the branches of this 'river of lakes' (a translation of the Indian name of Walatka, the St. John), I took the Charleston boat as far as Jacksonville, and went on board that for Savannah at night. Jacksonville is, to my fancy, the prettiest town between Brunswick and Palatka. There is a large hotel: and, in consequence of a destructive fire last year, good brick houses and shops are rising up. In one of the sandy alleys at the back of the place, I found some lumps of porphyritic rock, much to my surprise, for I could not believe they belonged to this modern land. After some inquiry, I found they had been brought here as ballast. I went into a store, where I bought alligator's teeth, limes, and a nice little map of Florida. Professor Baird, of Washington, gave me a note of introduction to Dr. Baldwin; but unfortunately the doctor was away from home, so I did not succeed in getting some botanical information I hoped for. Mrs. Baldwin was very obliging: she gave me a fine specimen of coral from Key West. This name is a corruption of the Indian-Spanish words, 'Chicao hueso, Key of Bones.' We

shall touch there in our way from Charleston to Cuba. After making a sketch at Jacksonville, I got on board the *Walaka* before sunset, and after a successful though cold voyage of two nights and one day, we reached Savannah by seven o'clock in the morning of February 28th. My friends, Miss T—— and Mr. and Mrs. H——, received us very hospitably. Miss T—— took me a drive to call upon Dr. Turner, my fellow-sufferer in the *Seminole* accident, who took such charge of me as far as Hopeton. I was delighted to visit his cottage, where I found him very busy gardening, and I learned a new and ingenious method of cultivating strawberries. He almost promises to meet me at Chittanoge, if I will make my way into Tennessee from New Orleans. I will try. Before seven o'clock Mr. H—— took me on board the *Calhoun*. The night was bright, but very cold, and an adverse wind and rough sea prevented the steamer from reaching Charleston before six o'clock next morning. Mr. and Mrs. H—— expected me to breakfast ; and after three successive nights spent on board three steamers, without taking off my clothes, the prospect of three quiet days in their comfortable house was very consoling. My chalk fossils and pretty ferns excite an interest among some of my friends here. Professor Gibbs spent some time in looking over these acquisitions, and Mrs. H——

promises to plant, and watch over all the living plants this next summer, and then she will forward them to meet me at Boston next September, when I hope my Ward's case will transport them safely to England. But the weather continues extremely cold—I am assured quite unusually so for this part of the world: it is quite as bitter as our coldest March. I often think of the poor troops, for it seems this long severe winter has extended to Europe as well as America. It has been a great disappointment to find no letters here: not one line have I received from England of later date than the 9th of January, and this is the 3rd of March; but I trust mails are awaiting us at Cuba. We are a month later in going to that island than I expected; so I have little doubt but Mr. Crampton has forwarded letters there. Yesterday I spent some hours gardening with Mrs. H——. I have endeavoured to reconcile the pretty fern from Scott's Springs near Ocala, to grow away from its chalky locality by scraping lime off a wall; but it is so fairy-like and fragile in appearance, I fear it is of a tender fanciful nature; and the sheltered arched cave and dripping stalactite of Florida is very unlike any home I can find for it. However, I have plenty of specimens in my press, and if the plants die I must be content with their lifeless forms. We embark to-morrow morning in the *Isabel* for Cuba—another three days'

voyage ; but there will be a fine moon, and at last I hope to leave winter behind me. There seems little hope of getting away from it until we reach a tropical climate. Every one here is shivering and complaining of such unusual cold—for, of course, southern dwellings are ill prepared to combat it—and the poor trees and shrubs look unhappy under this northern treatment. I have sent boxes of seeds and plants to Dorsetshire ; of course, the weather is also unfavourable for their travels, and I fear it may render them of little value ; but still it is of no use to keep seeds through another season. The mail goes to-day. I shall like to know when my packet reaches home.

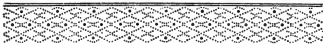
Yours affectionately,

A. M. M.

*Charleston, March 3, 1855.*







## LETTER XX.

ON BOARD THE ISABEL,  
BETWEEN KEY WEST AND CUBA,  
*March 7, 1855.*

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—

In spite of the rocking of this steamer, I can write this morning; and I want to tell you some things, which may be shoved out of my memory by the excitement and novelty of Cuban scenes. The day before leaving Charleston, I spent some time at the Museum, where Mr. Holmes, the curator, thinks that my brown Florida flints, although they strike fire, are not analogous with the black flints in England. As I found no scaphites, or nautiluses, and no real terebratulæ, Mr. Holmes thinks my chalk is of the same date as the cretaceous formations of Carolina and Alabama. I have not seen them, so I cannot judge; but with the exception of whatever paleontological differences there may be (of which I am not learned enough to judge), Florida chalk and Dorset chalk are twin sisters; yet it requires exact know-

ledge to distinguish old red sandstone from the new red by the general appearance of either ; so I suppose there is some resemblance between these chalky sisters, and that new chalk and old chalk are difficult to distinguish : but this matter must be settled by a wiser geologist than I pretend to be. I have heard of the genuine sea-serpent at last ! You know I always advocated the reality of such a reptile—partly founded upon its admission into the Scandinavian Mythology, in which every symbol was borrowed from Nature. Last spring, when Captain Peat, of the steamer *William Seabrook*, was going up an inland portion of the Savannah River, he as well as his crew and passengers saw a gigantic serpent just before the vessel ; it quickly disappeared ; a notice of the circumstance was inserted in a local newspaper, and treated with the usual incredulity. Captain Rollins of this ship says, he, like the rest of the world, disbelieved the report ; but the next day, during the passage of his steamer to Savannah, on approaching the bar of St. Helens, he was called by his look-out man to see ‘ the biggest log that ever was.’ On looking through his telescope, he clearly saw that the object in question was no tree, but a monster as long as the *Isabel* herself, in rapid motion ; as he watched it, it reared its snake-like body and head high out of the water as the funnel of the steamer, looked about for an instant,



and then plunged down, leaving a swirling eddy where it had shown itself. No reasonable person acquainted with the calm seaman-like character of Captain Rollins, will suspect him of either exaggeration or error in describing a fact; but this, I believe, is the first time that the sea-serpent has been supposed to be seen or heard of in southern latitudes: it is probably a denizen of the deep seas which rarely and accidentally gets into shallower water; and if it is an uncommon creature, I think the argument that no bone or skeleton has ever been found, cannot stand against such strong evidence as we have of its existence: there *may* be some weight or property in the skeleton which prevents any part of it from rising to the surface out of the sea caves where it usually lives and dies.

I was fortunate in finding my old friend G. P—— embarking in the *Isabel* at the same time as myself: his society and aid will make not only my voyage but my residence in Cuba much more agreeable; for as his physician has ordered him to counterbalance the effects of an unusually severe winter by a visit south, he, like myself, has no other objects but information and amusement; so I hope to benefit by his assistance as well as his company. The voyage of three days and three nights from Charlestown was very pleasant; we had calm weather, and a splendid moon; and although upon running a few hundred

miles between the Gulf Stream and the coral reefs and islands south of Florida, there was sufficient motion to affect all the extremely sensitive of our party, neither R—— nor I were ill for a moment.

Two small Government vessels, with surveyors, were occupied in raising beacons at intervals along the reefs. Upon one of them I saw an erection quite novel to me; a residence and lighthouse, built upon an apparently transparent iron framework, about forty feet in height, so that the waves of the sea pass through the foundation instead of undermining it; a retired naval master lives with his family in charge of this useful, but alarmingly fragile-looking establishment. He has a small yacht, in which he or some of his household occasionally visit the mainland, and I believe they reside in their airy dwelling without apprehension, although a few years ago, when every house on Key West was inundated during the most violent storm ever known, a lighthouse built upon the most southern point of the United States territory, on a very small island in the sea, was washed away with all its residents.

The captain told me that when about a mile from the Florida coast, he sometimes could distinguish bears walking about on shore, and he pointed out a small island in the chain which extends from the mainland down to Key West, which a few years ago was inhabited by a settler and his family. The

Indians came forty miles in canocs, attacked the place, and murdered every individual except the wife and daughters of the master, who crept in among some sand and lumber under a small wharf. After making themselves too drunk to look after these, the Indians left the island, so that a few days afterwards the women were rescued unhurt. Now, the United States troops have enclosed the savages within a certain district, where they can do no injury, and eventually they will be got off after the other tribes, westward. It was with regret that I found it beyond midnight before we reached Key West; as the steamer only stayed half an hour while she landed a few passengers and some goods, I could only go for a few minutes on shore, and my first introduction to cocoa-nut trees was by moonlight. However, we were lucky to have a moon. I picked up a few stones that I might see what the land was made of, and afterwards remained on deck till two o'clock, so as to see the fine revolving light of a house about nine miles out at sea. I was on deck as soon as the Cuban land could be distinguished, and we had a charming run down to the island—flying fish among the waves, and the elegant man-of-war birds sailing about over our heads. In general outline, the island is straighter and less mountainous than I expected; it did not look more elevated than the cliffs of Brighton, in some places

white and chalky in appearance. But nothing can be more picturesque than the Moro, and the entrance into a beautiful and extensive harbour. At a distance the hill upon which the Cabanos fortress stands has a resemblance to what is called the Look-out at Weymouth; but, as you near it, it has a much more rugged appearance, and it is as if rent and cloven by volcanic action. A Moorish-looking battery, or wall, standing upon each fragment, it looks a very strong place. I must not sketch here without special permission from the Capitan-Generale. I never saw any harbour filled by a more interesting assemblage of ships. English men-of-war (my heart jumped at the sight of that flag), a very fine Spanish steamer, the *Princeton*, a handsome American, and many of their schooners which are so specially airy and graceful. By-the-bye, at Key West, I saw a Governmental United States schooner with three masts, which was to me a new kind of craft. A boat, containing a messenger from Madame Almy's boarding-house, took us on shore towards the bright, gay, Spanish-looking town. We were detained for half an hour in a cool, clean building, with iron railings on one side, through which peeped Spanish and negro and mulatto eyes, eager to seek employment in carrying baggage for strangers. Mr. P—— and I walked up to the hotel. From the descriptions I have read of Spain and Italy, I should suppose its

appearance and our reception such as I should expect at Seville or Cordova. A fine English-looking coach, with gaudy hammercloth, had its domicile on the groundfloor. It belongs to the mistress of the mansion, who occupies it during her evening drive on the Pasco. She speaks English, being Anglo-American born, and Cuban by marriage. Ladylike in manner and deportment, she takes her post in the society of her house, and manages the concern with the assistance of a housekeeper. The rooms are comfortable, and the table is well served. The interior laid out in open galleries, and high rooms with painted cornices and ceilings, have the look and arrangement (I imagine) of an old Spanish palace. In the evening, Mr. P—— took me a drive in a volante round the town and its environs. After all I had heard of the peculiarity of the habits, dress, and social customs of the Cubans, still I was surprised ; for it appears to me that Havana is more Spanish, more Moorish, more unlike Europe, and resembling more what I fancy Spain might have been in the time of Charles V. than anything my imagination conceived. The wheels of the volantes were higher and more eccentric. The negro drivers, in their costume and jack-boots, surpassed the old French postilions. The ladies, in full-dress evening gowns, *decolletées*, short-sleeved, and *coiffées*, as if for a London evening party. The houses flat-roofed,

many-coloured, and Moorish-looking ; the trees generally new to me, and the flowers strange ; the horses, with their plaited tails tucked up on one side, stiff and inelegant ; negro soldiers in straw hats, and mulatto women in gay turbans ; all this, added to unknown tongues, and a splendid southern sky, mystified me, and made me feel dreamy, as I had never felt before ; and yet I have looked at some accounts of Cuba, and read *Cuba as It is*. I wonder whether anybody ever did acquire clear ideas of distant countries and strange manners by reading, or by hearing of them ?

There are many more African-looking negroes here than in the Southern States of America. Perhaps the Anti-Slavery movement, although mistaken in its objects, may have been providentially intended to raise and educate an improved negro race without fresh importation, for the purpose of ultimately civilizing and Christianizing Africa. I don't think that negroes from Cuba would be likely to regenerate or improve their race. I believe, on good authority, that the free blacks here are profligate and irreligious ; and they look far less happy than their brethren in servitude.

*February 29.*—I spent the greater part of the morning bargaining for some articles of attire. Shopping here is conducted quite after a Turkish fashion ; you are expected to bargain, and consider,

and discuss for an hour, before you conclude a purchase. Ladies seldom go into a shop; the best part of its contents are brought to their residences, or displayed in the volantes in which they drive to the shop-door; and three times the price intended to be taken is often asked in the first place; then the buyer offers three times less than she intends to give, and at last, after many objections and remonstrances on both sides, the bargain is struck—a sad waste of time and profanation of truth; but it is useless to rebel against Spanish custom. Before breakfast G. P—— took me out walking by the harbour to the market, where the brilliant-coloured fish and the strange-looking fruits were very interesting. I was surprised to see great pholases (one of the boring shell-fish) as an article of food, and numerous other bivalves which did not look tempting. We afterwards visited the garden in front of the Capitan-Generale's palace. There were fine palm trees, which at first I mistook for dates. I am quite puzzled by the trees here, as they are so strange; for, though we may be well acquainted with tropical flowers in our hot-houses, the larger products are of course less known to us; and as yet I have found no one here who can give me botanical information. The Spaniards are accused of eradicating trees as much as possible; and certainly I do not see anything like groves around

Havana—only avenues, and occasional rows of palms. Mrs. Crauford, the Consul's lady, will have a pic-nic to-morrow in the most shady garden known here, because it is a deserted residence.

*March 10.*—Last night I went to Mrs. Crauford's reception, in one of the most beautiful houses I have yet seen here. It was built by a wealthy gentleman, and as he is for the present residing with his wife at Paris, he has let his house to the British Consul. The entrance (like that of most of the palaces here) is a high, Moorish-looking hall, with a *porte cochère*; from this springs a fine, geometrically-built stone staircase, leading first to a music-gallery; besides other rooms, a splendid drawing-room and ante-room, the one with an ornamental marble floor, the other *en parquet*, of a pattern elaborately worked in various woods; Pompeian ceilings; a beautifully ornamented dressing-room, and a bedroom beyond—*recherchées*, and in good taste. I was introduced to all our naval officers, as well as to the Americans in harbour. I drove there and back in a volante *al fresco*; although in an evening dress, it was perfectly warm and pleasant. The interior of the houses, with their spacious windows, entrances open to view and well lighted, looked gay and cheerful, as we went;—returning at half-past ten, I was not quite without apprehension, as I was told robberies were frequent



at that hour ; however, we safely arrived at our hotel in the street of the Inquisitor. In my room everything which passes out of doors can be distinguished, and the noise and chattering is unceasing. Last night I was amused to hear an English sailor trying to comprehend a Spanish companion ; it seemed evident the latter had given Jack Tar a dog, but Jack was complaining it did not understand English. The Spaniard said something in reply, and then Jack rolled down the street, vociferating ‘ Venga Cane—venga Cane ! ’ In the morning, I heard an American gentleman declaring that something he was asked to do would be ‘ as much trouble as taking charge of a lady.’ I rose early, and while sitting writing near the large open window of my room, in the highest of these low houses (it has a stone balcony, with a strong iron grating upon the external edge, closed at the top, so that nothing can ever fall out), I suddenly saw a tall broom, like those used by housemaids for lofty halls in England, swaying about within my grating ; in a moment it swept off a little flower-pot, and dashed it to atoms in the street below. I rushed to see the cause of this invasion, and there stood a tall soldier, looking first at the fragments and then at me, with an expression of grief on his countenance that was undoubted ; so I looked as benignant as I could, but this flower-pot contained a very rare, if not new fern, I had discovered near Ocala, and all

the way from Florida I have brought it on my lap, with some pains and trouble, in hopes of taking it, growing, across the Atlantic; but it would probably have perished, sooner or later, and perhaps sudden death was better than a lingering one. This exterior dusting must be necessary here, where almost all the windows and balconies are covered by iron gratings: they give rather a prison-like look to the houses, but as the windows and entrances are each from twenty to thirty feet high, extending from the roofs to the ground or within three feet of it, having only lattices within, and no glass, so much light is admitted that there is no gloom. Any of the houses in this town might be used as fortresses, they are so strong and massive.

We had a very pleasant pic-nic party yesterday, given by Mrs. Crauford, in what is called by custom the Bishop's Garden—or 'Quinta del Obispo'—but it belongs to the Conde de Penalver; he having built a residence in Havana, does not make use of his pretty villa. The house is a ruin, and the garden neglected; but this last circumstance makes it more interesting in a botanical point of view, as plants are to be found there which, under ordinary circumstances, would have been destroyed: I found many treasures; some of them valuable seeds. Immediately after my return home, Mr. Crauford came to take me to the Capitan-Gencrale's. His palace is eastern-looking, like

all the edifices here. Upon going into the reception-room, I saw about twelve chairs on each side, opposite to one another, across the room, a space of three or four yards between—one row for gentlemen visitors, and the other for ladies. Madame de Concha soon came in alone, dressed simply in morning costume; after a little, the Capitan-Generale followed, and I was glad of his arrival, as I could not speak spanish, nor Madame french, so the Consul was obliged to act as interpreter between us. The Capitan-Generale is a quiet-mannered, gentlemanly person: he sat down by me, and we conversed for some time in French, he obligingly promising the necessary permits for travelling here and sketching—saying, ‘*Nous ne sommes pas des tyrans ici!*’ He assured me of his anxiety for the success of England in the present war, but expressed doubts of the result; and he imagines the struggle will be a long one. The Spaniards do not believe the English understand fighting, which is odd enough when the battles of the Spanish campaigns of Napolcon must be fresh in their recollection. While the Capitan-Generale was talking with me, several gentlemen entered and placed themselves on the chairs opposite, after mutual bows; and, when I thought our visit long enough, I made my courtesy, and we departed. Mons. and Madame de Concha were, for a short time, in England—I believe as exiles. Madame is sister to the Duquesa de la Vit-

toria. When I came back to the Hotel, Governor and Mrs. Fish came to see me: they have just returned from an expedition into the interior. I am afraid I shall not have completed my little tour here in time to embark with them in the next passage of the *Black Warrior*, for New Orleans. While I am writing, I see two mulatto women with cups in their hands, standing at the great, wide, coach-house looking door opposite: they are sharing their breakfast with a negro; and now two or three more come to gossip with them. This is the way all of black race like to eat; they never willingly sit down to a regular meal—they prefer carrying their food about, and taking it at irregular hours. Nothing eatable is safe from their depredations, and this not from hunger, for they are always plentifully fed, but from their monkey-like habits. Mrs. Almy tells me no one unaccustomed can judge of the annoyance it is to be served by negroes, and that she shall bless the day when she is enabled to return, perhaps to England, where she will no longer be tormented by slave labour. I believe this to be the general feeling of masters and mistresses in the southern countries. For their sakes, I wish I could have hopes that rice, cotton, and sugar may, some of these days, be generally cultivated by free labour! I firmly believe the boon will be greater to the whites than to the blacks

themselves ; but I fear blacks alone (in the long run) can endure work under a tropical sun.

The Coolies are a miserable race ; they perform less work, but are the slaves of slaves—it remains to be seen whether they can long endure. I do not think people in England have any idea of the idleness which characterizes the black people. Unless forced to exertion they will lounge about for hours, aimless and unoccupied ; yet they rise with the sun. For three hours this morning, since I got up, these women have been lolloping and gossiping in my sight, and there they will be until they find the heat too great for this kind of enjoyment. Whether they have masters or mistresses I cannot tell ; but the house is large, and apparently well furnished ; and yet these people are idling there from morning till night, unless the sun drives them in occasionally. One hardly ever sees a bonnet worn here, and I am beginning to do without, by means of a cap and a black veil—to avoid being stared at. The first day I thought the omission impossible, but general custom soon reconciles one ; and yesterday I went in an open volante, a league into the country, in such a dress as in England I should only wear in the evening, with a black veil added.

The volantes are a singular choice for the pre-

vailing vehicle in such narrow streets. They are so long and so wide that it is impossible to turn; so one set go down one street and up the next. Of course if a horse falls, the two wheels only are very awkward, but they say the poor beast generally lies still, and you have time to escape. Sometimes one carriage or cart stops the way, and there you must sit in patience as long as it may please these inert people to dawdle; although the least energy would make way, they never think it worth while to be in a hurry.

*Matanzas, March 14.*—At last I am really sensible of being in a tropical climate! I have slept in a room with an open window (as large as our house doors), on a thin sacking couch without mattress, pillows as hard as bricks, only a thin muslin coverlet, protected by a mosquito-net; and after sleeping soundly from nine o'clock till three, I am writing by candle-light, stars shining outside; the moon will be in abeyance till we cross the sea to New Orleans, having fully done her duty during our last voyage. Last night I remained from sunset upon a kind of piazza at the top of this house, to watch for the 'Southern Cross.' I saw it rise rather to the east of south; it then seemed to leave gradually westward, before it sank in the horizon, about in a line with Orion, which was gloriously bright almost over our heads. The Great Bear appears to me

topsy-turvy, and becomes quite a secondary constellation here, and the Cross is only dimly seen, because we are not far enough within the Tropics to catch more than a glimpse of it. The two upper stars look fine; the two side ones more distant from each other than I expected; the lowest faint, and not quite in a straight line with the upper ones. The British Consul, Mr. Da Costa, was very polite in coming immediately; and he remained and aided me to discover the Cross. The master is a Spaniard of the old country, who speaks French readily and a little English, besides Spanish. Upon our first arrival there was a long *parler* carried on in several languages by the party from Havana, which consisted of R—— and me, three American gentlemen, all old acquaintances of mine, one Englishman who crossed with us in the *Isabel*, and who was introduced to me by Mr. Molyneux, at Savannah, a Cuban, and a Spaniard. It was difficult to apportion the sleeping-rooms opening out upon an interior but external gallery, so that no one might interfere with another, and the poor signor was almost in a fever before that arrangement was complete. My little nest has a fine view to the west. I bribed an ancient black with one eye to wipe the floors for me, and for R——, next room, with fresh water, which cooled them considerably; and we are now well lodged, without a creeping thing of any kind among us.

This is a very pretty town; the sea runs into a deep bay, filled by ships of many nations, come to be laden with sugar; it is a cleaner place than Havana, and the blacks and mulattos less numerous. I did not leave the house last evening, but occupied myself in making a sketch of the bay from hence. We left Havana by the six o'clock train the day before yesterday; reached Guines by nine; went to see a cave in a chalky hill three miles from the village—a fatiguing and difficult expedition, but I found numerous flowers known in our gardens and hot-houses; among them the pretty *Asclepias tuberosa*, *Ipomœas* of all colours and sizes, a lilac scilla, a solamena, and other things new to me, and the whole country was dotted over by cocoa-nut trees. That neighbourhood has little other foliage, although during our journey by rail I saw fine mango and other trees—among them a palmetto as tall as the *Chamærops* of Florida; it looks something like the same species. We passed many haciendas, the plantations belonging to which were in high cultivation, great herds of cattle and many horses feeding about them; and there were tall chimneys indicating steam-engines for crushing sugar.

On Sunday last, we went to the service on board the *Vestal*, commanded by Captain Thompson, then moored in the harbour of Havana; the *Buzzard* steamer left a day or two before, and the *Argus* will



remain, while the *Vestal* is expected at this place. It is curious to hear the watchmen belonging to the towns in Cuba. They sing out the hours and the state of the weather in a stentorian tone, always preceding their announcement by a shrill and prolonged whistle. I observe that their voices are tuned nearly to the same intervals, though of course one is rather more musical than another. A thick fog obscures the view this morning—it was the same yesterday; it indicates that the day will be a hot one; yesterday the thermometer stood at  $86^{\circ}$ , unusually high for this month, but I do not find the heat so oppressive as when at  $80^{\circ}$  in England.

Matanzas is situated in an almost circular basin, formed by low hills of a nearly even height, except when broken by a chasm through which flows the River Yamorri—to the north-west. The houses, like those of Havana, are almost all low, having usually not more than one, or at most two storeys, some of them with flat roofs, and others heavily tiled by circular shaped tiles, as if rows of chimney-pots were strung together, and laid half a foot apart. In a garden just below my window I see a magnificent Oleander, and a fine yellow Bignonia (*stans?*), in full bloom. I heard an amusing anecdote with reference to botanical ignorance; as a lady had heard the name of *Hedysarum gyrans*, next day she gravely informed a gentleman, 'that plant is the harum scarum gatherum.'

So little attention is paid to natural history here that I can get no assistance as to the botanical names of either trees, flowers, or shrubs, and as many of the former are as yet without bloom, it is difficult to make them out even with the assistance of Loudon ; it is the same with out-of-the-way fruits—one is a *pappy* and another is a *mammy*, and so on ; but the local terms do not help one the least.

Mr. Da Costa, the Consul, was so obliging as to take us an interesting drive last evening up heights to the north-east, from whence I was able to sketch the Pau of Matanza, and a fine valley beneath, dotted in all directions with cocoa-nut trees, but I observed few trees of any other kind. By a road impracticable for any other vehicle than a volante, with its giant wheels, we reached a villa and plantation belonging to one of the proprietors here. The foliage all round appeared so strange ; Tree Euphorbias, Shrubby Cactus, immense Cannas, and thickets of Coffee, Bananas, &c. For the first time I saw cocoanuts ; some were gathered, and I drank some of the juice which looked like clear water, and tasted nearly the same, with a slight *soupeçon* of sugar. I was quite surprised to see a green nut (placed with a hole in it over a tumbler) pouring forth such a bright, innocent-looking liquid. I supposed it would always have a milky hue. The nuts enlarge by degrees ; but it was a long time before I could find out which

of the palms was the true cocoa-nut tree. Some said this was, and others doubted, and said it was a tree resembling the one that produces the nut, whereas there is only that single cocoa that I have yet seen here. There are tall Arecas and Palmettos, which are probably the same as those of Florida; and there is the Date (*Phœnix*), and the Sago Palm, and Bactris, but two kinds of cocoas I have not yet seen here. At this plantation of Mr. Jinks's I for the first time saw sugar-crushing. It was, in this instance, not done by steam, but by horses and mules, negro boys sitting as postillions, laughing and shouting, and the whole affair having such a wild unearthly look, though it seemed a case of enjoyment to all except the poor beasts concerned in this kind of merry-go-round, that I could fancy the employment might have been selected by Dante for one of the punishments of his *Inferno*. The driver, who received us and showed us every hospitality, was a handsome, good-humoured, intelligent-looking Cuban creole. At Guines, where I saw a large plantation, all the sugar was distilling for rum, a spirit which bears a high price at this moment, and is therefore more profitable than sugar. Coolies were employed there as well as negroes, but they do not seem equally fitted for labour, and are more to be pitied than the negro slaves, for their masters are indifferent about their comfort. The sun set as a more magni-

ficent globe of fire than I had ever before seen it. There was just enough twilight when we left the plantation for me to watch that we went safely down a long and steep white chalky descent into the valley below ; and I regretted that afterwards I could see nothing of the beauties of our drive, excepting fire-flies, which sparkled among the aloes, and yuccas, and coffee bushes, as we proceeded along a track, which, if the Consul and the other gentleman on horseback had not assured me was free from danger, I should have thought could hardly have been safely traversed ; but, with the exception of every now and then sinking in ruts, and passing over rocks, large enough to have upset an English vehicle, we had no difficulties, and the negro postilion and his two little white horses, appeared quite at their ease. We passed by two haciendas, in our road to the pass through which the Yamorri River makes its way to the town, and into the sea beyond. The name ' Yamorri ' is by tradition derived from the dying exclamation of a native warrior who fell into the stream. It does not seem very deep. Another river flows along the opposite side of this place, and there is also the Cardinas a short distance down the coast to the south, but I believe none of them are navigable. I have lost time here in looking about, owing to the early mornings having been thick and foggy ever since we came, an unusual circumstance. It is too

hot to stir in the middle of the day, and the evenings are very short, so that I shall accomplish less here in four days than I should do in two elsewhere.

*Matanzas, March 16.*—I saw some nice plants in small gardens yesterday. The Copaiba is a very pretty tree, and I hope to get a bulb of a gigantic lily, some *Crinum* or *Amaryllis*, which they tell me has a purple and white flower. A *Ceanothus*-looking shrub has here the name of tree mignonette from its fragrance. I went in a volante to draw from the Yamorri Pass. There are caves in the cretaceous rocks above, one of which is so extensive that it is believed to pass under the whole of the town of Matanzas. Looking up from below, I saw some stalactitic pillars supporting rocks above. I sketched one of them. In some places here the rocks look as if they had all been submitted to the action of fire, and this more completely than in Florida; for in these I see no organic remains. I think they must all have been burnt up, while at Ocala they seem only to have been warmed up. I suppose Cuba to be older land than the most southern part of the United States, although from Havana to Matanzas, I see only cretaceous formations—but coal is found not very distant from Havana, and the hundreds of miles farther south allow space enough for anything. This morning I am going to a

plantation a few miles down the coast, south; to-morrow we return to Havana, and I shall have one more week there before crossing over to New Orleans.

Your affectionate

A. M. M.





## LETTER XXI.

MATANZAS, CUBA,

*March 17, 1855.*

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

I hope the letter which I sent off yesterday will leave Havana by this day's mail ; it is impossible to be certain that all I write reaches you, but I generally send packets by the best opportunities. I have not always time to read over my communications, and never to copy them, so I shall be sorry if any are lost, as they will be such a refreshment to my memory at home. After closing my letters yesterday morning, I set off in a volante very early, and had a beautiful drive by the sea shore to a plantation called ———, the residence of Monsieur ———. The finest view I have yet seen of Matanzas is from a point about a mile out of the town, along the southern coast. Mr. J—— was so obliging as to accompany me part of the way on horseback ; and as I soon got out of the carriage to gather flowers

and pick up shells, I was quickly attracted by the nature of the rocks, which here border a sandy beach: there were fossil corals, and organisms in great variety, close to the sea. On a hill beyond, I found innumerable shells; bullas nearly as perfect as the recent ones on the shore below; then evident marks of volcanic action; then chalk resembling that at Ocala, with occasional fossil remains; higher up still, but not distant more than a few hundred yards, I saw a coarse kind of white freestone, which negro workmen were quarrying out in large blocks for building materials; then the road became exactly like the bed of a former river, although still rising a hill; it was little else but boulders and water-worn stones, which in England would have been considered impracticable for a carriage; but neither the calecero, his little thin white horses, nor the volante, made any objection to jumbling over them; the high, strong wheels mounted up and leaped down, without damage; and I could only hold tight, and wonder how horses and vehicle kept together. Before we reached the plantation, the soil was a rich iron-sand, just like that at Abbotsbury. M. — told me that this soil had produced twenty crops of sugarcane in succession without artificial aid. As usual, I met with a kind and hospitable reception: a broad avenue of Palms and Orange trees led up to the house; a black nurse was in a verandah, with the one little



boy of two years, and Madame — immediately came out, and took me into a comfortable drawing-room, opening at once from the front. The verandah was nearly covered by the catable passion-flower (*Passiflora granadilla*), and M. —, who was for some time in England, must have had English gardens and groves in his mind, while planting the trees of his own country, instead of imitating the Spanish fashion of underrating them. The refreshing verdure of our lawns is beyond attainment within the Tropics, but he has selected trees and shrubs having reference to ornament as well as use; with oranges and pomegranates, and fruits the names of which I have still to learn, he has associated a loquat, *Mespilus* (or *Eryobotria Japonica*), with the elegant foliage of the palm and bamboo, and the pretty weeping fir (which I never saw before, but suppose to be a *Cryptomeria*), making the middle distance unusual in appearance, and I tried, rather unsuccessfully, to sketch it. M. — ordered a volante and took me to a forest about a mile from his house, where I saw all kinds of novelties—among them a Heliotrope smelling like Jasmine, and a prickly shrub with a holly-shaped leaf, and flower resembling a *Dryandria*, only I never heard of one of that family, except as Australians. To avoid being knocked down by a large herd of horses and oxen, who were eagerly galloping down to the River

Cohcinva, a fine stream, when we reached it, M. — placed me upon a bank, where the wild scene below could be witnessed without inconvenience. All the animals plunging and swimming about, while negro boys, looking just like bronze statues, leaped now on a horse, sometimes from a horse to an ox, and then into the water; or diving down, they made their appearance unexpectedly in the very midst of the beasts. I was not inclined to descend from my elevation till the whole assemblage, having drunk and bathed to their satisfaction, galloped off.

This river is wide and deep enough to float a seventy-four, and, as there is very little bar at the mouth, under any other kind of government it would be made navigable. It is impossible to visit Cuba without being struck by the fact that its resources are undeveloped, and its improvement prevented by mismanagement. My sympathy cannot but go with the Cubans, who are anxious for some improvement, although some political prisoners are likely to be put out of the way by strangulation for evincing an impatient spirit under the iron despotism by which they are ruled. My compassionate feelings are roused, so with every inclination for the support of authority, I cannot but wish that Europe may aid, instead of opposing, the ultimate freedom of this fine island—fine, at least, as to natural productions, but in great part rendered unproductive by the tyranny

and ignorance of man. I observe many indications of Spanish cruelty, particularly towards animals. Slaves are pretty well treated, because their well-being is a matter of dollars in the pockets of their masters; but one sees chickens tied up alive by their legs in the markets, and one hears of bull-fights and cock-fights attended even by women. These things exemplify the character of a people, and show how backward their civilization is. I spent the day with my pleasant hosts, and M. — was so good as to accompany me back to Matanzas after dark, although he thus exposed himself to a double night journey over the rocky track, which I can hardly call a road: however, we jumbled safely back, and I went immediately to Mr. Russel J—, as Mrs. J— had been anxious about my safe return. Mr. J— promises to forward my collection of this day at once to England, for it alone will fill a box, with shells, fossils, plants, and seeds. I found some difficulty in tearing myself away from such an interesting locality, where I have not seen half I should like to see. Not very far from the Pass of the Yamorri, I understand there is still an Indian sacrificial altar. None of the aboriginal race are now left on the island: they have faded away before the more intelligent white men, and perhaps it may be, in the course of Providence, that Anglo-Saxon energy is

one of these days to supersede Creole inertness and Spanish cruelty.

*March 17.*—I went by railroad back to Havana, and this time I tried to settle the controversy which has been waging in my mind between the two palms most common here. It is evident that the real cocoa-nut has a less smooth bark and a more plumose, falling foliage than that tree with the smooth white stem and stiffer leaves, most common all about the country; the latter bears a smaller nut, with which pigs are fed, instead of the true cocoa-nut; and a gentleman I met last night says the former is called here the Royal Palm, and that it is not a cocoa at all. I shall find out its botanical designation at last. I suspect it is what I first supposed, an Areca (Betel-nut).

There is much of the red iron-sand all the way to Havana. We arrived in time for dinner, but in such a ferruginous state that it required considerable patience to wash ourselves clean. Before sunset I took advantage of the pass I have received for drawing, and Mr. P—— took me up to the Fort El Principe, from which there is a view over Havana. Upon showing the order, signed by the Capitan-Generale, and assuring the Commandant that I only wished to sketch '*la perspectiva*,' and not the fortifications, we were permitted to enter.

*Sunday, March 18.*—We went to the service on board the *Argus* steamer, commanded by Captain Purvis. The English and Austrian Consuls, with Mrs. Crauford and Mrs. Scharkenberg, Mr. and Mrs. Backhouse, &c. &c., were also on board; and the captain provided us with a plentiful lunch. The sailors sang the Hundredth Psalm; and they also chanted part of the service, guided by an harmonicon. We visited the engine-room and machinery, store-closet &c., &c., which were beautifully kept. The *Vestal* is gone upon a cruise. I have been told a dreadful fact, confirmatory of the blood and murder which are caused by our unfortunate perseverance in keeping an Anti-Slavery squadron on the coast of Africa. One of our captains having been capsized in his gig, within the bar of a river, his only hope of safety was to swim to shore, near a barracouta, where he expected to lose his life in another manner. The people belonging to it, however, succoured him, and received him with kindness; but, before returning to his ship, the slave-merchant requested his company to a distant building. Upon opening the door he was struck with horror at the sight of five hundred blacks with their throats cut. ‘Do not look reproachfully at me,’ exclaimed the man; ‘this is *your* doing, not mine. I would willingly have avoided such a massacre, but you prevented me from getting the slaves off.

I could neither feed nor provide for them; and self-preservation obliged us to dispose of them as you see.' The Consul here, and Mr. Backhouse, son of Mr. Backhouse, formerly of the Foreign Office, are the only people I have met with among either diplomatists or clergy, who support Abolitionist notions. Mr. Backhouse informed me that the reason it is unnecessary to fasten doors and windows on the plantations is, that the negroes are all safely locked in their respective dwellings at night. Now, I have ascertained that this is not so, though of course Mr. Backhouse believed it; and, moreover, it would be absurd; because any one who is acquainted with the nature of negro houses must be aware they are so slight that the inhabitants can get out anywhere; and that, therefore, it would be useless to make a show of locking doors. In the cities the laws do not permit slaves to be out after nine o'clock at night, without a permit; but even this regulation is not always enforced. In the evening I went to the Cortuna Valdez, a shady walk by the side of the harbour, and took a sketch from thence.

*Havana, March 20.*—Yesterday the heat was so intense I did not go out till late. This morning Mr. P—— accompanied me in the barge of the *Argos* to visit the Cabanos, a very strong fortress, behind the Moro. It was once taken by Lord

Albemarle, and England had possession of Havana for two years. At that time the English soldiers made use of one of the churches for Protestant service, which so desecrated it in the eyes of the bigoted Spaniards, that it has never been applied to sacred purposes from that time to this. In mounting towards the fortress, I found many interesting plants—some of them new to me. One of the pretty blue *Commelinas* usual in our gardens is here indigenous; *Ipomœas*, and *Melias*, and *Bignonias*, intermixed with *Cactuses*, are all over the banks, and fruits of different kinds grow within the walls. The Governor (who must, I suppose, be a Spanish general) was very gentlemanly and polite; much more so than the Commandant of *El Principe*, who consented to our admission with reluctance, I imagined, as if some degree of suspicion crossed his mind: and one cannot wonder that in these filibustering times everything here is carefully guarded. This fortress (the Cabanos) is of immense extent, much larger than the Citadel of *Quatre*; and at present it is occupied by a large body of troops. It took us so long to go over it that I put off visiting the Moro till to-morrow.

After dinner Mr. P—— took me a drive round the suburbs of Havana; two other American gentlemen, acquaintances from Baltimore, accompanied us in another volante; these carriages had

two horses each, one ridden by a black postilion (with his tall jack-boots, and embroidered swallow-tailed, short-waisted jacket), cantered in the old French fashion by the side, but a few paces before the horse in the shafts. Our boy was a true negro of the ourang-outang class, with a projecting muzzle, and falling-away chin; he was so surly and obstinate that at last Mr. P—— got out and borrowed a cane from the other vehicle. We observed intelligent glances passing between the two drivers, and ours immediately improved in civility; the hint was sufficient, but no verbal argument would have had the smallest effect. We passed by the fortress called the Altares, on the hill below which fifty Filibusterers, who were taken prisoners from boats in an attempted invasion of the island two or three years ago, were shot. The execution of ten out of the number would have been less cruel, and probably better policy; but it is impossible to deny the right of the Cuban government to execute foreigners landing on their territory for hostile purposes; at this moment there are political prisoners under condemnation, whose death may be justifiable, Estampes, &c.

We returned to the city by a ferry across the harbour, and in the evening I attended a reception at the palace. The Capitan-Generale does not appear to be more than forty-five; his manner has a tinge of melan-



choly, and his position however distinguished must be in many respects arduous and painful. How far he is obliged to act harshly it is difficult to judge. He introduced me to General, or rather Admiral, Castanos, who commands in the port, and who speaks English with a good pronunciation, although he informed me it was chiefly acquired from books.

After my return home, the American commander of the *Princeton* steamer came in. He mentioned having lately visited Jamaica, after an interval of ten years since he was there before, and that he was both surprised and shocked at the rapid deterioration of the island. He says the blacks are fast sinking into a state of gross vice and immorality; and even when they agree to work upon the plantations, they steal half of the crops to be gathered in, and sell it in the most barefaced way. Ladies cannot venture out without danger of insult; and he considers our West Indian islands are on the road to ultimate ruin. This is the opinion of every observer I have met with lately who has been among them—people of different professions and of various shades of politics—but all in agreement upon that one point, and a sad and dreary agreement it is!

Yesterday, the boat of the *Argus*, commanded by Mr. Elton, took Mr. P—— and me to the Moro. Upon landing beneath it, I found the beach strewed with various specimens of corallines, some of them

so perfect they look as if fresh. The situation of this fortress is fine, though commanded by that we visited yesterday. I saw the windows of dungeons, where it gave me a pang to know political prisoners are confined; and there is a general opinion that an execution will take place to-morrow, perhaps that of Pinto. People well informed believe there is no credible evidence against Ramon Pinto; but he is a man of talent as well as character, and the Castilian party are exasperated against him, so that there is reason to believe the Capitan-Generale will not refuse a confirmation of the sentence of death; but with three of our men-of-war here, besides Americans, and considering the protection we have afforded to the government, could not our Consul-General object to such a tragedy being performed? Surely it is sufficient to confiscate his estates, and sentence that noble though unfortunate man to banishment, instead of garotting him?

I believe fifty of the subordinate offenders are to be transported to the Manillas. It is sufficient to live for one fortnight under the rule of a despotism to be made sensible of the blessing of constitutional government. Here all is doubt and suspicion. This unhappy Pinto has a wife and seven or eight children, and he is said to be clever, brave, and well-intentioned: perhaps right in principle, though mistaken in the choice of means and the selection of

time ; but I am assured that against him there is no accusation as to rebellion, but one of intended assassination of Concha, which is incredible.

Upon entering the cutter again, we rowed a short distance out, for me to make a sketch of the Moro from the sea, and I returned to the Calton Hotel by ten o'clock. After dinner, Mr. P—— and I took a long drive round the suburbs of the city, and it was dark before we returned. We passed through Guanobacova—a place famous for cock-fighting. There, I am told, hardly a house is without its fighting cocks. After our return, I went to take leave at the Palace, where my reception has been always obliging and polite.

*Areca oleacea* is the palm which has given me so much trouble here. At last I have made up my mind it is no cocoa. This was my first idea ; but the difference of opinion and the total ignorance about vegetation here led me to doubt my own correctness. Only yesterday, Monsieur Sauralle, a gentleman who has paid some attention to trees, assured me this palm, which he designated *Oresdoxa Regia*, was not to be found in Loudon ; yet it is there as *Areca*. I have had this morning my first introduction to a scorpion. I saw something in a little basket, standing close to the dressing-table, which I mistook for a fossil. I touched it with an exclamation, when a maid (fortunately not

black) saw what it was, caught up the basket, and carried it at once to a man a few yards from my door, who killed the creature instantly. A negro woman would have laughed and stared, and have allowed it to sting me, before she would have remembered that a scorpion is an ugly customer. This is the first venomous thing I have met with in America, and it is the only one dangerous in Cuba; not so bad either, I am assured, as the same creature in other localities, for its bite seldom proves mortal here. There are some snakes to be found in the island, but none venomous. By-the-bye, yesterday a lady from Louisiana told me that a snake there (she could not say if it was a rattlesnake) milks the cows, and that it has the power of charming a cow once milked, back to the same spot, where she will call the reptile as if it was her calf. A red appearance in the milk left behind shows what has occurred; but there is no danger to the life of the cow, and by being carefully shut up away from her snake milker, the mischief is repaired.

*Havana, March 23.*—No *Crescent City* has come in to-day, though the *Isabel*, from Charleston, the *Philadelphia*, from New York, and the *Diver*, British steamer, have all arrived; we shall therefore be detained over to-night. There is a whisper that another political sufferer will be brought to the scaffold immediately. I have not heard particulars

of that case; but every fact which can be discovered confirms me in the suspicion that the death of Pinto was a murder—not an act of political justice. His last communication to a friend was his assurance, as a man of honour, that he died guiltless of those things for which his judges had condemned him. Five thousand people attended Pinto's execution; solemnly and apparently mournfully, they witnessed his firm and calm submission to the garotte, after having been refused the death of a soldier. This act must bring misery upon the heads of those who have caused it.

I am told the British Consul had not sufficient diplomatic rank to warrant a protest from him. So while England is carrying on a crusade against the interests of the sugar planters, and which really injures and deteriorates the black race, it is abetting murder and tyranny over the whites; and because this island bears the name of a colony (although of much more importance than Mexico), Englishmen have been imprisoned and ruined without redress; and if a British subject dies here, there is no minister capable of protecting his property, or of saving his widow and family from an arbitrary interference with their rights. We have only power to do mischief, without making our influence felt for the advantage of our own people. This Government is, in fact, a Viceroyship. Havana (particularly at

this moment) is a situation of great importance, and yet the British Government have no strong and powerful representative. Here I feel so mortified at the poor figure England makes, that I quite long to get away from the place. I am packing up a box of fossils and recent corallines collected on these shores for the London Museum of Practical Geology; except by the weight of the former, they are in such a perfect condition, that they would hardly be distinguished from fresh specimens. I cannot gain information where the older formations commence, but there is good coal on the island. I have picked up serpentine upon its shores, and I am told that there is granite somewhere towards the south. I have not seen more than sixty miles out of the seven hundred, to which length Cuba extends.

Military uniforms are visible in every direction, and fortresses bristle all round this city, yet there is no such thing as public confidence, or a sense of general security. Poor Cuba! from the little I have seen, I can hardly hope that the future will be free from bloodshed. No simple arrangement of sale and payment will settle her destinies, or give her prosperity. If individuals in this state of existence have to pass through a discipline of trial, so it appears that nations must gain freedom through suffering.

The day before yesterday was stormy, with

thunder and lightning, fit accompaniments for that morning's work ; so I was fortunate in not embarking upon a troubled sea, which may be less rough for our passage if we are to go on board this afternoon.

*Crescent City, March 25.*—By half-past ten o'clock yesterday morning we got on board, being obliged to come two miles across the harbour in an open boat, because there is a regulation obliging the American steamers to coal at an inconvenient place ; and though this vessel would have been able to come in last night, because she arrived after sunset the authorities obliged her to wait at the entrance till after the sun rose again, on pain of being fired at. Once, a captain, being ordered to moor himself alongside of a convict ship, refused to take that situation, and put out again to sea till the morning.

The present Government of Cuba is permitting acts which tend to excite indignation and pugnacity in the United States. It is reported that some authorities have insulted and seized upon a Consul, and that a Spanish man-of-war has fired into an American ship, and that the Capitan-Generale has neither offered redress nor apology. Havana is a tempting prize, and the Spanish Government affording a fair pretext, who can wonder that there are filibustering expeditions ? Passing out of the harbour, a gentleman pointed out the spot where Ramon Pinto was executed.

He described the scene as follows :—No very apparent show of military force, but the scaffold was erected in an open place between a large barrack and the small fort opposite the Cabanos, from whence troops could have been drawn if necessary. We concluded the prisoner must have been moved from his dungeon in the night, or early in the morning. When all was prepared, he was brought out from the barracks, dressed in white, with a black cross upon his cap ; his companions, only the executioner and one priest ; a band playing the Dead March. He had only to walk about two hundred yards ; he simply declared his innocence of the crimes attributed to him, and then after seating himself in the chair of death, he gave the signal ; the garotte was applied, and, without any apparent struggle, life soon became extinct : for a while, I know not how long, the body was left to be gazed at ; that sight perhaps made five hundred Pintos where there was one before, and raised a detestation of General Concha and his myrmidons which will probably cause the extinction of the Spanish rule in America, and bring down retribution upon the chief who now exercises it. Perhaps I have dwelt too long upon this terrible occurrence ; and writing as I have done at odd moments it is possible I may have repeated facts, but there has been no time to read back ; you have the feelings and the impressions as they arose, and at such a moment it has been impossible to write



coolly or free from painful excitement. Thank God, I have now left that bloody shore.

We have a large vessel and fine calm weather ; our captain says it will take three days to reach the bar of the Mississippi River ; I fear we shall enter it in the dark. The only peculiarity I have observed in this part of the Gulf of Mexico during our present voyage is the colour of the sea, which is unlike anything I have remarked elsewhere : it is neither green, nor sky-blue, but precisely the tint of a sapphire — which the captain tells me is its usual appearance ; this colour does not seem to be affected by either clouds or sky, for though we have had a calm voyage so far, it has by no means been cloudless, and I write on the third day of our passage to New Orleans at a distance of six hundred miles from Cuba. On board, I have been reading Mrs. Stowe's *Sunny Memories* : it contains some pretty and true descriptions of scenes and facts in Scotland and England, and yet I cannot but regret that she did not meditate more deeply upon her own axiom, that—' The power of fictitious writing, for good as well as evil, is a thing which ought to be most seriously reflected on,'—and not ignorantly used. Had Mrs. Stowe lived for some months among the institutions and the people which, in *Uncle Tom*, she thoughtlessly, perhaps not intentionally vilified, she would have used, not misused her undoubted talents ; and as it is, she ought to have

blushed at the fulsome flattery which called her novel '*The genuine application of the sacred Word of God to the several branches of her subject.*' — Dr. M'Neile's Address, April 11th, 1853.

I did not say much about the aspect of Slavery in Cuba, because my opportunities of observing it were few. In a certain sense, the white population there are slaves, and of course the state of the blacks is modified by that circumstance; from what I heard, too, the social morality of the Cubans is at a very low ebb, their religious principles wretched, and the prevalence of immorality and irreligion will act and react upon the blacks as well as the whites; so I do not believe Cuba to be a country where Slavery, as a system, can be fairly studied. We expect to reach the mouth of the Mississippi to-night: if there is no fog, our captain will cross the bar; but one hundred miles of the river must be traversed before our vessel reaches New Orleans, and I shall write no more till we get there.

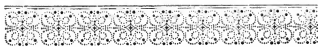
*St. Charles Hotel, New Orleans, March 29.*—We reached this place before three o'clock yesterday; but owing to the tide swinging the *Crescent City* round just as she came up to her moorings, there was no landing till after four o'clock. I did not undress the night before, for our *Seminole* accident has made my nerves rather touchy at night; and though we were off the Mississippi before eleven, the captain was

obliged to fire a gun three times, and at last dispatched a boat before he could get a pilot on board. The mouth of this river, and its channel for the first hundred miles, is narrow and poor compared with the Walaki, the St. Lawrence, or the beautiful Ottawa ; I am told it is wider higher up : as yet I have seen nothing on its low muddy banks but some thriving plantations fringed with neat negro dwellings. Till we arrived, I did not know our steamer was named from the shape of the city, which is built upon the crescent form of the shore. I never saw such a fleet of steamers as line its wharves, no, not even at London or Liverpool: perhaps this is owing to their being all moored together ; but there is more shipping here than I have observed in any of the other ports except New York and Boston. The place, though flat, is handsome and apparently well-built ; but although it has been for so many years attached to the United States, and the Creole population has not now a majority, yet they are an influential ingredient, and give the tone to manners and customs ; so that New Orleans has more of a Southern air than even Charleston or Savannah.

Yours affectionately,

A. M. M.





## LETTER XXII.

NEW ORLEANS,

March 31, 1855.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—

I left the St. Clair Hotel yesterday. Mr. Robert G——, brother to my Virginian friend, called to bring me to his pleasant and comfortable house, and in what may be called the ‘West-end’ of New Orleans. I find myself established, and quite at home, with every luxury and attention that a traveller can require. The weather is still as fresh and cold as an ordinary dreary March with us, though more roses are in bloom than we could find so early in the year in England. Several loquat trees (*Evyobotria Japonica*) placed round the garden are only just beginning to ripen their delicious fruit, with its golden, or rather apricot-coloured hue ; in most seasons, before April, peas and strawberries are plentiful, but they are not yet to be had. My ideas are rather puzzled about seasons : after the dog-days in Cuba, I feel as if this ought to be autumn, not spring ; but

I have no doubt that an interval of colder weather will be salutary to our constitutions before we pass the approaching summer in the Northern States. Instead of growing thin during my travels, I was beginning to fear that, on my return to England, I should make my appearance in too portly a style ; but three weeks at Havana have obviated that fear. In my room here it is pleasant to have a four-post bed, which brings English customs to mind. I never saw anything but French bedsteads in the North. No curtains are required ; a full and wide mosquito-net, without opening, and which is put back during the day, and looks like a transparent bonnet-box over the pillows, is drawn forward at night, and protects me completely from the invasion of insects. This is a better contrivance than those at Cuba, where I found a persevering mosquito would often succeed in establishing itself within the curtains. The wood of which the bedstead is made looks like a kind of walnut ; the top has a heavy projecting eave—this, I am told, is advantageous, as it gives room for the iron rod underneath, upon which the mosquito-net is hung. While I am writing, a black woman enters : they walk in and out of your room, just as the fancy takes them, without knocking ; and the door must be locked if one does not wish to be intruded on. The negroes are curious, and like to come and ask questions, and see what you are at, so ‘Emily’ in-

quires if I will let her make the bed while I am in the room ; being as well inclined for a little talk as herself, I agree. She tells me the coloured people are well content and happy ; that she was ‘ raised in Virginny,’ and came here from Richmond ; that masters and mistresses about are very tender of their people ; that she has got her husband and three children, babies almost, the youngest an infant, then in the house ; she does odd jobs after dinner, but she says that on the plantations it is not often the people work after dinner (she is munching something all this while) ; they have usually task-work, which can be quickly done if they choose ; that the black population don’t like bacon—‘ they likes to have fresh meat three times a-day, and what they likes beside.’ She seemed utterly astonished when I told her that the English working-people could seldom get meat at all, and that they had not as much firing as they chose, &c. &c. ‘ Lord bless you, missus, that would never do at all here ; why, some of the coloured ones have got a’most as much jewellery as their missuses ; they gets their own way tolerable somehow ; and they very often desires to be sold when they be affronted.’ ‘ Emily’ thought that in England slaves would have it all their own way entirely ; and this is the idea the darkies have of freedom : plenty to eat and drink, finery to their heart’s content—no work. Here they despise the free negroes. One

woman was offered her freedom in my hearing : she took the offer as an insult, and said, ‘ I know what the free niggers are, missus : they are the meanest niggers as ever was ; I hopes never to be a free nigger, missus.’ A slave quarrelling with another black, after calling him names, at last sums up as the acme of contempt, ‘ You be a d——d nigger without a master !’ This is the consequence of the fact, that free negroes being idle and profligate are generally poor and miserable. A common reproach among them is to say, ‘ You be’s as bad as a free nigger.’ I think if any unprejudiced person sees the state of the free black population in Canada, and then makes a tour of a few months in the Southern States, with an open eye and unprejudiced mind, he will come to the conclusion that things are better than names ; and that if by a *ukase* he could carry back all the darkies (from ignorance and misrepresentation induced to run away from their masters), he would benefit the blacks, whatever he might do for the whites, who, I believe, would be very much averse to receive these contaminated negroes again, except from motives of duty and compassion.

Mrs. Stowe gives great credit to a young lady who, becoming the heiress of a few slaves, gave them all their freedom. I have heard of a young lady who succeeded to the possession of negroes, and nothing else ; by emancipating them she might have



gained a fine character from the Abolitionists, and have cast off not only a responsibility, but a heavy expense; instead of which she sought occupation for herself, laboured hard, and earned the means of existence for her poor black dependents, as well as her own living. Which of these two ladies acted the more Christian part? Last night, conversing with a very intelligent gentleman who has travelled in Canada, I remarked that the free negroes there were in a much more degraded, suffering, and irreligious state than any slaves I have seen; and that they often reproach the whites with having, by false pretences, inveigled them to their destruction. He said, 'I will tell you a circumstance which occurred relative to that matter. A confidential black, who was treated with the greatest kindness by his master, took it into his head one day to run away, with the idea of establishing himself in Canada. When in that country I accidentally fell in with him, acting as waiter in an hotel; we immediately recognised each other; and, with tears in his eyes, he said, 'Oh, sir! tell of the family; how is this one, how is that?' I answered his inquiries, and then asked how he got on. 'I get on in the season pretty well; I make some money, but very bad in the winter. Oh, sir! beg my dear master for me; beg him to forgive, and take me back again.' And I feel sure that those negroes who are not so far gone

in drunkenness and profligacy, as to have lost all self-respect, would generally make the same request; exceptions only prove the rule. My woman on the Detroit River was taken care of by a husband, who, having occupation as a black pilot (an employment for which their strong local perception peculiarly fits them) was the only really contented black I met with; but she lost her children, and may, perhaps, end in being motherless; while, in slavery, they would have been healthy. As to the separation of families, I see that great pains are taken to avoid that evil. I believe that it hardly occurs more frequently than in England from other causes; and I imagine a law might be enacted to make it less easy here. So in this case, as in every other social abuse, the governing power should regulate, but not wholly forbid, or the result will be the encouragement of twenty evils where there was one before. I have seen a great many visitors to-day; among them some very agreeable people.

*April 1.*—A dinner-party here included the Bishop and Mrs. P——, Professors Biddell and Linton (the latter from St. Louis), Colonel Seymour, Dr. Smith, &c. &c. I am invited to accompany a party into the State of Mississippi to-morrow or Tuesday, as an expedition, and gladly accept. At nine o'clock Mr. Miltenberger called to take me to the Opera,

to see the last two or three acts. I have been little gratified by the operas elsewhere in the States. At New York, Grisi and Mario were wretchedly supported; and the dresses and choruses were so miserable that I was hardly inclined to do more than just look in at the house here; but I was most agreeably surprised. The Italian Opera in London was never better *mis en scène*, though Donizetti was given in French. I think the opera was *La Reine de Chypre*. Although the *prima donna* was neither Grisi nor Sontag, her voice, expression, and acting were all good; her toilette perfect; indeed, as a whole, I never saw a piece better *costumé*; being close to the stage, the details were made evident to me; and three fine male voices of different kinds, gave effect to the principal characters. I must go again, and know more about this opera than it was in my power to find out last night.

The house, though not large, is well arranged, but after a different plan from any one I ever saw before. I was told that being the last day of Lent, the Creole ladies were not there. This morning the weather is warm, some rain the night before last has softened the air, and I suppose now the summer will come here.

By-the-bye, I got a lady to write down for me the extraordinary and terrific screams of the watchmen at Havana and Matanzas. I must let you have

the benefit of them, premising, of course, that the hours vary :—

‘Las diez y media y sereno.’

‘Las once y nublado.’

‘Las doce, y la ciudad està siempre fidelisima.’

As to the last assurance, I think I should not be sorry it should be a doubtful one.

There is a report that the President of the United States has ordered some American men-of-war to go and sink the Spanish frigate which fired into the steamer. I don’t much wonder if he has done so ; and really I think Europe might be inclined to join with America in bringing the Spaniards to their senses, for as despots they are quite as bad as the Russians when they dare to show their will, and in cruelty worse. I must tell a story, which will exemplify the mode of government and internal state of Cuba more graphically than anything else I can write.

Not long ago there was a servile *émeute* among the negroes of a plantation ; the authorities immediately seize the ringleaders, torture them with cat-o’-nine-tails, with nails in them, cutting flesh off their backs, inquiring all the time, ‘Did so and so instigate you—or, so and so?’ The poor blacks at first answered truly, ‘No one told us—we did it ourselves.’ At last the name of a planter forty miles off was mentioned, and not knowing him, to

escape from torture one said, 'Yes, massa—he, massa.' This gentleman was busy on his grounds about three o'clock in the afternoon, when forty soldicrs entered, and asked his name; he gave it, and civilly invited them to take some refreshment; but they immediately put a rope round his neck, and proceeded to attach it to one of their horses. He entreated that if they meant to take him prisoner, they would at least allow him to mount one of his own saddle-horses. But no; they actually trotted this man of property and education forty miles, dragging him after them. When they arrived at the place where he was to be confined and examined, eleven other people were selected to stand with him. The negroes were then brought in, and desired to point out Mr. ——. Fortunately for him, being quite unknown to them, they selected the wrong man; but if by any accident they had pitched upon him, his life would have been the forfeit. As soon as his non-complicity was thus ascertained, the negroes were taken out and shot without further ceremony, and Mr. —— was allowed to find his way back to his own home. This is Cuban law and justice. It may be guessed what kind of a chance was afforded to Pinto.

Yesterday, April 1st, was Sunday; Bishop P—— called and took me to his church, where the service was like ours, with the exception only of a

few omissions. The interior of the edifice was ornamented with sufficient painted glass to throw a cool light into it without making it obscure, and all the decorations were in good taste. This 1st of April might have been May with us—the temperature just high enough for enjoyment.

*April 2.*—Mrs. G—— took me to visit a lady in the neighbourhood, in whose garden I found many things new to me, principally shrubs. A capsicum as small as a pea, which looks like something different from what we call bird pepper; and a privet, which, though the leaves resemble a Chinese privet, I think is hardly the same, as it is quite a timber tree, and very handsome. I gathered many seeds.

I dined with the British Consul, Mr. Muir, and met his mother-in-law, an agreeable old lady, though she is of the Wilberforce and Hannah More school, almost the only person I have met with south who still advocates abolitionist ideas; her son-in-law, a clergyman, and a granddaughter did not agree with her in opinion. I afterwards drank tea with the Bishop and Mrs. P——. One remark of his struck me: he said, that for the sake of the Christian and moral welfare of the Irish emigrants and the African negroes, he would desire to pass a majority of the former through the kitchens, and all the latter through the plantations, of the United States. The Irish

paupers are so ultra in their politics, and so saucy in their manners, that they have given rise to the 'Know-nothing' movement, which, however reprehensible in its mode of proceeding, is only a practical illustration of the impossibility of fairly carrying out the idea of equality. These emigrants are without doubt, as a class, the most disagreeable and overbearing people in the Union. They are specimens of the true democrat when united with ignorance—levelling all above themselves, and insolent to those they fancy beneath them. Bishop P—— walked home with me; no bonnet, and hardly a shawl was required; the evening balmy and pleasant—just perfect in temperature.

*Osyka, April 5.*—I date from one of those marvellous places in the Bush, which in this part of the world are born, educated, and grown up in the course of a few months. When I landed at Boston, there was not a tree felled where this town is now in existence; yet I am in a comfortable hotel, entertaining thirty or forty guests daily at its *table-d'hôte*. This house, the woman said, 'had been built full five months.' The town as yet does not consist of more than fifty houses; but there are two hotels, three or four stores, a good railway station, and everything else looking as if established thirty years, excepting that as yet there is no church, and the stumps of trees are still left in all directions. But I must begin

from the beginning, and tell the adventures which have obliged me to sleep at Osyka, with an uncertainty as to when I am to get back to New Orleans. As I had made two pleasant acquaintances there—Dr. Smith and Dr. Riddell (the latter has bought a house and property eighty-six miles off, in the Mississippi territory, where he means to move his wife and family when the heat sets in)—they invited me to accompany them in an expedition to see a pretty country beyond the pine barrens, which stretch away as far as the State of Mississippi; a railroad has been opened in that direction during the last year. We started yesterday at seven o'clock: at a station about half-way here, one of the points being wrong, the engine ran off and plunged deep into a quagmire; the train was brought-up without damage to any one except a poor boy, who was at that moment oiling the cow-catcher: he imprudently jumped off, and he was so seriously injured that he is since dead. We got out, walked to the station, and in about half-an-hour another engine was attached to the cars; we reached Osyka by two o'clock, though, at my request, the conductor brought-up the train for a few minutes to get some specimens of a very curious water-plant, something between a *Pothos* and an *Orontium*, which Dr. Riddell agrees with me is new: it resembles Loudon's description of *Pothos acaulis*, having leaves



quite destitute of nerves, but the spike is hexandrous, not triandrous.

There was some difficulty in getting a conveyance five miles to the pretty location, which Dr. Riddell promises to call 'Chatawa' (Silver Spring). There is a beautiful spring close to the house, and various mineral springs, containing iron and soda, at a short distance from it. I walked about a mile and a half through the forest, delighted by the brilliant butterflies and flowers. I found old acquaintances in our gardens at every step—*Viola cucullata*, *Sisyrinchium anceps*, *Verbena aubletia*, *Houstonias*, *Phloxes*, *Alliums*, and *Trilliums*, a curious *Assarum*, and a plant with two leaves (*Podophyllum*, May apple), which they tell me produces a fruit so excellent, and so fragrant when ripe that it can be scented yards away. The people call it May apple. I shall find out its trivial name, but at present it has only just put forth leaves, and there is no sign of a flower. It is not more than a foot in height, with toothed foliage as large as a cucumber leaf, but smooth, shining, and variegated. At 'Chatawa,' I found a numerous German-Polish family—children of all ages—fathers, mothers, uncles, aunts, nephews, nieces—very hospitable people, who have sold their house to Dr. M——, with the intention of flitting to Osyka, which will soon be a place of consideration. I had a comfortable bed, and all the

necessaries of life though not many of its luxuries ; and after twenty-four hours of enjoyment in a lovely spot, with every promise of increased beauty under better cultivation, I got into a wagon and left the banks of the Tangipahoa River and the mineral springs which surround it, with regret that I could not follow the projected line of the railroad (as yet only complete to Osyka, so called by the first proprietor after an Indian beauty), thirty miles farther to the river Balsalà, where I understand the scenery is still fine ; and perhaps I might have done so instead of spending another day and night here, for when we arrived at half-past one o'clock yesterday to take the two o'clock cars, no train had arrived, nor has yet arrived from New Orleans. Either some accident, some damage to the locomotive, or some obstruction, has occurred ; and now, at eight o'clock on Thursday the 5th, we are still detained, without being able to guess when we are to have the means of return. Still, I am not bored—there is plenty of interest and amusement ; for I find fortification agates and flint fossils in the railway-cutting above, besides the flowers of the pine barrens around, and as long as the cars which were to fetch us have not sunk in some of the swamps we yesterday traversed (when the train danced up and down on the line more than was pleasant, from the boggy nature of the ground), I am content to wait here for twenty-four hours more.

*New Orleans, April 6.*—The cars came up to Osyka so as to bring us back here by seven o'clock last night. It seems they had other accidents during their return on the 3rd, by running over cattle, till the locomotive jumped into a bog, fortunately breaking its couplings, so that the cars were left on the line, where, of course, the passengers sat up all night. Between damaging engines and killing cows, the economy of leaving railroads without protecting them by fences, in a country where wood is of such easy attainment, appears to me very short-sighted. Thunder-storms began early to-day; they accompanied our journey, and have been pealing and blazing all night. I never saw such lightning; and the torrents of rain are sufficient, I should think, to overflow the Mississippi and swamp New Orleans, situated as it is lower than the river. I cannot understand how this city keeps out of the water. I hear about banks called levées, but Holland must be a joke in comparison to this amphibious place.

*April 7.*—Yesterday, being Good Friday, was strictly kept here: that is not the case, I believe, in any other State of the Union. The day was gloomy, but not wet; an afternoon rainbow gave promise of fine weather, which is realized this morning, and I hope to see more of the environs of New Orleans than I have done as yet.

*April 8.*—Another execution at Havana. But

however severe and cruel the Cuban policy may be, there seems to have been sufficient proof that Estampes was engaged in a conspiracy against Spanish despotism, and therefore his condemnation stands on different grounds from that of Ramon Pinto.

I visited a widows' asylum, not long opened here, which appears to be one of the best regulated charities I have ever seen. It does not separate mothers from children, but offers a home to both, only premising that the former are to contribute their labour, as washerwomen, sempstresses, &c. &c. towards the support of the institution. A few pensioners without families are sheltered and provided for, when incapable of exertion; but the system is one of assistance to those who are willing to work.

Order, cleanliness, and comfort reign throughout the asylum; and an excellent Scotch matron superintends it, under the direction of a committee. The children, from infants of a few days to those able to be employed, are well trained and taught under the eye of their mothers. All the inmates expressed themselves with gratitude; in some cases respectable aged widows had their private apartment; in others we saw mothers with their own two or three children. Widows without families have a separate eating-room, and live at one side of the house, away from the noise of children.

I heard an amusing story yesterday, exemplifying negro character. A gentleman had ordered one of his black gardeners to widen a ditch, and as he complained of the difficulty of the job, Mr. — engaged a white labourer to assist him. The two men were left to work on together. After a while, the master went to see how the job got on: he found that the Irishman had done three times the work the other had accomplished.

'How is this, Charles?' said Mr. —; 'you have done very little. See how much more the other labourer has finished.'

'Ah, massa, that very true; but white man use to work. You can't 'spect me—a nigger—demean myself like he.'

And it is generally so: the negroes consider themselves as privileged, instead of being degraded by their situation. A black complained that his master did not use him well. 'But how is that; pray do you not get good bread?'—'Yes, massa, pretty good bread.'—'Have you not enough, then? Are you overtasked? Do you get as much meat as you like?'—'Ay, massa; but then the meat too fat—me don't 'prove fat meat.' When masters or mistresses want change, it is a common occurrence for them to apply to their negroes, who have almost always silver about them.

It is observed that many of the Irish emigrants

have the same unfounded notions of their prospects in America, as those entertained by some negroes, of England. An Irishman begging, was offered a job of work; he accepted it, but said he thought it 'very hard.'—'Hard,' said his employer; 'what do you mean? Did you come here and expect to pick up gold in the streets?'—'No, not altogether that, but I thought if I asked for it, it would be given me.'—'But suppose I divided what I have with you—what would happen when that should be gone?'—'Arrah!' said Pat, 'I don't exactly know—but I suppose then we must divide again!'

I cannot wonder that this place is unhealthy during the hot season; there are deep gutters and stagnant waters at the sides of almost all the streets. It would be a marvel if yellow fever, or something of the kind, did not prevail. Whether the situation is so low that good drainage is impossible, I cannot say; but I only wonder that the population is not decimated every summer. I should be sorry to take my chance in such a swamp.

On Sunday I attended a church where the singing, though good in its way, reminded me more of a Roman Catholic than a Protestant house of worship; it was not congregational, but operative.

*April 9.*—I have been occupied all the morning writing letters to England. The *Illustrated News* of the 10th of March gives an apocryphal report of

the 'Dangerous Conspiracy at Cuba,' in which Ramon Pinto is asserted to have announced his intention of assassinating the Capitan-Generale in his box at the opera. This is the authorized version, I suppose; but no person acquainted with the character of Pinto will believe it true. In the first place, even his enemies admit that he was a man of sense, talent, and principle; and those who know the present state of Havana must be well aware that such a plot would have been absurd and silly, as well as wicked. Anonymous and false stories are easily got up and propagated when a man is dead, and cannot refute them; but the time will come for such accusations to recoil upon the inventors.

Certainly the black servants in this country are more petted and humoured than even the domestics of Europe! There is an ingenious kind of diorama of the *Pilgrim's Progress* now exhibiting here. Six household blacks, belonging to a lady here, were to go and see it. In England three servants would have gone one evening, and three another; but here they preferred to enjoy the sight all together, so the mistress and her daughters undertook every department of household work, even to that of the kitchen, that the black ladies and gentlemen might gratify their wishes. I could write fifty stories of this kind, which prove the kindness and consideration shown towards the race called slaves. The name of 'dark

children' would, in nine cases out of ten, be more appropriate. It is the fashion with us to cry up the Spanish system in preference to that of the United States. Whatever the laws may be, I feel sure there is more of oppression and cruelty to be detected in Cuba than in all the other Southern States put together. We must bear in mind that the best laws will not prevent the possibility of their violation; and I sometimes doubt whether more cases of cruelty and overwork, and even starvation, among apprentices and 'maids-of-all-work' in Great Britain might not be discovered, than we could detect in the households and the plantations here. The buying and selling operation is certainly very unpleasant and revolting to our ideas, and the whites here dislike it; but it is curious how very little is thought of the matter by the blacks themselves. It is not true that women can be sold away from their children; but slaves often urge their masters and mistresses to sell them for some fancy or freak, and a gentleman to-day had a quarrel with his negroes, because he wanted to set them free. 'It's very hard, master; you have a right to keep us, master;' and at last the majority positively refused to go, even though master offered them a 'fit-out' if they would accept their freedom. I believe they are quite right. With all my love of liberty, if I was of the black race, I should much prefer being a slave upon



one of the Southern plantations than any free black man or woman I ever met with in America. So, in now thinking Slavery not so bad an institution, I act up to the maxim of 'doing as I would be done by.' This week I am going to visit plantations in this neighbourhood, but I have now seen so much and thought so much upon the general question, and also of the character of negroes as a race, that I do not think anything I may see in Louisiana, Texas, or Kentucky, can much alter my conclusions. My wish has been to seek after truth; I suppose many will doubt my having attained it, but one thing I know, that it has been sought for by an unprejudiced mind, without reference to any ulterior consequences. No pains or fatigue have deterred me from investigation. I give you the fruits of it—consequences are not my affair.

Last night I went to see the diorama exemplifying the *Pilgrim's Progress*, in the hope that it might make me more worthy than I am of a work which has been one of the most highly valued of all literary productions; but in vain—excepting the Parables, and one or two stories in the *Spectator*, I never could enjoy anything allegorical. A brief allegory is very well—but an allegorical volume! I never could wade through it!

All the houses here, except some in the old town and centre streets, have gardens—not very extensive,

generally from a quarter to half an acre ; but the soil and the climate is such that everything grows luxuriantly. Magnolias, jessamine, roses, oranges, lemons, loquats, and a hundred other things beautiful and good ; and then the mocking-birds and butterflies, and the pretty little chameleons ! For this month it is delightful to be at New Orleans ; but one month in the year in this city—that should be all. I would not be a resident here for any temptation that could be offered me. I wonder whether the Mississippi will ever descend from its trough and make an excursion to Lake Pontchartrain ? It has wandered about here and there in its time, and it is a marvel to me how this same river now keeps up above the surrounding country. It brings down so much clay from above, that when the water runs over, it makes a kind of boundary for itself at the edge, and this, with the help of artificial *levées*, makes the great stream stay in its course. But I am disappointed to find it so ugly and muddy ; they say this is all the fault of the Missouri, which darkens and spoils the complexion of the Mississippi after their union.

*Thursday, April 12.*—Yesterday I went to a wedding. Like all others I have attended, the ceremony (episcopal) took place in a room ; otherwise it was very pleasing. The bride and bridegroom remained for lunch, but no toasts were given. The ladies all

sat down, waited on by the gentlemen, and when we left the room the gentlemen took possession of the table. After dinner, I walked to call on the Bishop and on Mrs. Polk. Visits in these countries are usually paid in the evening, to avoid the heat of the sun. It was the same in Cuba.

Yesterday, a clergyman who has been long in the employment of the Colonization Society for establishing free negroes in Africa (the Bishop presides over the one here), called to make his report. His views accord with those I have advocated. He is convinced that there has been too hasty emancipation, and that the Liberian plan has been much injured by a want of discrimination in the choice of the blacks sent out there. He told us a mulatto from Louisiana was anxious to keep his people under the same control which benefits them here, to avoid throwing them into the contamination of Liberian society; but the charter of freedom in that Colony is so strict, that his only resource was to get far enough to be out of the reach of mischief, and to bind his people by the apprenticeship law, which, though good as far as it goes, does not tend as much either to the happiness or the ultimate good of the negro as the slavery system well administered. When this is the opinion of Ministers of the Gospel, and of Bishops, not themselves slaveholders, is it reasonable of the abolitionist theorists in England

and America to fancy that their opinion and their conclusions are the only true and scriptural ones?

On Sunday next, I find that a steamer sails for Texas. Upon good advice, my plan is to land at Galveston, across a large land-locked bay, and up a bayo to Houston, where we can procure a stage to a Texas Washington; from thence I can reach the capital, Austen, on the Colorado River, a place which though bordering upon the inaccessible forests, I am told has great beauty of scenery in its neighbourhood. I wish to avoid wild Indians and poisonous snakes, so I must not attempt to penetrate inland; it is said that from Austen we must come down somewhere between the two rivers La Bara and Colorado, to Matagorda Bay, where a steamer will be attained to bring us back here, touching at Galveston. The voyages must be about two days and nights each way. You will think me adventurous to undertake this; but these new countries are so interesting to a person fond of Natural History and fine scenery, that one makes up one's mind to undergo some inconvenience and difficulty for the great pleasure with which the journey is repaid. Then there is the stimulant of an only opportunity! The idea that I never again can hope to have another opportunity for transatlantic tours, makes me willing to undergo a great deal,—and on the whole I think southern scenery will be better worth my while than

the Falls of St. Anthony, or even Lake Superior. I walked this morning from the St. Charles Hotel to the cottage, and found Professor Riddell returned from Chatawa. We looked at specimens of *Orontium aquatium*, and decided our Osyka specimens are not the same *Orontium* as that. I then went to see Mr. L——, who promises to take me to his plantation to-morrow.

*New Orleans, April 14.*—We missed the train yesterday by two minutes, owing to the ferry-boat which crosses the river to the station being too late; but Mr. L—— being a director of that railroad, got us into a baggage truck of a succeeding train, in which, comfortably seated on boxes, we reached our destination. Mr. L—— carried a bag of sugar-plums for the little negroes. We saw more than fifty under ten years of age on the two plantations. The black people seemed to consider Mr. L—— more in the light of their father than their master, their black hands held out to him and Mrs. F——, without either doubt or fear, and at every corner some darky was to be met, with a request or an inquiry. We returned in the evening, after a pleasant and satisfactory day, having visited two sugar estates, at a distance of from twenty to twenty-five miles from New Orleans on the Mississippi.

*On board the Steamer Louisiana, bound for Texas, April 15.*—Yesterday was a busy day. Before nine

in the morning Mr. D—— took me a drive to dig up some roots of a pretty Iris (*Hexagona*), which I had seen flowering in one of the canals which surround the city. These canals, half natural and half artificial, are communications between the river and the lakes at the back of the city: they are called Bayos. At one o'clock I went to the apartments of some ladies in the St. Charles Hotel, from whence the British Consul accompanied us to the stand on the course, from whence we saw a race between two celebrated horses, Lexington and Leconte. A few days before, the former won a match against time, by going four miles in seven minutes and twenty seconds; he now beat his antagonist with such ease the first four-mile heat, that the owner of Leconte requested leave to withdraw his horse, and the people were disappointed of the expected second heat. I was glad, being quite content that the fine animals should be excused further contest. Though I have often been at English races, I never before saw a horse more graceful, or more beautifully formed, with such apparent gentleness and good temper, and yet with such an air of conscious superiority as this Lexington: he ran like a deer, without either effort or straining, and his firm, elastic, reaching step in walking, gave one confidence that it would hardly be possible for any other horse to match him. Yet he has four very white feet, which hitherto has been considered a bad

sign; his colour a bright dark-bay, with white star on his forehead, not a very small head, but with ears well-placed; a fine large tail; not bony-looking, but I was told his backbone is remarkably large; fifteen hands three inches high; one eye full and wild, but the right eye less convex; nostrils large; jawbone uncommonly wide; shoulder strong and very oblique; he has not a long back or long legs, but his action is quite beautiful, so powerful, free, and elastic, as if movement was no trouble to him. Thus, I have written you a rather groomish history. I don't know that I ever took so much pains to describe a horse before, but really this one was worth the pains. The ground was much crowded; it is a two-mile course—no, by-the-bye, the horses went three times round to make up their four miles. The situation between the New Orleans Cemeteries and Lake Pontchartrain; near, and upon the course, are some fine live oaks ornamented by the drooping *Tillandsia*. In the evening I went to the Opera, where I saw many Creole beauties; but the opera was a new one, which I did not admire as much as *La Reine de Chypre*. This morning at eight o'clock Mr. G—— took me on board the Galveston steamer, *Louisiana*. The river was calm, but very muddy; it is about as wide here as the Thames at Greenwich. The town and shipping looked gay under a brilliant morning sun. I meant to send this

letter from New Orleans, but forgot to do so, and now I shall try to get it off from Texas.

Yours affectionately,

A. M. M

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*Extracted from an English Letter, by permission.*

March, 1855.

To me much has happened, within the last few months, showing manhood and womanhood. This expedition of nurses—this woman's crusade in the service of the sufferers by war and pestilence; Florence Nightingale entreated rather than requested by the government to take the command; in one week the necessary preparations were made—Protestants, Catholics, Sectarians, all forgot their *isms*, and verified the story in *Evenings at Home*. Look at the consequences, independently of the direct object. A woman is called upon by the public to take a lead in the humane department of war, amidst difficulties and dangers which it has hitherto been thought indelicate for a woman to encounter, yet she is of the true feminine type—of a caste accustomed to the luxuries and refinements of life, not blighted by misfortune, in the vigour of youth, not exalted by party influences, for she belongs to no party. The truth has done it. Perhaps the two finest instances of heroism in the British campaign are these—the



death of Sir William Young when giving the precious draught to a wounded Russian, receiving in return a mortal shot ; the absolute loneliness of Dr. Thompson, left with hundreds of the dead and dying, and certain to be visited by Cossacks, fulfilling his ministry, escaping then, to die a few days after of cholera ; and what can surpass the exploit of the more fortunate Lieutenant Maxse, riding through a tract of country occupied by the Russians, to carry in his own breast (for writing was not safe) orders from Lord Raglan to the fleet ? And the poet has mingled his breath with the cannon's roar and the last pulsation of the soldier's heart : a soldier from the ranks was heard by one near him on the battle-field, to utter with his last breath—' Footprints on the sands of time ; ' the soldier was from Brighton, and the writer of the account did not know the words to be Longfellow's : he had heard them quoted in a sermon of Robertson's.

#### ON THE DEATH OF NICHOLAS.

HE fell like a column which, firm at its base,  
Was unshaken a moment before,  
No vestige of crumbling decay mark'd the place  
Where it stood,—the wide world looking o'er.  
'Twas not for the hand of a mortal to dare  
The red bolt of vengeance to grasp ;  
He seiz'd it unshrinking—he vow'd not to spare,  
But fatal fire burn'd in that grasp.

For Power is a Nemesis, sent to destroy  
The will that submits not to law :  
Once more 'tis reveal'd ! Oh, profane not with joy  
What nations should witness with awe !

*March, 1855.*

ADDRESS TO AMERICANS OF THE UNITED  
STATES,

ON THEIR REPORTED WANT OF SYMPATHY.

'Am I my brother's keeper ?' says the New World to the  
Old ;

It cannot be, it cannot be ! your hearts have grown so cold  
That ye can hear, without one pang, the dirge across the wave  
For England's bravest sons who find on Eastern shores a  
grave.

Has every drop of Saxon blood been chased from out your  
veins ?

Are not *our* ancient glories *yours*, although ye scorned our  
chains ?

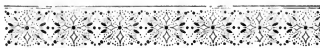
Ev'n then ye proved one ancestry, a kindred bond of yore,  
With those bold men of Runnymede who Freedom's charter  
bore.

Oh ! by that name—by every field *our* noble fathers won,  
Ere yet your fearless bark of faith had sought the Western  
sun,

Disown not now the common cause—betray it not to might,  
Nor dare to raise a neutral flag when Wrong contends with  
Right.

A. I. N. B.





## LETTER XXIII.

NEW ORLEANS,

*April 6, 1855.*

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

At last your letters dated January have reached me; probably more will come by a steamer which I see has arrived at Boston: it is well that a treble or a double set did not come at once. Only now I am made aware, for the first time, of ——'s resignation of the editorship she volunteered. I don't think I should ever have thought of the publication if she had not proposed it, but I could not write to her what I did not see or think. I am sorry, and think she had better have trusted to my endeavour to tell the truth, which, if it is not the truth, can never hurt any cause: but the subject in question is too serious a matter to be blinked for the sake of any individual friendship or individual interest, and at any cost I must sacrifice the opinions and impressions of friends to my own honest convictions. I might hesitate or doubt, if I trusted

only or wholly to my own unaided judgments and perceptions; but when these are justified by the opinions of nearly all the people who appear to me in other respects the best and wisest on this side the Atlantic,—for though authority may not be much, evidence is a great deal, and I feel supported and encouraged by a hope that I may at any rate do something to counteract the evils which in my judgment have arisen out of mistaken and superficial inquiries. Northern clergymen in Florida, Scotch ministers in the North, and bishops with dioceses each as large as all England; men devoted to religion, charity, and learning—self-sacrificers, fearless, incorruptible; men who have never quailed or hesitated in the most difficult and awful paths of duty, when cholera lay on their right hand and yellow fever on their left; Bishops of Georgia and of Louisiana—Elliott, the nurse, the consoler, the comforter—walking calmly about among the pestilential corpses of thousands of his fellow-citizens;—can such a man as this be blinded by interest or prejudice to say that apparent slavery is in most cases real freedom to the black man, and a severe trial of responsibility only to the white? I cannot help fearing that we have been running a tilt against civilization and the best interests of religion, whilst in our ignorance we have fancied ourselves the champions of Christendom! Some of my friends in the North say it is the abo-

litionists only who have sympathised with England during her late sorrows. I am glad they have felt sympathy; but I find sympathy also among the people we have ill-used and vilified, and that is even more touching and precious than the kindly feeling of those whose mistakes we have petted and encouraged. I am afraid what I am writing will not please any of you, but do not fancy I have been hoodwinked and cheated into an advocacy of Southern institutions, when, wholly unknown and unsuspected, I have seen with my own eyes, and heard with my own ears. Of course I cannot write half the evidence I have collected; evils I do not deny; and where are they not to be found?

It is now as cold here as Christmas, and as cold as November. Many thanks for the *Mutum in Parvo*. — does not say if she undertakes the editorship which — repudiates: if not, it must wait till I get back. I do not wish to wear out —'s eyes or patience, but, as to avoid a bad return for the hospitalities shown me, I have mentioned here the intended publication, a strong interest in the matter has been expressed, and I am assured by my American friends that they will not complain of my abusing them *a little*, because they believe that I shall not do so spitefully, which is certainly true; but I would not 'marry a slaveholder,' as — recommends, depend upon it, if I could; a situation which involves such a trial of

patience and philanthropy would be quite beyond me. I think I should turn savage myself if I was bound to be served for the rest of my life by darkies; only their childishness could induce me to bear with them. You should hear R—— illustrate the comforts of negro servants! and in my private opinion no earthly power can ever wash the blackamoor white, morally or physically; though it is possible, by great pains and perseverance, to advance them to *piebaldism*. I dare say I provoke you by repeating the same things over and over again: it is so difficult to remember what I have written.

I am going to stay for a while with the brother and sister of my American acquaintance in London: her gratitude has been so unbounded that I believe it is that which has made me popular in the United States; we met at New York, and I hope we may meet again before I return home. I think of staying here until the weather improves: it is too cold to think of stirring yet; but I intend by-and-bye to get a peep at Tennessee and the Mammoth Cavern. This is a short letter, but it shall go by the next post.

Yours affectionately,

A. M. M.



## LETTER XXIV.

GALVESTON, TEXAS, U.S.

*April 17, 1855.*

MY DEAR FRIENDS—

I ought to have sent my last packet from New Orleans, instead of which, owing to hurry, I have brought it here, from whence I am afraid its despatch will be more distant and less secure. After a passage of thirty-six hours we arrived here last night. Although the weather was very fine, there was a swell of the waves which made the majority of the passengers unhappy. R—— says she was worse than in crossing the Atlantic. I was not positively ill, but rather uncomfortable yesterday; and as I hear of a mail route from Austen, the capital of this State, *vid* Natchitoches and the Red River, I mean to return to New Orleans that way; we shall then only have three or four miles of a river steamer instead of the sea-voyage. But it has only been by falling in with a gentleman living in that territory that I have ascertained the possibility of a land

journey. I was told even by Texas residents at New Orleans that there were no conveyances ; but arrangements in these new countries are so rapid that circumstances one year ago may have been all changed in the last few months. As yet I have only looked out of the window of the Tremont Hotel. This seems a clean, flat, sandy place ; the houses irregularly built, and all of plank ; but comfortable-looking as these wooden houses are, unless they are set on a blaze. There are many savage tribes to the north-east of this State, but the theatre of the present war between the United States and the Indians is one thousand miles off. Beyond Austin there are Comanches, Pawnees, Keways, Cherokees, and Creeks, and towards Missouri, the Osages ; but the Choctaws, which tribe borders upon the Red River and the settled lands, are the gentlest and most civilized of all these nations ; so, while the other tribes are in a way to become extinct, the Choctaws keep up their numbers. They boast that they have never embued their hands in the blood of any white man. They have comfortable houses and a settled polity—sheriffs, &c. &c. ; and there is an idea of some day admitting them as a State into the Union. I saw one of them attending the educational convention at Washington in European dress, and looking like a gentleman. I should like to visit that people. On board the *Louisiana* I conversed with



a military man who has been through great part of Florida. From him I learned that the river which runs up by Apalachicola is for some distance like a gulf; he does not know if it is lost in the swamps by Alligator Swamp towards the Altamaha and Savannah rivers, but that is probably the case; and after seeing the narrow channels which divide some of the islands south of Florida, it is easy to believe that it also was once separated from the mainland.

The distance from hence to New Orleans by sea is about four hundred miles. Galveston is an island. I have just returned from a drive along some fine sands which extend for miles upon the flat shore, where there must be excellent bathing. The population of the town appears to be a mixture of Germans, Dutch, French, English, and Americans. Almost all the tradespeople I spoke to were of the first-mentioned nation. I was surprised to see such a number of hairdressers in proportion to the size of the place: there are three within a stone's-throw of our hotel,—‘Hyppolite and Batiste,’ from Paris! where hair is ‘instantly dyed,’ and wigs, toupets, and fronts are well made, &c. &c. Artificial proceedings for outward adornment which are now little practised in France and England, appear to have emigrated to this side the Atlantic.

*Washington, Texas, April 19.*—We left Galveston in

the *Houston* steamer at four o'clock, to go fifty miles up the bay, and forty miles up the bayo, to Houston. These bayos are very curious. I observed one of them at New Orleans, but not having ascended it in a boat I was not fully aware 'what odd sea-ditches they are. They must be peculiar to this coast—I never heard of them elsewhere—and I imagine their navigation is one of the most singular in the world. It was a bright starlight night when we ascended that which leads from Galveston Bay inland. I sat upon the prow of the vessel, with another lady, from eight o'clock till midnight, too much interested to think of either fatigue or damp. Our steamer, near two hundred feet long, was navigated the whole way through a channel hardly more than eighty feet wide, though deep enough to float a man-of-war. Negroes holding braziers of blazing pine-wood stood on each side the vessel illuminating our passage, the foliage and even the beautiful flowers so near that we could almost gather them as we floated by; a small bell was ringing every instant, to direct our engineers; one moment the larboard paddle, then the starboard, were stopped or set in motion, or the wheels were altogether standing still, while we swung round the narrow corners of this tortuous channel; the silence of the bordering forests broken alone by the sobs of our high-pressure engine, which is less expensive in construction, and enables a vessel

to draw less water than a low-pressure. Now and then a night-bird, or frog croaking with a voice like that of a watchman's rattle, accompanied the bells and the escape valve. But human voices were awed into silence during our solemn progress, which seemed to me to belong neither to the sea nor the earth—it was, indeed, a kind of amphibious proceeding. A downward steamer once passed us: I was glad we did not meet at one of the narrowest places, for there, I believe, they sometimes edge by one another, absolutely touching; but this navigation, however extraordinary, is considered peculiarly safe. The depth of water being so great and so still, it is difficult to understand how these bayos have been formed. They are deep trenches running up into the interior—Nature's canals—no streams come in at the termination, and the water is always salt or brackish. In two or three hours after our arrival at Houston, we were obliged to get into the mail for this place; so, coming in the dark and setting out before daylight, I know little of Houston. It is said to be pretty, but must be flat, for soon after leaving it, we entered upon prairies which extended for fifty miles: fine grass and beautiful flowers, fertile though sandy plains. Once or twice, when we stopped to water the horses, I got out for a few minutes, and while the rest of the party dined I rushed back to gather what I could; but it was very tantalizing to

me to pass all kinds of new plants without being able to possess myself of them. In the few opportunities afforded me, I got about twenty: one or two of genera, and the others of species, either unknown or little known in our gardens.

It was ten o'clock last night before we reached Washington: the driver declared we must start again at three this morning, so I rebelled, and have let the mail proceed to Austen without us. I must give up that capital, however picturesque the scenery may be, and content myself with visiting General Samuel Houston, at Independence, twelve miles farther than this place, and then turn back towards the Red River. It is useless to run through a greater extent of country without pausing long enough to see it; and we must be back at New Orleans by the end of the month. The route here from the sea-shore is very thinly peopled,—no towns, no villages; and only an occasional settlement here and there, mostly Dutch. After leaving the prairies we came to a very pretty district, resembling English park scenery; fine scattered trees, and woods with the brightest and most luxuriant verdure I have seen in America. At times the oaks and the sand reminded me of Kent; but these oaks are not the same species as ours, yet are the Texans fine trees. The dwarf 'Black Jack' is abundant all about. We passed the Brazo River in a ferry-boat, left, for the conve-

nience of the public, without a ferry-man. It was large enough to admit the coach and four horses, with the passengers, who got out, and a rope guided the whole across a quiet narrow river. During our passage the planet Venus appeared to hang like a diamond upon one of the horns of a young moon. They remained for a while in close proximity, but I do not believe they ever quite performed an eclipse. I think the planet appeared for some time in conjunction, hanging like a diamond on one of the moon's horns, which afterwards passed above, or Venus went below, whichever it might be. A fancy crossed my mind that this was a good omen, beautifully emblematic of the Star of Christianity, touching and rising over the Mahometan Crescent; but I was obliged to get into the carriage, and I could not then see the finale; both had set before we reached Washington. As we came along, one of the gentleman passengers, at my request, caught a singular little reptile for me, which is here called the horned frog, but it has a tail, and is not more like a frog than the gelsemine is like jessamine. I shall try to reconcile it to live and become my fellow-traveller.

Since I wrote the above, I have been spending two days at a small town called Independence, and there a boy gave me another of these creatures, which will be a companion to the first; and I hope to get them safely to England, an offering to

Mr. Owen. Yesterday they both eloped from a tin box ; so, as nothing in the shape of a cage could be procured, I went to a store, bought a large metal sieve, and then persuaded a carpenter to let it into a circular piece of wood, grandly enough made of the cedar, which is used for common purposes in this country : the carpenter's shop was perfumed by its shavings. The sieve, with the sand at the bottom, is an airy and pleasant abode for my prisoners ; and I can watch their evolutions without difficulty ; they seem gentle, harmless little things, and being crustaceous, and not slippery-feeling, I have no objection to them. Their appearance is most antediluvian, with their fringes and horns, and birdy-expression of countenance.

I spent two pleasant days at Independence, where I boarded R—— and myself in the clean, though simple abode of a Mr. and Mrs. Holmes ; he is building a house, in which he means to receive boarders or travellers. In the meanwhile (although Mrs. Holmes was occupied with an infant only a fortnight old) he gave up his own parlour—a canvas and boarded room, covered by a nice clean mat, with a door opening at once upon the high road ; a couch for my bed, and muslin curtains—half crimson, half white—across the windows. This room was quite free from the odour of tobacco, and very neat.

I called upon Mrs. Houston, and found that the General is absent, at Huntsville; but I was invited to take tea, and I spent the greater part of my time with Mrs. Houston and her pleasant family-party; she was so kind as to lend me an excellent horse, by which means I saw much of the neighbourhood; and this morning I rode twelve miles across the Awah River and swamp, to seek for a fossilized forest and for flowers. A gentleman accompanied me who was an excellent backwoodsman and guide. We crossed the swamp and river, which would have been impassable during a less dry season; and before long we saw a wolf, and a singular bird, called a water-turkey; it has a head and form resembling that bird, but it has also web feet, and such a power of remaining under water that it will dive for ten minutes at a time. We soon came to the petrified forest, which is said to be ten miles in extent. I found fine specimens of fossil-wood, whole trunks of trees, and large branches. The weight of a bullock-wagon passing along a track, had crushed one of these fossil trees, and I gathered up some specimens. All these stone trunks lie prostrate. Further on, three mocassin snakes lay basking upon some mud in the channel of a small river, below our path; they looked venomous, though inert; and I felt glad to be fairly out of their way. A pretty small pair of

deer's horns had been dropped near a bush, and I persuaded my guide to pick them up, but he having no great liking for unnecessary trouble, hung them upon a tree, with an assurance that we must pass the same way in returning; but he forgot this, and returned a mile to the right, so I lost them after all. Though the weather was sultry, and our ride tiring for the horses, they would not touch water at any of the lesser streams we crossed, because (Mr. D—— said) wild beasts, such as panthers, wolves, and bears, had drunk there. We saw the track of such animals, but there is no danger of meeting them, as they take care to get out of your way. The only beings who crossed our path during this long ride were a gentlemanly-looking boy, about twelve years old, accompanied by two negroes, all on horseback; they were seeking horses which had strayed in the forest. We went as far as some ancient Indian mounds; and I found *Phlox Drummondi*, indigenous, upon a small sandy prairie; in colour a dark ruby, very beautiful; each plant was a small annual, not more than half a foot high, yet I conclude it is the original of all ours. We got back safely to Independence by three o'clock, having been on horseback since five in the morning, but I had been too well amused to think about fatigue.

*Huntsville, April 22.*—This is a pretty scattered town. We left Independence yesterday evening,



slept at Washington, and came on in the mail at three o'clock this morning. The Brazo was again to be crossed in a ferry-boat. A mile from thence one of the horses became ill, but after lying down almost immovable for a quarter of an hour, he got up and went twelve miles without any apparent difficulty. About half way we met General Houston on horseback, attended by his negro groom. Nearly all the country between Washington and this place is fine rich prairie land, interspersed with picturesque oaks; it resembles Somersetshire, Kent, and Windsor Forest by turns; the grass abundant, and beautifully green. We saw some deer; and, at one place in the water again, two of those poisonous mocassin snakes; I also heard of bears and panthers, and of a black snake, a kind of boa, ten feet long, which moves with great rapidity, and throws itself upon deer and cattle, and has been known (though rarely) to follow and attack people. We reached this place just before sunset. At a small log-house, in a lonely situation, a ladylike woman and her child, a girl about ten years old, got into the carriage. We were surprised to learn that, in the absence of her son of seventecn, for college attendance, this lady lived entirely alone with her daughter; she has learned to fire off a gun, in case of emergency, but she confesses that the alarm and uneasiness consequent upon her lonely

life is more than she can bear much longer. The roads here are by no means bad; we had a very comfortable coach, well-horsed and well-driven, and there is really no difficulty whatever, except fatigue, in traversing this part of the country.

*Crocket, Texas, April 24.*—We left Huntsville by half-past six yesterday morning, and arrived here by moonlight early in the evening. With the exception of scenery at Trinity River, (which we crossed, as usual, in a large ferry-boat,) the drive to-day (through deep sand, and in swampy places upon shifting corduroy roads,) was monotonous and uninteresting: we had three companions in the mail, rough-looking, but courteous, well-informed men; all of them Texan agriculturists; one had served in Florida in the Mexican war, and had lived much among the Indians: another, a bright-looking young man, was returning to his farm and a father eighty years old, after two years' wandering upon the frontier line of Mexico, hunting and shooting. He had been among companions who could not persuade him to accompany them to California; but he said a wild life had great charms for him, and that he should find it difficult to settle down at home. He thinks Texas the finest State in the Union, as it is largest in point of extent; and that railroads and more people are all it wants. We passed many cotton plantations during our journey to-day, and large numbers of cattle, apparently of the Hol-

derness or the Durham breed. Dairies are little thought about; it is cultivating beef, and oxen for draught, which is the object, not milk, cream, or butter. One hardly ever sees cream in America—never in this State. Upon arriving at an hotel, or rather tavern, in Texas, one is shown into a room where the mistress (usually very young) acknowledges the arrival of visitors, and offers a chair; but it would be quite beneath her dignity to go with you to your room, or even to see that you have necessary comforts; she ‘will desire the servants to attend.’ After a while a negro girl, or perhaps two or three, will show you a bed-chamber, and hang about to watch you and your packages; and it is usually necessary to scold or speak sharply before they will bestir themselves to ‘fix the chamber;’ and if you are not careful to put your things out of the reach of curiosity, a bevy will assemble as soon as your back is turned, to amuse themselves with your cap, bonnet, or perhaps your combs and brushes. The ‘lady’ sits at the head of the table at tea or supper, but it seems quite an offence if you suppose she knows anything about the bill, or even respecting modes of travelling or distances: to any such inquiries she will say that ‘You must ask at the office,’ or ‘Inquire of Mr. So-and-so—she knows nothing of such things.’ So, though the blacks make good servants if they are strictly disciplined and well watched, yet at these

hotels they are careless and troublesome beyond measure. Twice during this tour, when the night departure of the mails allowed passengers but an hour or two of rest, I was just asleep, when a black woman would come screaming at the doors waking me, saying she wanted to come in to 'find the blacking-brush which is left under your bed, missus,' or to 'look for a quilt,' probably to use as a table-cloth, or it may be, only an excuse to gain entrance. I positively refuse to let them in, but then I am completely aroused, and there is small chance of sleep afterwards.

*April 27.*—On board the *Rapid* steamer, Red River, Alexandria.—After our long fatiguing journey, we are fortunate in getting accommodation in this comfortable steamer, which will take us down the Red River to the Mississippi, and so back to New Orleans.

*Alexandria, Monday morning.*—I go back to say that we arrived at this place by moonlight, after four days and nights' hard travelling, but in coaches so good and so well appointed that, although the roads were very rough and dusty, we had no cause to be frightened, except in passing the loose plank bridges, most of them with no pretence of a rail to prevent vehicles and horses from going over the sides; but we were assured that accidents are of rare occurrence, and these coaches have such fine

horses, and such admirable drivers, that I never travelled at night with such confidence as through the wild forests and natural roads of Texas. As yet there is no other road-making than cutting down trees actually in the way, the stumps of which are often left a foot high, to be shunned by the driver and horses, who learn from experience how to avoid them, even in the dark.

After Crocket, we left the more open country; but all the way to Huntsville the soil is a red sand, with rolling hills covered by rich forests, but the timber is not so thickly set as to be drawn up without leaves or branches; and we only occasionally passed through a pine barren. Natchitoches is a very pretty town: the houses with nice gardens, and the drive through open woods, containing a great variety of trees, for some miles along a raised terrace, from which one sees a fine hilly country in every direction, is very interesting, until you come to that which my fellow-travellers informed me was the most beautiful twenty miles of all, and then I was rather disappointed to find that its beauty consisted only in rich land, and fertile cotton, sugar, and maize fields.

Upon reaching a bayou which falls into the Red River, we drove along the shore of its muddy slow stream—at present so low from the long drought, that it is like a great ugly ditch, with snake fences

and acres of red flat fields on our left. I thought of the American who considered Salisbury Plain the most lovely district in England. Part of the former picturesque tract is dotted by cotton plantations and comfortable-looking abodes. We saw occasionally gangs of people at work in the fields, under a driver, but all seemed contented and merry. I pitied the overseer, who sat idle upon his horse, and thought I should prefer being one of the labourers. The black women generally dislike being taken as house-servants; they prefer the work and the more general society of the fields. We saw two mocassin snakes in the water—one large snake, which is only accused of eating up chickens, and another big enough to be a boa.

Several rivers were crossed during the day: Angelina, Black River, and Bayou Sabine. This would be a very favourable path for emigrants into Texas, as a hilly country is less liable to fevers, and the people would be more easily acclimated. A Mr. Hall, at New Orleans, is spoken of as an excellent adviser for new settlers. Such adventurers should arrive before December, come straight up the Red River from the Mississippi as far as Alexandria, from whence they would easily reach a favourable locality. A party of thirty emigrants, who could purchase about three hundred acres of ready cleared land for about 60*l.*, and divide it among them,

would have a much better chance of immediate comfort and prosperity than any one individual taking the whole quantity; and if there is a carpenter among them, he would be the most successful of all. I should much prefer settling in Texas to any other part of the Union I have seen, unless it was the Highlands of Virginia. There is certainly more chance of fevers in the south; but if people come in the early part of the winter, and are not imprudent, they will be tolerably safe. Game abounds here, and fish in all the streams.

I have at last ascertained what is meant by the Chinquapin—a nut which has been frequently mentioned, but till now I could never fit any tree to the name. It looks like a chesnut of a small delicate kind. I have discovered that it is the *Castanea pumila*. In a rich prairie, some miles beyond Independence, beyond the district called Atewa, I found a beautiful Phlox, of a rich velvety crimson. It may be that one described in Darby's *Botany of the Southern States* as 'Pilosa,' or the original Drummondii, but I should call it crimson, not purple. It appears to be confined to the locality above named. I have not seen or heard of it anywhere else. A few miles south of Independence a beautiful bright sky-blue *Ixia*-looking flower, unlike any *Sisyrinchium* I ever saw, though I think it must be one. Texas can hardly yet have been thoroughly botanized, so

that it is not impossible for me to fall in with new plants. I brought the two little Crustaceans on my lap all the way from Washington. They appear in good health, and tolerably well content with their sieve. I think that they must be examples in the reptile creation (as the family of Alligator Gars are among the fishes) of forms which are generally bygone. They occasionally accept a fly as food, and I am told they will eat ants and ant-eggs, but, like tortoises, they seem very independent of meals, and quite as well content without as with them. Fear does not appear to seem a trait in their character. They do not try to escape from my hand, or to suffer from being taken hold of. Their little horns and bony excrescences are, I suppose, considered as sufficient defence. They are the gentlest and least aggressive creatures I ever met with.

We are hospitably sheltered on board the *Rapid*, but she has engagements which will detain her here till to-morrow morning, so I must be contented in the meanwhile to make acquaintance with mocking-birds, 'whip-poor-wills,' alligators, and fireflies, all of which abound on the Red River; and I have also found one or two more flowers new to me, by walking on shore this afternoon. On the shore, too, I saw trails of snakes across a sandy path. One must have been very large; but as we kept the road we



were not afraid, for these reptiles generally get out of the way of intruders.

*April 28.*—We began moving down the Red River, towards the Mississippi. The two days before, our steamer was occupied taking in freight—cotton, sugar, and molasses—and a large portion was put into a barge attached to the *Rapid*, to prevent her drawing too much water in passing a shallow. When that was accomplished, the additional cargo was shipped, and the barge left behind. Alligators were plentiful along the shore to-day; pretty white cranes and occasional water-turkeys accompanied our passage. A gentleman on board described a bird he had shot in the neighbourhood of Red River, which must resemble the *Apteryx* from Australia, to be seen in the Regent's Park Zoological Gardens, except that it is smaller.

Before the junction with the Mississippi, the Red River opens out into what is called Old River, because it is believed to be an ancient bed of the Mississippi. We have now got into the main channel of the latter stream; but its shores have not yet become flat and uninteresting, for we are still in the rolling country of red sand, from which the Red River derives its appellation and muddy complexion.

*April 30.*—Just arrived by five o'clock at New Orleans, after a quiet and pleasant voyage. Nothing

remarkable yesterday, except the town of Baton Rouge, which is prettily situated on the banks of the river. It boasts of the State-house and a fort, and is considered the capital of Louisiana. I observe that the local governments generally hold their sittings at those places which in point of size are third-rate. There is a certain jealousy of the influence of large cities, which prevents them from being selected for legislative meetings. The Mississippi banks are much prettier about a hundred miles above New Orleans, where the chalky formation, which follows the alluvial, and precedes the red sandstone rocks in all the Southern States and in Cuba, begins to rise above flat plantations of cotton, maize, and sugar.

After leaving the Red Banks, I saw no more alligators, though I believe they are occasionally to be found below. We have been fortunate in a bright moon, which has almost turned night into day. I have seen no fossils either before or after the red sand in Texas or Louisiana, but I daresay there may be some, as I have before found plenty of nummulites, echini, pectens, &c. I suppose all these formations are what the geologists call Eocene. I should like to speak of new chalk as distinguished from old chalk, for it seems pretty clear that they are made much after the same fashion, only the chalk of England is an elder brother, and has black flints and different fossils from the younger one, whose flints are brown; but

I suppose this proposition is very ungeological. A gentleman here has given me specimens found in sinking the Artesian well in New Orleans; and though it has been sunk nearly two hundred feet, still it produces only sea-sand, and broken or unbroken shells. The Mississippi appears to have travelled about a good deal in his time, and I should not wonder if some day he should take a fancy to join Lake Pontchartrain, and perhaps he may move across the city of New Orleans. I have seldom time to read over what I write, and therefore my letters may contain repetitions; if so, you must excuse them. All I saw of Slavery in Texas confirms previous conclusions. Workmen are so much wanted in that fine country, that it would seem impossible to abolish slave-labour, at any rate for many years to come: perhaps some Africans might be benefited and improved by being brought there. The old settled States are naturally unwilling to be troubled with fresh importations; but I think Texan agriculturists might be willing to take charge of them. It seems to me that kind and good people I have known do not yet understand the real bearings of this Slavery question. I daresay in former times there were more abuses than at present: it is the slaveholders who come from the North who prove the least patient and most severe masters; so I suppose abolitionists judge by what they know of them: of course there are

much stronger ties of affection between masters and servants who have been born and bred together, than between those whose immediate tie has been only a pecuniary one. I must copy a letter which has been lent to me by a gentleman here, in answer to some inquiries addressed to sisters by cousins in London, after the perusal of Mrs. Stowe's novel.

It is well written, and embodies the opinions and feelings of the great mass of masters and mistresses in the Slave States of America.

‘ MY DEAR COUSINS,—

‘ We render justice to the benevolent and philanthropic notions which have led you to write to us in deprecation of Slavery; and though our lot, like the Patriarchs of old, is cast in a land of bond and free, we believe we may venture to assure you, that our human feelings and Christian sympathies have not been weakened or put aside. We must, however, express our surprise that you, and your sober-minded, cool-judging country people, should have allowed yourselves to have been so much excited by a work of fiction, however skilfully wrought out, and that you should have been led to regard it as a true picture of negro life in America. We have never either seen or heard of any such scenes as are depicted in the romance your refer to. How can we believe that such black saints and white demons have ever had

existence, except in the excited imagination of the authoress of *Uncle Tom*? Slave-trading and slave-dealers are regarded with as much disgust here as with you, and as to the rupture of the marriage tie, to which you allude, it is the result (when it occasionally happens) of misfortune to the owner, or of crime in the slave; and in your country, separations of families are caused in a similar way. It is the exception, not the rule. We have read of such things in England, as men selling their wives in a public market, with halters about their necks; but surely it would not be just to charge such revolting practices upon the English nation. So far as we have had an opportunity of judging, there is much less, rather than more, misery and distress among our slaves than among your labourers: they are generally well-treated, happy, and content; and certainly self-interest, if no other motive, must induce their owners to treat them well. Religion is cultivated among them, and in our Sunday-schools classes of black children, under a white teacher are common. In fact, one of us offered once to take such a class; but the superintendent deemed her services more useful to the class she then had under instruction. Indeed, our sympathies are much more frequently and painfully excited by the misery we witness among the poor, ignorant, destitute emigrants who come to our shores from Europe; many of them (it is said) shipped off by

Union Workhouses to avoid the expense of their maintenance.

‘ You must bear in mind, dear Cousins, that this Institution of Slavery was left to us by our fathers, and that England introduced it. One of the grievances charged upon her in the first Draft of the Declaration of Independence was this very institution ; and Great Britain only followed (after many years) the early act of our Government prohibiting the Slave-trade. At the period of the Revolution, Slavery prevailed in nearly all the States of the Union : in a few years it was abolished by seven of them, and but for the ill-judged agitation of the North, it would ere this have been done away with in Maryland, Virginia, and Kentucky ; and in view of these facts may not the subject of emancipation be safely trusted to the moral feelings and intelligence of those whose business and duty it is to deal with it ? The evil (if evil it is) is so engrafted upon our social system, that to get rid of it without producing greater evil, which would affect the servant even more than the master, the cure must be worked out cautiously and gradually.

‘ Emancipation is not always a boon, even to the robust and able slave ; but it would be a curse to the aged and infirm, and to the helpless children. At the cost of twenty millions sterling you have brought ruin and ultimate desolation upon your West Indian

Colonies : they stand as a warning rather than an example to our country. We are under the guidance and protection of Divine Providence; and the way in which, by his infinite power and goodness, great ends are attained, is generally beyond our finite comprehension ;—for ourselves, we are willing to believe that this apparent evil of Slavery is a means conducive to a great and merciful end. Compare the Christianized and civilized American negro, with the brutal, idolatrous, polygamist African nations, and you will find the former advanced far above the latter in the scale of humanity.

‘Our countrymen are civilizing and Christianizing three or four millions of negroes, who will eventually return to Africa to civilize and Christianize the whole negro race. Is not this a great and good result, and will not the end sanctify the means?’

The letter further dwells upon the mischief which is done by an ill-judging interference, and concludes by reminding us that we have social evils of our own to attend to and to cure.

*New Orleans, May 1.*—I returned here to breakfast yesterday; and in the evening Mr. and Mrs. G—— took me to see the garden belonging to a railroad station at six miles’ distance. There I saw a very pretty Peruvian shrub, with lilac flowers, which the Irish gardener called ‘Darbyana integri-

folia.' I cannot say if the name is a legitimate one, because he appeared very hap-hazard in his nomenclature ; and as there are few people to interfere with it, I suspect he sometimes invents an appellation when he is doubtful about one. Roses, Oleanders, and Honeysuckles bloom here with a brilliancy and in an abundance beyond anything I ever beheld in Europe ; and last night the fireflies, sparkling in every direction as we returned home, were very pretty. They are brighter than our glow-worm ; but, as their wings are opaque, they shine only in flying, and their flights are so transient, that they appear and vanish just like sparks, but the light resembles the light from diamonds rather than sparks of fire. I am told they are still more numerous after rain ; but the mosquitoes increase also—therefore I should not wish to double the number of either.

There have been some serious burglarics and robberies lately in New Orleans. A black man entered a house not far from this a few nights ago ; being disturbed, he attempted to leap from the window ; a gentleman within seized his hand, and tried to detain him in a hanging position, until assistance came. With the arm left at liberty, the robber drew out a revolver and shot his captor, who was obliged to let him go. The wounded man is recovering, but a bullet in his face is yet unextracted.



Although this robber was a black man, the police in England and France being now so well organized, it is believed that many of the more desperate characters have taken refuge in the United States; either this, or the want of a strong detective force, has caused a great increase of criminal acts in America.

On Thursday, the 4th, I propose to leave this place for Mobile; then to proceed, *vid* the Tensaw River, by Montgomery and Atlanta, to see the Stone Mountains of Georgia, and Chatanooga, in my way to Nashville and the Mammoth Cave.

Great anxiety is expressed here for rain; the drought has now been of long continuance, for the single day's rain which accompanied a thunderstorm on the 4th seems to have been very partial, and almost confined to New Orleans. The cotton growers begin to despair, and all the crops are suffering so much, that a famine is predicted if relief does not come soon; and, as the houses here look to their great tuns or cisterns of rain-water for their principal supply, the absence of wet weather is a great distress to New Orleans; besides which, steamers also are delayed or stopped by want of water in rivers tributary to the Mississippi.

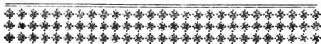
*May 2.*—There was a total eclipse of the moon last night, finer than anything of the kind I ever saw before. The obscuration began from the southern limb soon after eight o'clock, and the

moon was not bright again till midnight; for one hour and forty-eight minutes she looked like a dark orange, much smaller than usual; but she was visible throughout, except after she began to brighten up again, when a few clouds passed over, and rendered her invisible for a short time. The wise and anxious hope for rain after this event. My horned frogs (for so I must call them till a better name is provided) excite great interest; although they are not entirely unknown to people here, nobody can say whether any living specimens have been sent to England. I wished to show them to Dr. Riddell, but he is gone up to Chatawa with his family, and he is not likely to return till after my departure. A heavy shower of rain has fallen this afternoon, and it is hoped that more will follow. An opportunity occurring, I shall close this letter, and probably not forward another packet till I reach Cincinnati or Indianapolis.

Yours affectionately,

A. M. M.





## LETTER XXV.

ATLANTA, ALABAMA, U.S.,

*May 7, 1855.*

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

After five days' hard travelling, we got here this evening—I should say five days and three nights; for with the exception of one night's rest at Mobile, and one (till five this morning) at Montgomery, since leaving New Orleans, on Thursday last, we have never paused an hour anywhere. Night-work is the only serious obstacle to journeying in America: it is very fatiguing, and where there is a pretty country to pass through, very disappointing to strangers; both in Texas and Alabama this evil at present is incorrigible; because, through wide districts, there are no places to pause at, and the mail being the only means of conveyance, of course it cannot be detained for any one. I might have attempted to get up the Alabama River from Mobile, but the water being low, there was considerable risk of grounding for some days upon sandbanks; besides which, I see

more of the country and of the vegetation by coach-travelling; and although it is often very tantalizing to pass by trees, and shrubs, and flowers, either new or rare, without being able to get at them, still it is something to observe the botanical features of a district; and by taking every opportunity, during a change of horses or a stop for meals, I have secured several interesting specimens, and sometimes get a sketch. From New Orleans a steamer brought us in about fourteen hours to Mobile: that town is prettily situated along the bay; it seems a pleasant place of residence, with a hotel (Battle House), the best managed I have met with in the United States; for usually, with a great deal of show, these places are conducted upon so little system, and with so little real comfort, that I much prefer European inns to the most gorgeous American hotels; and in point of expense, the latter equal, if they do not exceed, the former. Government-street in Mobile is also the handsomest street I have seen anywhere: it consists of detached houses with gardens; some have the usual fault in this country, of being whitened to a dazzling and unnatural whiteness; but a custom-house is in process of erection, with granite of a soft grey colour, and it seems likely to be an example of good architecture, as well as of pleasing tint. An agreeable family (to whom I was introduced by my friend Mr. W——, of Baltimore) made me profit as

much as possible by the few hours I was able to stay at Mobile: they chose a pretty drive, and I was enabled to visit the first interesting nursery-garden I have met with; there I saw *Cactus triangulans*, with hanging roots. I was told that a gentleman at Cincinnati had the best collection of cacti.\* Next day, Saturday, a steamer received us on board, and leaving Mobile Bay, we went up the river Tensaw, a stream beautiful as the Altamaha, and bordered by woods far exceeding those of Georgia: live oaks, catalpas, magnolias (as large as elms), just come into blow; the *macrophylla* with its flower still sweeter and more splendid than the *grandiflora*, *melios*, *gleditzios*, cedars, sweet and black gum-trees, &c., with huge alligators occasionally basking beneath these verdant shores, and elegant birds flying above them.

At Stockport we found two roomy four-horse coaches waiting for passengers: five gentlemen, R——, and I took possession of one intended to hold nine inside, which would have been close packing; so we were fortunate in not being quite as much cramped as we might have been. Nearly the whole two hundred miles to this place is deep sand, varying from white to red; at first, through pine barrens like those of Florida, only covering a rolling country

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\* Since destroyed by fire.

instead of a flat one ; but within fifty miles of Montgomery the forest becomes as various, and as rich, and as hilly, as that of the eastern part of Texas, and much resembling it in character and in soil—a red iron-sand. At one of the little post-houses I got a nodule of iron ore, which they said was plentiful in the neighbourhood. By midnight we arrived at Montgomery, a clean-looking, gas-lit town, of which I could not see a great deal, for it was necessary to be in the railroad cars by six the next morning. A short distance from Montgomery the line was bordered on each side by hedges of Cherokee roses, vivid evergreens with single white blossoms, and the foliage so thick that it is said not even a snake can get through it: then we went by the prettiest scenery of all—passing the rivers Coosa and Talepoosa, and near the spot where General Jackson fought his ‘ Battle of the Horseshoe ’ with the Cherokees and Choctaws. One of my poor little horny, crusty reptiles is dead, in spite of all the care I could bestow upon him. I fear the other will not survive the long journey in prospect; perhaps it would be better that these creatures should travel at the usual season of their torpidity; now, the sun makes them too much inclined for an active life, and they evidently think it necessary to eat flies, whereas, in the winter season, that would not be requisite.

To-morrow, I am going some miles out of my route

to see what is called the Stone Mountain of Georgia. Atlanta (so spelled here) is a town about eight years old, though there was a settlement and two or three houses as much as fifteen years ago. During my last passage in the steamer from Mobile, a black woman came and sat down by me in the stern of the vessel. From what we hear in England, I imagined negroes were kept at a distance. That is the case in the Northern States, but in the South they are at your elbow everywhere, and always seek conversation. This was an old nurse, an aunty, or mammy, as they are sometimes called (all ancient women of the darky kind here are addressed as aunties). She was very communicative, told me she had a young mistress in Texas (sisters have sometimes a common property in slaves left by their parents); that she was very fond of this master and mistress, and she ran on as follows—‘ But there ’tis hard to be divided from t’other ; but then people must have their ’flections in this world. When I was a young girl, there, I used sometimes to fancy ’twould be a fine thing to be free ; but, there, I don’t now think ’twould be mighty fine at all ; there, I have everything I want in the wide world, ’cept jewellery, and that I don’t want at all now, and, there (some of the coloured people have such a lot of jewellery you can’t think) ; I say, Cissy, now (addressing one of her charges) don’t go. for to tumble over there ; now if

you gets into the water, we sha'n't have you a bit more, and then your poor old aunty will die of it—that she will—and wont see her no more. I say, missus, I don't let master keep my children up o' nights as some of their papas and mammas do: I says, 'Master, it sha'n't be, it sha'n't—it isn't fit for they little ones as ought to be in their beds;' and so my children have got colours in their faces, that they does.' I asked her what she thought of slaves being free here: her reply was, 'I say, missus, it does'em no good, nor anyone else. If people has a fancy to make 'em free, send 'em to Africa, the place they comed from, I say. Why, missus, these free niggers are half their time bad niggers; and they does insult they niggers as keeps to their own masters and mistresses, and are mighty better and happier too, and that makes 'em mad to see. It is not right, missus, by the 'spectable slaves to have them there free niggers, with their jewellery, and their flowers, and their 'baeco, and their drink, idling about saucy and idle, it gives the dark people a bad 'kracter; and I say, missus, it isn't right. Send 'em away, I say, and then they may go and sit in the sun and do nothing, just as the half of them do.' So she ran on in a stream of talk, all much to the same purpose. One question to set these people off is generally enough to have the benefit of all their thoughts; but it is better to keep one's own opinions



in the background, for they are so imitative, they will often reflect you if they can. The day before yesterday, I heard of an intelligent negro just freed by his master, after thirty-six years' good service. He was fifteen when brought over, remembered his native tongue, and intends to return to Africa. He strongly expresses his gratitude for having been brought over to America, and says, 'Master, don't you let white masters and mistresses hurt the Slavery Institution. I say, Master, it be *Good* Almighty's school for the' coloured people it be, that He have made. Why, Massa, what would such a man as me have been without the slave merchant? How should me have got a bit of education as me have? And now go and try to give a bit to the race out there, who would a bring us over? I say, Master, we should ha' been worse than slaves, but for the Slavery Institution that brought us here to know how to work, and to hear about the good Almighty, and to know about what we should never have known in our own country. No, Massa, don't hurt the Slave Institution.' What would Mrs. Stowe say to this Uncle Tom? for he is the nearest to Uncle Tom of any negro I have heard of, and he will make a capital African missionary.

*Chatanooga, May 9.*—The day before yesterday I went sixteen miles on the Augusta railroad to see the 'Stone Mountain,' which was in all respects more

singular and curious than I expected. There is a comfortable little hotel in the small village called from the hill 'Stone Mountain.'\* Mr. Clarke, the intelligent master, was so obliging as to drive me himself in a little wagon to that side from which the most interesting view is to be obtained. You must imagine an enormous granite bolster laid upon a deep valley, coming as straight as the side of a house down eleven hundred feet, then rounded towards the top five hundred feet more, smooth, and without vegetation, excepting at one spot towards the western summit, where numbers of grey eagles are to be seen. Granite pillars a quarter of a mile long could be hewn from its perpendicular sides. It is said to be legitimate granite, with brilliant brownish-looking mica in it; but I have got specimens for geologists to decide upon. It is externally a dark grey colour. I crossed a small stream to the foot of the precipice: I know none, not even the Martenswald of the Tyrol, so gigantic—I should think that eagles alone could surmount it. A plummet, with the rope eleven hundred feet in length, has been dropped in a straight line from above the spot I stood upon, which resembled a beautiful English rock garden, bounded by fine trees, with thickets of *Kalmia latifolia* in full bloom on one side, the mountain wall on the

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\* Burned to the ground the night after I was there.

other. After passing a stream and rising an eminence in a wood full of scarlet and pink Azaleas, I came to acres of tabular granite, from whence I attempted a sketch of the gigantic stony pillow before me. A photograph might give a true picture, but any pencil must be incompetent. I found *Asplenium alpinum* in fissures at the base of the precipice, but no other vegetation. The flowering shrubs are plentiful around, but I saw few smaller plants in blow; and my guide told me the earlier months of spring are most favourable here for such things. He was the first American I have met with (except Botanical Professors) who takes an interest in flowers. He gathered a large bouquet of Azaleas, *Kalmias*, *Baccharis*, &c., and thanked me for having been the means of bringing him to the rock garden, which he had never visited before when the *Kalmias* were in bloom; though he had a great pleasure (he said) in wandering alone about the mountain; 'but then I could never have persuaded my ladies to come to such a place as this.' We had to scramble across a stream and over the rocks, certainly; but I would have walked barefoot through the waters rather than have missed the scene. I do not wonder that American ladies in the mass look dispirited and 'sick' (the word generally used in the United States for ill), they take so little exercise, and lose the best enjoyments of life in their neglect of natural beauty

for artificial pleasures; and no wonder they are victims of consumption and *ennui*. I returned to the hotel for dinner and an hour's rest, then took a young negro boy for my guide, and walked half way up the mountain, so as to sketch it from near the Eagle's 'cairn' (as it would be called in Scotland). The descent was hot and fatiguing, but I got back in good time for the half-past four o'clock train, and our obliging landlord went to Atlanta by the same cars, and took great charge of me. He expressed a strong wish to visit England, and it would give me pleasure to pay him any attention there in return for a kindness and courtesy not by any means common among the masters and mistresses of hotels in America, who generally consider it rather derogatory to show personal civility to their customers.

*May 9.*—By a quarter-past four in the morning we left the Atlanta, and travelled here through a fine country, only settled within the last twenty years. All the stations are small villages. I find Chatanooga a pretty scattered town on the banks of the Tennessee River, within five miles of 'Look-out Mountain.' In twenty years more it will acquire the population, as well as the name of a city, here given by anticipation. I procured a carriage at half-past two o'clock, to convey me to the top of 'Look-out.' I ascended by a beautiful drive through rocks and wood. I walked up some particularly steep places,

and added two pretty new flowers to my collection—a crimson *Lychnis* and a pale lilac *Geranium*; but through all this country flowers are scarce. I see only shrubs—junipers, cedars, &c.—which excite my wishes in going along by the cars.

Upon reaching what is called 'the Point,' a view of Chatanooga and Tennessee River, flowing through mighty forests, was very fine. This hill is a strong contrast to the Stone Mountain: not so unique in any way, but still fine. Sandstone rocks were heaped upon one another like some of those at our Tunbridge Wells, though this formation must be much older; and I saw some conglomerate of quartz and sand. After making a sketch, my very young coachman (a boy not more than fifteen) drove his two spirited horses with great tact and caution down the rough descent.

We passed two or three slight summer residences, built by gentlemen of Chatanooga, as cool resorts for their families in the hot season, and there is also an hotel on the mountain. I reached the town again happily before sunset, without any accident or difficulty, though I had no one with me but my young driver. Being tired, I went to rest, and slept for nine hours at once, to make up for lost time.

*Nashville, May 11.*—It was dark when we reached this place, at half-past ten last night, so I missed the last thirty miles of scenery; but certainly the

previous one hundred and twenty we passed through is a most beautiful district. I never knew any territory belonging to the old red sandstone that was not beautiful. The neighbouring kingdoms of limestone and granite may be more majestic, but then they have sometimes an aspect of sternness and desolation never worn by the red sandstone. Here are all the beauties of Bracmar and Ross-shire, and the Odenwald, watered by a river almost equalling the Rhine in breadth, volume, and colour, to which must be added the rich and varied foliage of the south. This is what may be seen for more than a hundred miles between Nashville and Chatanooga. We passed viaducts over ravines, in which some fortunate settlers had established their log abodes in situations the most enviable; and here there are no snakes and no malaria to take off from other advantages. I would willingly live in Tennessee.

I am up early, and before going to breakfast, or being distracted by thoughts derived from another fresh locality, I must give you the benefit of past observations; and I want to remark as one of them, that the Americans must not be depended on for information as to facts regarding their own country, particularly not for any facts of natural science. They are not sufficiently aware of the importance of such things, and their love of practical jokes is strong. I might instance the *Floating Island in Lake*

*Solitude*, which never had any existence but in the imagination of its inventors; and I will tell you one story as exemplifying this Transatlantic habit. An old lady, who possessed more botanical curiosity than is commonly met with among ladies in this country, requested a sailor nephew, about to visit South America, to bring her a Mexican Cactus plant. Captain —— forgot his aunt's wish while in that country; ashamed to confess his delinquency, and not being able to resist the temptation to have his joke at her expense, he procured a flower-pot, buried in it a large rat all but the tail (which he tied in gardener-like fashion to a stick), and wrote on a neat tally the name '*Cactus Rattailiense*.' When he presented this, the old lady exclaimed, 'What a queer plant! why is it called *Rattailiense*?'

'Don't you see, my dear Aunt, it bears a strong resemblance to the tail of a rat?'

'Well,' said she, 'that is very odd; and it certainly smells something like a rat, too.'

The captain went off to sea again before his fraud was discovered, and trusted to the effect of time and absence to procure his forgiveness.

I have heard some curious anecdotes of Achille Murat, who lived for some years in Florida. He was considered a man of talent, but eccentric. After the present restoration of his family, some one said, 'Perhaps in due time we may again see you an exile in this country.'

‘No,’ said he, ‘never. Now they have again accepted us in France, we shall cut their throats, or they must cut ours.’

Having once made a few thousand dollars by a speculation, he presented his wife with a magnificent tea-service, at a time when she could hardly provide necessaries; and this was owing to his strong faith in the ‘Future’ of his race. After his return to France, when he had arranged an expensive establishment, a person to whom he owed seven thousand dollars applied for repayment, which Achille said was impossible.

‘I thought,’ said his creditor, ‘that living as you do now, you could find no difficulty.’

‘Why,’ answered the Princee, ‘it is true I have sufficient to keep up my situation, but I have not enough to pay my debts.’

I believe, however, he has since liquidated them.

Since Louis Napoleon became Emperor, he has presented a complete set of the ‘H. B.’ caricatures to the library at Albany, New York State.

I think these stories are genuine: but I have seldom given credence to second-hand information. I should only have believed Captain Rollin’s own account of his sea-serpent, and if that calm observant sailor has fallen into the fashion of his country of imposing falsely-strung yarns upon strangers, I must give up all confidence in the veracity of American informants.



*Three Forks, Kentucky.*—After a fatiguing journey (nine inside passengers in the mail coach) we reached this place at eleven o'clock last night, setting off at five in the morning; and it is rather an unpleasant consideration, that after visiting the Mammoth Cave, seven miles from hence, we must take the mail again to-morrow night, and proceed on towards Louisville at the same hour we disembarked from that conveyance here. These inevitable night journeys are what I dislike most in American travel. I have fallen in with a gentleman and lady who are shortly going to England. They are so obliging as to take charge of this packet; I shall therefore put off telling you what I think of the Mammoth Cave till my next letter, and only add that I found Nashville a pleasant town. It is watered by the Cumberland, a river which floats steamers, but it is much inferior to the Tennessee both in size and colour. A very handsome State-house, or Capitol, is nearly completed at Nashville. Well situated upon a hill, it is the best architectural building for its purpose I have yet seen in the States. The style is Ionic: eight pillars support the pediment, upon each of the four sides, and the lantern above the roof is ornamented by octagonal slabs to match. This lantern being unfinished, one cannot perfectly imagine its general effect; but, judging from the good taste evinced by the architect, Mr. Strickland, (an Englishman, I understand,) in his plan, it is probable that

the completion of this building will be worthy of its commencement. Its material is the beautifully coloured grey limestone of Kentucky. I had the pleasure of making acquaintance with Mrs. Polk, widow of President Polk, whose burial-place and monument are in the garden upon one side of her residence. It is a handsome but simple erection, bearing an inscription worthy of the man whose life and death it records; and I sympathized with feelings which do not shrink from the sight of the last memorials of valued friends who have preceded us. I had not time to see much of the neighbourhood of Nashville, but I met a few agreeable people there; and could have made a pretty sketch from the Suspension Bridge, if the departure of the mail on alternate days only had not prevented me from staying a few hours longer. In haste,

Your affectionate

A. M. M.

THREE FORKS, KENTUCKY,

*May 13 1855.*





## LETTER XXVI.

MAMMOTH CAVE,  
*May 14, 1855.*

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—

The Mammoth Cave is not the wonder I expected. Perhaps my expectations were raised too high, and so, as is sometimes the case, I do not fairly appreciate what has been considered secondary only to the Falls of Niagara; but, in my opinion, the Stone Mountain of Georgia is a greater marvel of nature than the Caves of Kentucky.

Underground rivers are by no means rare: they are very numerous in Florida; and the Mammoth Cave is evidently the deserted bed of ancient streams. In some places it resembles gigantic drains, of which one of the most curious features is the regular, smooth, plastered-looking roof and sides. I have seen no elegant stalactite pillars like those of the Adelberg Cave in Carniola. The caverns here are heavy-looking, dark and dismal; but there are some gigantic pits and domes, frightful from their

height and depth. The stalactite altar, in what is called the Gothic Chapel, and a comfortable arm-chair of the same material, were the most interesting things I saw. There are casts of fossils on the walls of what is here called oolitic rock, a fine emericite in one place. I see also at the hotel fossil-wood of the coal formations, which were procured about seven miles off, but not from any of the Caves. On the whole, I was more interested by plants at the mouth of the cavern than by our five miles' walk within; and to-morrow I shall probably ramble above ground, instead of beneath it. I found *Podophyllum peltatum* in flower for the first time; a singularly pretty, one-flowering, bluish-grey Aster,\* and other novelties.

Several people came with us in a stage-coach from Three Forks, and it is to convey us back to-morrow afternoon, in time to rest before the mail takes us on.

*Three Forks*, or 'Bells' (as I find they call this place, to which we returned this afternoon, May 14th). Instead of the coach taking us on, as promised at Nashville (where they persuaded me to pay for the whole distance to Louisville), it arrived here

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\* I suppose this to be '*Aster grandiflorus*,' though Darby's *Botany*, says that plant flowers in October, and that it is two or three feet, this is not one foot, high.

loaded, and we are detained till passengers may happen to be scarce. This is the kind of treatment travellers are subjected to. It is impossible to place any dependence upon the assurances of agents; when they have got your money, they will, without compunction, leave you in the lurch. The lady and gentleman who have taken their passage to England for the 23rd are in the same predicament, and are of course still more inconvenienced. Instead of underground investigations this morning, I botanized in the woods above the Mammoth Cave, and found many interesting plants, particularly a pretty dwarf Iris, quite new to me; *Phacelia fimbriata*, with ivy-shaped leaves, and fine specimens of *Botrychium Virginicum*, and other ferns in fruit. I walked as far as Green River, and made a sketch there: it is well named, for the water looks solidly green. This river falls into the Ohio, and by going down it, and then up the Cumberland, there is a water communication with Nashville; but now the rivers are so low this is not practicable. All the party, excepting myself, entered the Cave this morning at eight o'clock, and did not emerge again till six in the afternoon. They admired some of the caverns much more than those we saw yesterday, and tell me that the imitations of flowers and forms of various kinds in the snowy gypsum are very beautiful; but the expedition was tedious and fatiguing, and I do not repent my

decision against it. No eyeless fish were to be procured—the water was too low; though they are the great curiosity of the place. The preserved specimens I have seen have rudiments or marks where eyes should be, and I suppose that the organ has perished in process of time, from want of use, many generations one after another having existed and died in the dark. I have seen two species, a kind of perch and a crayfish.\* Stephen, the guide who accompanied us, is a mulatto of great intelligence: he is at present a slave, but is to have his freedom next year, and then goes to Liberia with his wife and family (he would not wish to be free in this country); and it is to be feared that when beyond control, a certain propensity for strong waters will be his destruction. His appearance is that of a good-looking Spaniard; he is considered much the best guide, and he has not only acquired a perfect knowledge of the locality of the Cave, but also some degree of scientific acquaintance with its geological and chemical productions: besides which, he seems to have read and studied the history of other places of the same nature, as far as he has been able to procure books.

I am inclined to believe that nearly all the district was tunneled or undermined by water,

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\* I have now got the latter.

which the lapse of ages has dried up, or drained off by numerous rivers. The caverns I saw in Cuba were probably owing to rather different circumstances, in which volcanic action played a larger part. The Cueva del Candela was an extensive opening above the plain in the side of a hill, whereas these Kentucky Caves are all below the surrounding country.

*Six o'clock, May 15.*—I have been awakened by the singing of the mocking-birds in a small orchard close to the English-looking garden here: there is a tame one in a cage downstairs, who sings unceasingly, and I suppose he attracts all the birds of the neighbourhood: at night their song resembles our nightingale; this morning it is exactly like that of canaries. Although my wanderings in the woods yesterday lasted some hours, I did not feel apprehensive of snakes: one of the guides told me before I set out, that although there are rattlesnakes, and some other kinds occasionally here, yet, in his opinion, the popular fear of them is much greater than necessary; that they always get out of your way if possible, and he has himself often walked over them, without danger; they never wound unless driven to it in self-defence. There are many pigs, too, in the woods above the Mammoth Cave, and they are perfect snake scavengers, eating up all they can rout out or fall in with. I saw the tail of something darting

into a hole, but could not be sure whether it was snake or lizard ; besides this, I caught sight of no animal but a frog with large eyes. After I had been out five hours, one of the negroes came to look after me, and I was glad to make over my flower-press for him to carry back ; I had a sketch-book, a bamboo stick, and a tin case (none of the smallest) ; and these often obliged me to go twice over the same ground, because I could not carry them all at once ; and yet it was a much greater enjoyment to be without an attendant who would have hurried me, and looked bored, if he did not express himself so. The negroes, too, watch your every motion with such eager curiosity, and will hardly let you stir without their help. My friend was very loth to go ; he tried to persuade me that it might rain, or blow some of the trees down upon me ; but I said I was not afraid, and that if it rained very hard, he might bring out an umbrella to a spring near, to which I meant to find my way ; so at last he left me to my own inventions, and no difficulties occurred. I returned to the hotel by half-past three o'clock. Immediately after the Cave hunters came back, we were summoned to get into the coach ; for the road being bad, we had to walk up and down some of the hills, and to arrive again at our starting-place before dusk. After tea there, we went to rest, preparatory to our expected night journey, and we were packed and ready, when



we were told it was impossible we could be taken on; so we were obliged to reconcile ourselves to twenty-four hours' pause. Next morning, I was agreeably surprised to find my Anglo-American friend, Miss G——, had arrived with a party to proceed to the Cave, so that my detention enabled us to meet. My Hortus Siccus also will benefit much by the time I was able to bestow upon it, and a walk in the forest surrounding this place was the means of my adding a singular fern to my collection; excepting that fern, I did not find much that I had not already put into my press at the Mammoth Cave; a brilliant orange *Coreopsis*, probably one of those we already have in our gardens, is common in these woods, which are sprinkled all about with rocks, but none of large dimensions.

*Louisville, May 17.*—At ten o'clock the night before last we got into a crammed coach at Three Forks; nine inside, two of whom were negro women; also a black baby—and such a frightful specimen of black nature as one of these slave women was!—her mouth just like a catfish; and then so sulky mannered and unaccommodating; she took her own share of room, and added to it as much as she could possibly steal from her neighbours. Talk of white freedom! why I never saw women of the white classes in England as independent and assuming in manner as some of these darkies. I can imagine what they

must be in the West Indies, since we have given them free scope there !

Yesterday afternoon the rain poured down in torrents, a great boon to this parched country, though it did not make our tedious journey more pleasant ; the way to Louisville was through open woods and fields and glades, which would have been English in character, if the everlasting and ugly snake fences had not kept us constantly in mind of America. We ferried over the Salt River just at its junction with the Ohio, having before travelled along one of its beautiful shores, and then we passed through Elizabethville, and Nolinn's Creek ; so called from a hunter of the name of Linn. In the early times of the settlement his party having lost their companion in the forests, separated to seek him, and having given their rendezvous at this spot, each man as he came in called out *No Linn* ; this was the origin of the name. Louisville is a large city on the banks of the Ohio ; it has no very attractive features, and as we must proceed by rail to Cincinnati at eight o'clock this morning, I shall not have time to see much here. There is a heavy ugly Court-house, in an unfinished dilapidated-looking state, and the streets are ill-paved ; I understand the population mounts up to fifty thousand, and this hotel was so crowded, that if it had not been for my accommodating English friends who gave up a room they had engaged,

we should have been obliged to seek beds elsewhere.

*Cincinnati, May 17.*—We crossed the Ohio River this morning by a ferry-boat at eight o'clock, to start from the railway station, which has the most roomy and comfortable cars I have yet met with in America. We reached this place, one hundred and twenty miles from Louisville, by three o'clock, passing by a series of picturesque low-wooded hills, which are called the Knobs of Ohio. President Harrison's tomb is on one of these elevations, near a pretty town named Aurora. Kentucky is on the opposite side the river. We are now in Ohio, which bears the appellation of the Buckeye State. Nearly every State and each chief city has what may be called a local designation, and some of these are extremely appropriate: I will give you a list of those I have ascertained:—

New York, Empire State	. Empire City.
Massachusetts, Bay State	. Bay City.
Philadelphia, Key State	. Quaker City.
Kentucky, Cornercracker State	Pittsburg, Smoky City.
Indiana, 'Hoosier'* State	. Cleveland, Forest City.
Illinois, Sucker State . . .	Wheeling Bridge City.

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\* Madame Pfeiffer mistook Governor Wright, when she gave, from his authority, another derivation for the word 'Hoosier.' It originated in a settler's exclaiming 'Huzza,' upon gaining the victory over a marauding party from a neighbouring State.

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Virginia, Old Dominion . .	Cincinnati, Queen City.
South Carolina, Palmetto } State . . . . . }	Saint Louis, Mound City.
Missouri, Wolverine State .	Louisville, Falls City.
California, Gold State . . .	Gallena, Garden City.
Georgia, Rice State . . .	Memphis, Bluff City.
Louisiana, French State . .	New Orleans, Crescent City.
Florida, Shell State . . .	Indianapolis, Railroad City.

*May 18.*—Soon after reaching Cincinnati yesterday afternoon, I set off in the hope of seeing Mr. Longworth's Cacti; but, unfortunately, the greenhouse, with everything in it, was destroyed by fire, about three years ago; and it is an exemplification of Transatlantic indifference to such things, that a loss of the finest collection of Cacti in the United States, and perhaps in the world, does not appear to have been known except to those immediately concerned. I found nothing very new in the glass-houses belonging to Mr. Longworth; but in one of them the *Victoria Regia* was in flower; and there is an intelligent young Scotchman as gardener. Mr. Longworth's residence, though in the town, is large; and within the grounds, on either side, he has erected other handsome houses, for two sons-in-law. Mr. Longworth was away from home, but Mr. Anderson, who married one of his daughters, was so obliging as to show me the first works of Power—one a charming ideal bust, entitled *Genevra*, and the other a bust of his patron, considered very good; it reminded me of Seneca.

The agriculturists were blessed by much rain yesterday. We are now come far enough north to feel a change of climate; and an advantage to me will be the getting away from a species of tick, which was the torment of my Southern walks. This insect is as large as that which in England is rarely named to ears polite, though here it is the usual designation of every creeping thing. This tick is so insidious in its approaches, that you are not made sensible of having one upon you till it has fastened itself tightly into your skin. After botanizing in the neighbourhood of the Mammoth Cave, I felt tormented during our night journey to Louisville; and, upon arriving there, R—— extracted twenty-five of the little wretches; they are very tenacious of life; and, if the head is left behind, greater irritation ensues; but the suffering to me has not been greater than that caused by the sting of a mosquito. These and cactus spines are two great hindrances to botanical researches in the Southern States.

Cincinnati is handsomer and more attractive than Louisville, and worthy of its distinctive name, 'Queen City.' Geologically, the formations which surround it are singular. I believe they belong to the Devonian group, or rather Lower Silurian; but there is limestone resembling in colour and appearance (though not in fossils) what is called 'forest marble'

in England: it lies in flat strata about a foot, or half a foot in thickness, alternating with clay; and, in some places, I observed both indurated together into a striped rock, dark and light grey. I have got a few specimens, with fossils, Trilobites, Orthises, &c.; and very large Trilobites are found here.

Mr. Mitchell, the astronomer, took me up to his Observatory, situated upon a commanding elevation overlooking the town and winding Ohio. This will one day be a gigantic city; already her population amounts to two hundred thousand. The emporium of the Western States, Cincinnati is both commercial and manufacturing. Her citizens have built, and are building, palaces; and, if the first settlers could but have imagined the future of the great capital they were 'founding, instead of rooting up and burning down the trees on the numerous heights, and then partitioning them out in small lots for building, they would have preserved them, or some of them, in their forest attire, in public parks and gardens for their city, which, by this time, must have been the Queen of the States, in beauty of scenery as well as in situation. Professor Mitchell tried to explain his wonderful astronomical instruments to my unmechanical comprehension. I can only see that he has made great discoveries. By means of a galvanic battery, he

produces an electric spark each second, in the interior of a clock, by which he works his whole observing machinery above. Through this agent he has superseded the old transit-glass ; and the exact situation of stars is instantaneously jotted down by a mere finger-touch from the observer, upon a connecting rod. I do not know whether this is a clear explanation, for though I understand the commencement and conclusion of the operation, I have not sufficient knowledge to trace it through all its mysterious doings. The Professor himself drove me up and down some of the terrific hills of this precipice town ; he and his pretty little horses and light high-wheeled carriage seemed so used to the business, that I did not insist upon jumping out, otherwise I should have been very unwilling to have been driven by the very edge of descents which it makes me now giddy to think of. A mizzling rain forced us to give up a proposed drive into the surrounding country ; and I was obliged to be content with cursory views of the principal streets ; after which Mr. Mitchell took me to his house to drink tea and spend the evening with Mrs. Mitchell and his family.

*Saturday, May 19.*—This afternoon I go on by rail to Indianapolis. I have now taken leave of the Southern States, but I must make some more re-

marks upon the Slavery question. Louisville and Cincinnati are places in which, I believe, Mrs. Stowe once resided; and I quote an opinion she advances in her last work which proves her entire ignorance of negro constitution and habits. She asserts that Canada is the best locality 'to develop the energies of the black race.' Before saying this, it would have been well if she had studied the condition of the free negroes in Canada. The very climate itself is utterly unsuited to them. Mrs. Stowe quotes, as mistaken and absurd, the sensible remarks in Boswell's *Life of Johnson* respecting negro slavery, which I must re-quote as wise and true: 'To abolish a status which in all ages God has sanctioned and man has continued, would not only be robbing a numerous class of our fellow-subjects, but it would be extreme cruelty to the African savages, a portion of whom it saves from worse bondage in their own country, and introduces into a much happier state of life; especially when their passage to the West Indies and their treatment there is humanely regulated. To abolish the trade would be to shut the gates of mercy on mankind.' And I must add this: the opinions I have heard from intelligent slaves coincide with those here quoted. Because some slave-manacles were seen by Clarkson in a Liverpool shop, he decided at once upon the inhumanity of slavery—so says Mrs. Stowe. Tyrannical men and women in



Great Britain have actually starved apprentices to death—is apprenticeship therefore murder? I trust no Englishwoman can be found willing to bring such an accusation against her people. Let us imagine two brothers in this country engaged in trade: one buys a plantation, with two hundred negroes, to raise cotton, on the Mississippi—the other sets up a mill to spin cotton, at Cincinnati. Trade is bad with the elder: he must raise or buy corn and clothes to feed and clothe his labourers. Trade is tight with the other: he dismisses his work-people, who may starve or perish, and there is no law which can make him responsible for their sufferings. I will conclude this subject with one more anecdote, for the truth of which I can vouch. A Southern lady and gentleman brought a mulatto slave to Cincinnati, who there fell in with some abolitionists, and was imbued with a feeling of discontent. Her master and mistress observing this, proceeded to New York, where they told the girl that they did not wish to retain a servant against her will, and giving her twenty dollars, they added, ‘Take this money and your freedom.’ The girl took it, and went out. She entered a theatre, and was told ‘she must go to the entrance for coloured people.’ In a church she is ordered to sit with the blacks. Trying for a place in an omnibus, the driver says it is no place for her. She hurried back to her mistress to return the money,

and entreated she might be taken or sent back to that South 'where the black people are free.'

*Indianapolis, May 19.*—We reached Indianapolis soon after the evening closed in. As hours are early in this part of the world, I determined to go to an hotel for the night, so as not to intrude on my friends at an inconvenient time. This was acquiesced in by Governor Wright, who visited me soon after my arrival.

*May 20.*—The Governor came early, and took me to his house. At half-past ten o'clock we went to the Episcopal church, where the duty was admirably done by a Mr. Talbot, originally from Kentucky, who preached a sermon, good in matter as in manner. Dinner was at one o'clock, and at two I accompanied the Governor to visit two large Sunday-schools, belonging to different denominations. There are about fifteen in this town. They have each a superintendent; and young men and women of the various churches in the place give them assistance. In England we might take example by the wisdom here which limits Sunday-school attendance to one hour, and leaves the place and period of Divine worship to be regulated by the parents. If the teaching at school is not such as to induce the children to go willingly to church, a forced going will not benefit their religious feelings; and too often the fatigued, bored appearance of Sabbath-school children in our churches

is a sad commentary upon the want of judgment evinced by the British public in this matter. The Sunday is kept at Indianapolis with Presbyterian strictness. No trains start, letters do not go, nor are they received, so that a father, mother, husband, or wife may be in extremity, and have no means of communicating their farewells or last wishes if Sunday intervenes. Surely this is making man subordinate to the Sabbath—not the Sabbath to man. I have been amused at a story told me of an inhabitant of this place. The Millenarian doctrine has been rife here ; all through America fanatics have lately spread an idea that sublunary matters were to close yesterday, May 19. A man not usually inclined to intemperate habits, called at a store as the day waned, and requested a mug of porter to support his spirits through the expected catastrophe. Time wore on—still the elements looked calm. ‘It wont be over yet awhile ; I must have another glass. ’Tis very depressing to have to wait so long ; give me some more drink.’ This continued till the poor frightened soul became dead drunk ; and he was much surprised next morning to find the world going on much as usual—with the exception of his aching head.

*May 21.*—Governor Wright invited me to accompany him in a morning walk at sunrise—four o’clock. I had some letters to write previously, but by five we perambulated parts of the town, which is peculiarly

laid out; the Court, or rather Government-house being in the centre (and it is said also the centre of the Union; but that can only be a temporary centre, for this place lies eastward of the middle of the continent); and all the streets converging towards it.

I occupied this morning in arranging my dried specimens of plants, which occasionally require attention. We dined at one o'clock, and Mrs. Wright, at present an invalid, was sufficiently recovered to join us at table. After dinner I was happy to see Judge Maclean, whom I knew at Washington; he is come to hold a court; and Governor Power, of Kentucky, is also expected to-morrow. The Governor took Mr. Maclean and me a drive to see the Asylums for the Deaf and Dumb, and for the Blind of this State. They are both fine institutions, paid for by the people through special taxes, imposed for the purpose, and paid ungrudgingly. They have sufficient ground attached for out-of-door occupations and exercise. The deaf and dumb make shoes and bonnets, farm, &c., so as to acquire a knowledge which enables them to gain their future livelihood: and the girls are taught to be sempstresses, washerwomen, cooks, &c. Such charities should always be situated in the country; town life cuts off the most necessary and advantageous means of training the inmates to healthful and useful pursuits.

From the cupola of the Asylum for the Blind the

view is wide. These extensive plains of the West extend one thousand miles in the direction of Canada, and as far towards the Rocky Mountains. There is one height or bluff about fifteen miles off, which I must go and look at. Indiana produces freestone, coal, and iron. The Wabash, about sixty miles from hence is the most considerable river. Before we left the Asylum, some of the blind pupils sang quartettes and duets, accompanied by one of their number on the piano. They sang in tune and with good taste.

I have heard much of Democracy and Equality since I came to the United States, and I have seen more evidences of Aristocracy and Despotism than it has before been my fortune to meet with. The 'Know-nothings,' and the 'Abolitionists,' and the 'Mormonites' are, in my opinion, consequent upon the mammonite, extravagant pretensions and habits which are really fashionable among Pseudo-Republicans. Two hundred thousand starving Irish have come to this country, and in their ignorance they assume the airs of that equality which they have been induced to believe is really belonging to American society. They endeavour to reduce to practice the sentiment so popular here—but no—that will never do. Ladies don't like their helps to say they 'choose to sit in the parlour, or they wont help them at all, for equality is the rule here.' Mrs. So-and-so of the 'Codfish' Aristocracy doesn't like to have Lady

Anything to take precedence of her ; but Betty choosing to play at equality is quite another thing ! Now at Indianapolis I have found something like consistency, for the first time since I came this side the Atlantic. I do not assert there is equality, for the simple reason that it is not in nature ; and (as Lord Tavistock once so well said), ‘ the love of liberty is virtue, but the love of equality is pride ; ’ but here, the Governor of the State is a man of small income ; his salary is only fifteen hundred dollars : he has really put aside money-making, and his son, an amiable young man, instead of wasting his time in rioting and drunkenness, (which, alas ! is too much the case with the sons of the ‘ Aristocracy ’ in the United States,) keeps a store to make his own fortune, and, as he nobly said yesterday, to provide for that father who has disdained to sacrifice his country to himself. Governor Wright did not think it a degradation to carry a basket when I accompanied him to the market this morning, and his whole demeanour is that of a consistent Republican. I do not care what a man’s political creed may be (though I much prefer the monarchical principles of old England), but I do admire consistency ; and I consider the ‘ Know-nothing ’ movement as a consequence of uncertain principles.

*May 22.*—This day Governor Powell of Kentucky came on a visit here. He was in Canada two years

since, and he spoke with admiration of Lord Elgin, and of his manner of conducting the affairs of that Colony. The heat has suddenly become intense ; to my feelings as hot as any day we had in Cuba. At last I conclude that winter has really given up our company, after returning to it so frequently, that I feel as if I had passed three winters and three summers in America.

*May 23.*—I went at five o'clock this morning to the Eastern market-place, where I first saw squirrels sold like rabbits for the table ready skinned. When dressed, they are exactly like young chickens. I believe it is the grey squirrel. This evening the Governor had what is now in the States universally called a *levée* ; after the same fashion as the President's receptions. Governors of individual States occasionally open their doors to all the citizens who choose to attend, and it is considered a compliment to stranger guests like the Governor of Kentucky and myself, that the attendance should be good ; so the rooms here were filled. The Governor and his lady do not receive their visitors, but we all went into the room after they had assembled. No refreshments are expected on these occasions, but everyone shakes hands upon being introduced. The assemblage was very respectable and orderly ; it concluded about eleven o'clock, having begun at nine.

*May 24.*—I went to see a Devonshire man and

his wife, who have a vineyard: they have been settled here twenty years, and are natives of Dartmouth; they look back to the old country with regret, and think they might have done as well there as here; though they have a cottage with an acre of ground their own property, and a married son and daughter doing well, but poor people. Their youngest boy is an inmate of the Indiana Lunatic Asylum. Mrs. N—— was brought up in the family of the lady who nursed the Duchess of Gloucester, and remembers helping to make a cradle for the Princess Amelia. She was much delighted to find that I knew Miss A——. We spoke much of England; I told her she was now adopted by this country, and that with her family here, it was wrong to hanker so much after that of her birth.

Mr. N—— buries his vines in the ground, as soon as the wood has hardened, during the cold months of the year. I wonder whether this plan would make the vine more prolific in the open air with us.

Mrs. Wright gave an evening party of invited acquaintances; a great many agreeable people from this and the adjoining State. One lady sang some of Moore's Melodies very sweetly; but, as yet, music is not much cultivated in America: either the ladies do not devote sufficient attention to it, or there are not good masters. This is almost the



first time I have heard an American sing with taste and expression. This party did not conclude before midnight.

I have spoken of the Stone Mountain to gentlemen, engineers, professors, and military men; but the gigantic precipice, and the curious geological facts of that elevation seem quite unknown to any of them; as yet they do not appear to have attracted the notice of scientific men. I imagine that the tabular masses spread upon the rising ground on the opposite side of the valley beneath the precipitous wall must be the *débris* of that part of the mountain which fell away upon the upheavement of the mass in an almost fluid state—at least this is the idea suggested by its appearances. I hope some one more able to understand it than I am will visit the place, and decide how far my supposition is probable.

I am told the thermometer stood at ninety-two degrees in the shade the day before yesterday, and the weather continues very hot, but there is now rather more air. Last night a naval gentleman told me that part of an iron fastening belonging to a ship had been found half embedded in a mass of iron, which had been supposed an aerolite, lying on a prairie in this country. From this fact a very modern origin for the locality is deduced, because it is concluded that a mass of the kind in question must originally have been left by an iceberg. I mention

this as it was named to me, without pretending to decide upon the truth of the matter.

Thursday, Mrs. Wright gave an invited reception, with a standing supper. All went off well, and I saw the principal people of Indianapolis. Next morning I drove with a young lady to see what are called the Bluffs of the White River, sixteen miles distance. I was surprised to find that the road there was by no means what we should call a *plain*, it was rather a series of continued low elevations, and many short but steep hills mark the road. It passes through a pretty country, bordered by farms, and watered by small streams, making their way to the White River, which attended our drive within a short distance. 'The Bluff' proved to be a rather higher hill than others, overlooking the river, and thickly timbered, but without a rock of any kind. I found the large-leaved blood-wort, the May apple, and a pretty red columbine, growing plentifully in soil formed by the dead leaves of a thousand autumns. The inmates of a pretty farm near at hand gave us hospitality and a share of their dinner, while our coachman acted as guide, and entered into my botanical researches with great interest. We made our way over the hill down to the river bank, where we saw the laborious but useless works for the formation of a canal, entered into by the State at an outlay of hundred thousands of dollars just before

railways were put into action, and abandoned in consequence. The small town of Waverly is situated a mile beyond the hill we came to visit. Our drive home was a chilly one. The thermometer has again descended below 50°. These sudden changes from intense heat to cold are much greater than those we have in England.

Saturday and Sunday were very cold, with slight showers. It is supposed much rain has fallen in other parts of the State; a most acceptable conclusion of the long drought, which has excited much alarm for the fate of the crops. There are two well-conducted newspapers in this town, but they fall into the same error (which is almost general in the press through the States), that of attacking the institutions and the character of the Parent State, in a tone both virulent and unjust; and this I am sorry to say is not so much the practice of native Americans as of editors born in England; even those whose parents look back with love and veneration to the country they have left; and, in one instance, though their son is a powerful, a moral, and usually a conscientious writer, yet is his pen dipped in the gall of bitterness whenever it approaches subjects which touch upon Great Britain. He forgets, or in his ignorance he does not know, when echoing vulgar abuse of the Old Land and the English aristocracy, that, as a whole, they give an example of

energy in action, and simplicity in manner, which might well be copied here. British distinctions are not derived solely from mammon, therefore mammon is not the sole god of their idolatry. Individuals are not valued and judged in England (as is too generally the case in America) by the satin they may have upon their backs, or the dollars that chink in their pockets; but each individual, in fact, is appreciated according to his intrinsic qualities. Those who know the old country best will admit that the influence attached to the respective grades of society is lost by those whose habits are unworthy; while, on the other side, men like Hugh Miller, and others who could be pointed out, are not precluded from the highest distinctions, if they earn them. Yet such paragraphs as these have been going the round of the United States' papers:—'The meanest aristocracy is that of birth; it ignores intellect, energy, courage, and good deeds; it demoralizes Government, defeats armies, and disgraces manhood. If there were no aristocracy of birth in England, great men would have risen from the ranks to lead the British army in triumph,' &c. &c. &c. Do these Democrats not know that the English people have no wish to see their army, like that of France, the chief aristocracy of the land? I should be sorry if the time came when the sword alone

should be permitted to hew its way to the principal distinctions of England. Now, a man may rise more easily in the law, the church, the literary, or even the artistic path, than in that of the soldier. Let our young men of fortune still buy their commissions, and place themselves under strict discipline, and then occasionally, by succession, a poor man derives the benefit; but never let the brave aspiring English peasant know that his strong arm and great heart are the means by which he may most easily acquire a marshal's *bâton*, a ducal coronet, for then a military despotism may one of these days supplant the freest Constitution in the world. The press of the United States is fond of calling names: 'British flunkeyism,' 'Mock Emperor,' 'Mock representation.' Americans have chosen their forms of Government—the best, probably, for a young rising people. Let them be content with their own, without abusing that of their mother land; but there are signs in the horizon which foretell that their Government may not stand the test of centuries. I copy from American papers that 'Judge C——, for several years occupying the position of Associate-Judge, and having held other offices of honour and profit as an old and influential citizen of Harding county, has been arrested for counterfeiting!' And these prohibitory liquor-laws, which the local legisla-

tures have been so busy in enacting ! What would be thought in England of legislators who now drink more liquor than 'was drank by that legislature who passed the prohibitory law.'

The Temperance Legislature of New York, while on a visit to that city, got on a 'drunken spree, and broke up in a row !' Of course, in these remarks I am not alluding to the intelligent and really distinguished men of America,—men who have crossed the Atlantic, and made themselves acquainted with English institutions and English manners. No people are more fond of titles than Americans when they can get hold of them. 'Generals' and 'Judges' and 'Colonels' are plentiful as blackberries. Mere boys assume these appellations often without much claim to them ; and every member of Congress expects to be addressed in society as 'Honourable.' Our members of Parliament are satisfied to be so designated in the House itself, but do not claim the title out of doors. Yet, I should be sorry to hear even a suspicion attached to the name of any individual belonging to our legislative bodies, of such gross derelictions from duty and honesty as are not uncommon among the 'Honourable' members of the United States Congress.

Washington is a very sink of corruption. Those who know the place cannot deny that a large pro-

portion of the gentlemen (and ladies, too) assembled there at one period of the year are open to bribery, and that Bills to put the *almighty dollars* into certain pockets have been got through by the aid of establishments open to certain people, liberally supplied with liquors and gaming tables, and that when people have lost money, purses have been at their disposal, of course with the understanding that their votes went in the right direction. Can anything of political profligacy be raked out of the faults of the old country to match this? or can the worst inventions of the English press equal the assertion, that John Bull publicly rejoiced over the death of the Czar, and that the British are a 'nation of brutes?' No individual or people can claim the merit of perfectibility, and I should not point out the blots in the American escutcheon if they were not inclined to be too busy in falsely bespattering those of their neighbours.

An electric despatch invites me to attend the wedding of two young friends at Albany, and particular circumstances make this invitation imperative. So for the present, at any rate, I must give up my intended visit to the Prairies of Ohio and Illinois. By taking the early train to-morrow, I can reach New York State in time, and allow for a few hours' visit to Dr. Kirtland, at Cleveland, who has been ill,

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and cannot meet me as he proposed to do. I close this packet here, and let it go by the first opportunity.

Yours affectionately,

A. M. M.

*Indianapolis, May 27.*

P.S.—This rambling epistle is hastily sent off, and I will write again from Albany.





## LETTER XXVII.

ALBANY, *May* 13, 1855.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—

I left Indianapolis early on Monday last, slept at Cleveland, and spent a few hours with Dr. Kirtland at Rock Point, which hours I cut off the time necessary for my journey by travelling all night. I hope this will be my last night's work during the remainder of my stay in America, for it is a very disagreeable business. The wedding of my young American friends will take place tomorrow, and then I shall be able to decide whether there is any chance of my being able to accomplish the towns in the Aderondak and the Prairies which were planned last year.

*May* 31.—While at breakfast yesterday morning I received an invitation from the two Bishops of Pennsylvania and New York to accompany them to the consecration of a new church at Troy. Miss P— was so obliging as to come for me. We followed a

beautiful line of railway for about an hour. In the society of two of the most distinguished and excellent men in the United States, I enjoyed this drive. The little Gothic church is almost perfect in style and taste, and although strictly architectural externally, as well as internally, it is original in design. Every seat was occupied, and a finer sermon than that preached by the Bishop of Pennsylvania, for such an occasion, I never heard—equally good in matter as in manner. There were several clergy who took part in the service. We had the *Hundredth Psalm* congregationally sung, and the *Halleluja Chorus* well played; if a theatrical kind of anthem had not been inserted between them, the music would have been as satisfactory as the other arrangements, excepting that the service was rather too long. We afterwards lunched at the house of Mr. and Mrs. T——, and did not get back to Albany till six in the afternoon. The wedding ceremony, which took place about nine o'clock the same evening, was performed by the Bishop of Pennsylvania, in the presence of a large party. This is the fifth marriage I have attended in America. I cannot resist a kind proposal of the Bishop's, that I should accompany him and Mrs. Potter through a visitation tour in some of the most beautiful parts of his diocese. I shall join them in Philadelphia the 6th instant. Whether the Aderondak and the Prairies will also be comprised I

cannot yet tell. Letters await me at New York. I have had so few from home these last three months that I am very anxious. I was roused by a great noise made by men in the house at three o'clock this morning. Americans do not seem to have the least idea of considering the comfort or the slumbers of other travellers in an hotel, if it please them to make an uproar during the night. I heard corks drawing, and as the Maine law has been introduced into Albany since Mr. Seymour's government, I suppose that day abstinence is made up for by night jollity.

*Albany, June 4.*—I have been resting and preparing for a fresh start the 6th. I shall leave R—— with friends here, and be quite independent of all but my episcopal guides, for Bishop Potter has engaged to give me over to the care of his brother of New York, somewhere on the borders of Lake Champlain, the last week of this month. I wish to see Ticonderoga, where my mother's father, General Grant, took the 42nd Highlanders (a regiment he first raised) into battle eight hundred strong and came out two hundred!—a Balaclava in its way. The sermon of the Scotch previously is worth recording: 'My lads, I hae nae time for lang preachments, a' I hae to say is, nae cowards gae to Hcaven; and if ye dinna kill them they'll kill you.' I visited Dr. and Mrs. H——'s pretty cottage, and dined with Mr. and Mrs. Hall, the evening before I left Albany

to join the Bishop and Mrs. Potter at Philadelphia.

*June 6.*—I set out at five o'clock in the morning, and reached New York about half-past nine. I remained at the St. Nicholas hotel till six in the evening, and saw there Governor Scymour and Sir Charles Grey, who soon returns to England. By the mail train, after a disagreeable journey, owing to tipsy rowdies being in the same cars, I reached the Pier House, Philadelphia, at half-past nine o'clock. This town looks to much greater advantage, now the trees which border the streets are in leaf. After walking about all the morning, weather damp and showery, so violent a thunder-storm came on in the afternoon, rain pouring down in spouts, and from one house the water falling from the rough tiles in so heavy a cascade, that it seemed as if a river had suddenly burst from the skies. I never saw rain in Europe like this.

*June 8.*—Mr. S—— was so obliging as to take me to the Kensington end of Philadelphia to call upon Mrs. R——, a Quaker lady, to whom I was introduced at Washington, but she was on a tour in Kentucky. In this quarter of the town I saw a simple monument, erected on the spot where William Penn made his compact with the Indians, 'The only treaty ever made without oaths, and the only one which was never violated.'

The local Government have purchased ground to make an open square here. We afterwards visited Mr. Gerard's College for the nurture and education of boys, without reference to the religious persuasions of their parents. I understand the children are religiously and morally brought up, but a particular clause in the will forbids the entrance of any clergyman into the building. It is a fine crection; the pediment supports gigantic Corinthian columns, the roof being entirely marble; such was the weight, that rows of parallel brick arches were erected, a few feet only apart from the supports. I went to the top. It is made for eternity, and is a magnificent specimen of architectural skill. Inmates may be received from New Orleans as well as Philadelphia, because the former was the first port to which the founder had a venture; his trade was principally with China, and it was in Philadelphia his fortune (the whole of which is devoted to this College), was made. He left directions in an elaborate will, that all articles of household furniture, and even his wearing apparel, should be preserved; the latter, books, china, &c., are in glass cases. If the same funds had been left for educational purposes, there would have been less glorification of the founder, but greater results.

Afterwards I went to the Museum, where there is one of the finest ornithological collections in the world, fossils, and a most curious collection of shells,

upon which an elaborate work, entitled *Types of Mankind*, was founded. I understand the book is written in a scoffing and offensive style, attacking the Bible under the influence of strong prejudice; but that it contains valuable facts: a habit among religious people of making the truth of the sacred Scriptures to depend upon their own narrow views, has but too frequently arrayed the discoveries of science, and the visible works of the Creator, in opposition to that written word with which (properly understood) they never have been, and never can be, otherwise than in accordance.

At the Reading Station I joined the Bishop and Mrs. P——, with their party of travellers; in all seven; among them a lady and gentleman with whom I dined at Baltimore. The railroad crosses and recrosses the River Schuylkill, a pretty course, until we arrived at the hotel at Mount Carbon, near Pottsville, a picturesque situation. I was out at six o'clock next morning to put a recollection into my sketch-book; after breakfast we all went on delightful railway excursions in a small car belonging to the directors, up to the first coal mines of this mining country, through which the Bishop is making his visitation. Nothing could be more interesting than its geological features, particularly to a person but little acquainted with the history of coal. It lies very near the surface in extensive basins,—an anthracite of the most

brilliant exterior, which, after being created, has apparently (for the purpose of rendering it more accessible), been heaved up and dislocated by the protrusion from beneath of conglomerate rocks thrown up in strata, sometimes perfectly vertical. This operation has been repeated over and over again through the district we are visiting, with overwhelming evidence of design.

In the shale above, we found the usual carboniferous fossils, and below red sandstone. All this goes on through Potteville, Tuscarora, Tamaqua, and to Summit, one of the highest situations, where we slept the second night. From thence, early on Sunday morning, we whirled down an inclined plane by gravity alone, about nine miles, in a little open car, to Mauch chunk (*fat bear* in the Indian language), a place set deep among the hills by the rapid dashing Leighigh, reminding me of Schalenbad, near Frankfort, in Germany, but much more beautiful. Instead of wood slides down the mountains, here the locomotives rise up, dragging long trains of coal waggons on ascents a mile and a half long, with a rise of fifteen hundred feet. We mounted the highest, and descended by curves and gravity a distance of sixteen miles. I was ashamed to shrink from the excursion; but I must confess that terror and anxiety mastered enjoyment with me, the whole proceeding was so novel and terrific. Long practice

must be necessary to convince a mind of its security. I heard Bishop Potter catechise the children in church, concisely, but most effectively; and after morning service, and an excellent sermon, he confirmed a lady and gentleman of mature age. Baptisms and confirmations of grown up people are common in this country. The episcopal church is increasing rapidly, and at this place (Scranton), from which I now write, where the English and Welsh miners are numerous, I am told the people evince great attachment to it. The general affection for their bishop, and his worthiness, must tend much to strengthen this feeling.

We remained two days at Wilkesbane, a town on the Susquehanna River, in the Valley of Wyoming; coal-fields surrounding it in every direction, and, as at Manchester, descending planes of railroads carrying off the produce on one side, water carriage taking it away the other, and the neighbourhood so beautiful that volumes of sketches might be made here. We visited a valley about two miles distant, where coal excavations, now deserted by the Baltimore company, resemble the openings of Egyptian tombs, and the entrances going straight into the mountain, are like vast halls supported by massive pillars of coal. I think there are more English settled in these mining districts of Pennsylvania than in any part of the United States I have visited—more born English, I mean. I have before seen hordes of Irish, but



English sparsely scattered ; here the Irish are in the minority. Those I have talked with say they are physically comfortable, and they do not dislike their new country ; but they still prefer the old one—they do not think that practically there is more liberty here than in England ; and an old soldier told me, in his opinion, the men in authority here ‘are not as fitting for to bear rule as them with us.’

We are now at Scranton ; here iron is plentiful and found in juxtaposition with the coal. The railway bars are manufactured and laid down at once, transmuted from the surrounding rocks, and made the means of conveying their own treasures ! It has been said ‘an undevout astronomer is mad,’ surely here one is made to say ‘an undevout geologist must be insane !’

I am in hopes this ugly name of Scranton may be changed to that of Lackawana, the Indian appellation for a lovely valley, which terminates the coal region on this side. I am now (June 16th) writing from a town called Montrose, situated in the northern part of Pennsylvania ; it is a very elevated situation. We rose a hill for some distance. The railway had conducted us about forty miles from Scranton ; our way followed the course of a deep glen, much resembling Glen Tilt, in Blair Athol, and we are hospitably received at the house of a gentleman here.

*Montrose, June 17.*—After Morning Service the Bishop's duties took us to the house of a gentleman and lady, near Springfield; and I do not think I was ever more interested by any religious services than there. A country church, which probably accommodated from two to three hundred people, was filled to overflowing, by a respectable-looking congregation, of which the majority were men. After an excellent sermon, touching upon the dangers, particularly imminent in thriving communities, of the prevalence of a mammonite covetous spirit, the Bishop gave a short and simple explanation of the reasons which make confirmation a rite of the episcopal communion, preparatory to the reception of seven candidates; one a venerable-looking old man, and the other six considerably past youth. The whole congregation remained as witnesses, wrapt in mute attention; the ceremony was strikingly impressive. That cartoon of *Paul preaching at Athens*, was vividly brought to my mind by the massive figure and countenance of the Bishop of Pennsylvania, earnest, eloquent, self-forgetting; every eye turned upon him with an expression of love and veneration which could hardly have been exceeded in Apostolic days. Here, too, were early converts; here, too, might be doubters and cavillers to whom the scene was new; but I felt sure that on this occasion many a sheep was gathered into one fold

under one shepherd ; and by a shepherd, too, who would watch over his increasing flock with wisdom as well as tenderness. He is now received under a roof not professedly attached to his church ; but the hearts are with him whether the external profession of its inmates may be his or not.

A visit to this district is extremely refreshing as a counterpoise to the more worldly, ostentatious, selfish communities of commercial places. Here simplicity of manners, quietude of dress, and friendliness of feeling, are united with refinement and culture ; it is under such circumstances that the American character is seen to advantage. Agriculture predominates, and trade is subordinate ; the influence of the former is certainly most salutary ; and when farming and gardening are pursued as a relaxation by men engaged in commercial life, I have remarked their beneficial influence upon character. A fine view of part of the Alleghany chain of mountains is obtained from this place ; and there is an interesting little farm belonging to our hosts, which supplies the best butter and cream I have tasted in the United States ; and what is more, the butter is churned by the willing co-operation of animals I never before saw industriously occupied. A small circular treadmill turns a wheel, attached to a kind of piston, which falls into the churn ; a ewe and her lambs are engaged in walking up-hill, towards a small hole in the wall

of the shed which shelters the machine. A little salt and some meal placed in the hole is at once an incentive, and a reward of exertion; and the old and young sheep appear most contentedly employed, while a dairy-woman is spared labour. She at times stops the machinery to rest the animals, who always seem willing to walk on again, after a few minutes. As the movement depends upon weight, a sheep is more useful than a dog for this avocation; besides which the latter is less plodding and not so benefited by clambering; and the fattening of the mutton while her work goes on, is a proof it agrees with her. I have ordered one of these machines, and hope it will be a useful present to an English dairy.

We returned to Montrose the evening of the 18th, as the Bishop was engaged to lecture there upon the 'Character of Washington,' in aid of the funds for building a parsonage-house. His confirmation next day was at a place named Pike, and he allowed me to accompany him to see the Wiohusing (valley of peace). More appropriate and beautiful Indian names have been retained hereabouts than is common in America. The Susquchanna (winding river) twists about so as almost to encircle the country we have been traversing. We left Montrose early on the 21st, and went by New Milford to Great Bend; wooded hills and vales are diversified by

lakes and streams the whole way to Owego (or Auwega, the Indian name), from which place I now write; the Susquehanna again flowing opposite our hotel, as it did a hundred miles off at Wilkes Barre. To-morrow we proceed to Towanda.

*June 26.*—Another pretty place on the Susquehanna. We have again followed that river from Great Bend. The valley from Waverley here is exceedingly fine, much resembling that of the Inn in Bavaria; but the carriage-road follows the edge of a precipice nearly the whole way, and it is so narrow, that once when we met a small wagon, the horses were taken off, and the vehicle backed some distance before we could pass. On Sunday last I saw a young lady, of mature age, baptized; the baptismal font (as is usual in America) was within the communion-rails, between the reading-desk and pulpit; and to those who consider symbolisms secondary to other considerations, this is pleasing and convenient, as the recipient kneels down at the rails. In the evening the Bishop confirmed the persons also chiefly beyond youth; and in the afternoon he had a Service, principally for children.

*27th.*—Mr. W—— took charge of the rest of the party during a glorious drive of twenty miles across the mountains, while the Bishop and Mrs. P—— went off to another point for some distant duty. We did not meet them again till we had slept at the

pretty town of Elmira, where Mrs. W—— and I took a pleasant and beautiful walk to one of numerous hills which surround the place, and there we saw a brilliant sunset. Here the formation is sandstone, rich in fossils. The River Chemung flows through Elmira. We retired early and were up again by four o'clock. The Bishop met us at a station near C——, and we were driven to Wellsborough by a gentleman who came with his carriage. There several hospitable houses were opened to the party, but we at last concentrated it at Mr. C——'s, which was sufficiently large to receive us all, and to bestow every luxury and comfort.

At first I was taken charge of most kindly by another family, and I felt almost open to the charge of ingratitude when I left them, at the instance of our guide and governor, to rejoin the rest of our travelling party; but the son of those I deserted still undertook to aid my sketching and botanical propensities. In a distant ramble, he procured me some yellow water lilies, the large leaves of which were more dark and shining than ours (*Nuphar advena*, or Spatter dock). They ornament the small creeks about here. Gray mentions the plant as most common in shallow waters. We found it blooming only at a depth of three or four feet, and sometimes the flowers were to be observed quite under; perhaps this was in consequence of a late sudden rise in

the streams. *Linnæa borealis* was plentiful, carpeting a forest of gigantic white pines; and in the meadows I found *Aster graminifolius*.

Within thirty or forty miles of this place, Rosa Lake gives rise to three streams, which flow north, east, and south. One empties itself into the St. Lawrence; another into the Chesapeake, and a third into the Gulf of Mexico; so that these mountains must indeed be the Highlands of the United States.

On Thursday, the 28th of June, we left Wellsborough, after entering the cars sixteen miles off. We journeyed to Batavia, passing by Bath and the medicinal springs of Avon. On the 29th, the rest of the party left me to proceed to Niagara, and I went alone forty miles by railroad to Canandagua, where I again find myself the guest of Mr. and Mrs. G—— with whom I stayed some days last October.

On Monday, July 2nd, I hope to reach Utica, where R—— is awaiting me, with the Governor and Mrs. Seymour. The weather is now intensely hot: for three days the thermometer has ranged above ninety degrees in the shade. Very active locomotion must be given up till after August, and I shall take this time for making quiet visits among friends in New York and New England States; first seeing, Trenton Falls, where I hope once more to meet the Bishop of Pennsylvania and his party. We were together three such pleasant weeks!

I feel sure that not one unkind thought or even one careless word cast a shadow over the enjoyment of a single individual among the seven who thus journeyed together; and yet I have heard it said that travelling in company is one of the most severe tests to which temper and friendship can be subjected. I do not subscribe to that opinion. Change of scene is in itself a healthy kind of excitement, and therefore it is likely to make people good-humoured, and more accommodating than usual. I should be sorry to pin my faith upon the every-day kindness of a cross traveller.

The country between Batavia and Canandagua is less attractive than that we have lately seen. We came through part of the Genesee Valley the day before yesterday, which is very fine. Twenty years ago that was the boundary of civilization; now it is in the midst of towns and settlements. Anglo-Saxon energy, with a dash of German determination and Irish quickness, is flying over this immense continent almost as fast as the stream of electricity pervades and connects its most remote localities. Talk of 'American' nationality! as if America is not an epitome of the world; and surely the inhabitants of America may well be proud of their cosmopolitanism, instead of fostering a narrow sectional spirit. They may succeed in transferring the blood of all nationalities into a pure New World stream, if it be only



healthfully taken charge of, with the sole exception of one dark current, with which they are entrusted for purification, not amalgamation—for education, not adoption. I forgot to say that my intention of joining Bishop Horatio Potter was given up, or rather he has given me up. His brother concludes that Church affairs drew him another way; and I have had quite sufficient to fill up my time without attempting Ticonderoga at present.

*Utica, July 3.*—Yesterday I accomplished, without much difficulty, a solitary journey here. More numerous packages (occupied by stones and flowers, &c.) than were quite convenient for an individual to undertake, during the necessary change of cars at Syracuse, exercised care and patience; but I brought them all safe, and I have now rejoined R——. My English letters have been delivered at New York—a disappointment, as I hoped to find them here; but the electric telegraph will bring them quickly, and in the meanwhile I find some interesting American correspondence, particularly a letter from Bishop Elliott, in answer to an inquiry of mine as to whether Miss Bremer had not misunderstood his opinions upon slavery. I am not forbidden to quote from his reply, and I therefore extract freely from the conclusion. He first explains that he had only agreed with Miss Bremer in combating some extreme opinions. It is too important not to be made use of.

The Bishop then says :—

‘ It is well for Christians and philanthropists to consider whether, by their interference with this institution, they may not be checking and impeding a work which is manifestly providential. For nearly a hundred years the English and American Churches have been striving to civilize and Christianize Western Africa, and with what result? Around Sierra Leone, and in the neighbourhood of Cape Palmas, a few natives have been made Christians, and some nations have been partially civilized; but what a small number in comparison with the thousands, nay, I may say millions, who have learned the way to Heaven, and who have been made to know their Saviour through the means of African slavery! At this very moment there are from three to four millions of Africans, educating for earth and for Heaven in the so vilified Southern States—educating in a thousand ways of which the world knows nothing—educating in our nurseries, in our chambers, in our parlours, in our workshops, and in our fields, as well as in our churches; learning the very best lessons for a semi-barbarous people—lessons of self-control, of obedience, of perseverance, of adaptation of means to ends; learning, above all, where their weakness lies, and how they may acquire strength for the battle of life. These considerations satisfy me with their condition, and assure me that it is the

best relation they can, for the present, be made to occupy. As a race, they are steadily improving. So far from the institution being guilty of degrading the negro, and keeping him in degradation, it has elevated him in the scale of being much above his nature and race, and it is continuing to do so. Place an imported African (of whom a few still remain) side by side with one of the third or fourth generation, and the difference is so marked that they look almost like distinct races—not only in mind and knowledge, but in physical structure.

‘ That monkey face, the result of an excessively obtuse facial angle, has become, without any admixture of blood, almost as human as that we are accustomed to see in the white race, and it has a facial angle as distinctly a right angle as that which belongs to the Caucasian family. The thick lips have become thin—the dull eye is beaming with cunning, if not with intelligence; the understanding is acute and ingenious. Their knowledge, when they have been instructed by missionaries or by owners, is respectable. A man has been made out of a barbarian, an intelligent and useful labourer out of an ignorant savage—a Christian and a child of God, out of a heathen; and this is called degrading the African race, by holding them in slavery! Such language is only of a piece with that miserably false sentimentalism which is pervading the world—

such sentimentalism as thinks it cruel that a child should be disciplined or a criminal punished; which looks so tenderly upon the means as quite to overlook the great end those means may be working out. God's ways are not discordant with this way of Slavery. He who sees everything in its true aspect, with whom a thousand years is as one day—in whose sight the light affliction of this life, which is but for a moment, is far outweighed by the glory which is to follow—cares very little for the present means through which His will is working. What is it that a man should be a slave, if through that means he may become a Christian? What is it that one, or even ten generations should be slaves, if, through that arrangement, a race be training for future glory and self-dependence? What are the sufferings (putting them at the worst) which the inhumanity and self-interest, and the restraints of law can inflict for a few generations, when compared with the blessings which may thus be wrought out for countless nations inhabiting a continent? What is to be the course and what the end of this relation, God only knows. My feeling just now is, that I would defend it against all interference, just as I should defend my children from anyone who would tempt them to an improper independence; just as I should defend any relation of life which man was attempting to break or to vio-

late, ere the purpose of God in it had been worked out.’

And these are the opinions of Bishop Elliott, of Georgia, the man who remained nursing and consoling the sick and the dying, and burying the dead, when Savannah was decimated by yellow fever, and when thousands were falling victims around him ! After this, who will dare, with a self-laudatory philanthropy, stand up and contrast his own abolitionism with the patient practical doings of a conscientious slave-owner ? Unhappily, it has of late years been too common among well-intentioned weak Christians to set up a stock of philanthropy at the expense of others. Let all do the work at their own doors, and the work of God in the world will be well done. If each man will reform himself, human nature will be effectually mended. But, as theory is easier than practice, so it is more common to look after the mote in our brother’s eye than to take the beam out of our own.

As a commentary upon the Slavery question, I add two articles taken from newspapers—one, the account of a negro wedding, the other descriptive of a negro funeral. I must also mention that, in conversing with the free blacks, I rarely find them contented with their situation. An intelligent well-looking black carried my things from an hotel at Batavia to the train. I inquired if he liked the

country?—‘ Pretty well, missus, but——’ There is always a ‘ but ’ from the lips of a Northern black—rarely expressed in the South, where it is generally, ‘ Mighty fond of master or missus ; black people well to do, not often too much work, missus ; ’ ‘ Many has got plenty of jewelry, missus ; ’ ‘ We get our own way tolerable, missus,’ &c. &c.

STAUNTON, *June 24, 1855.*

A SLAVE WEDDING IN OLD VIRGINIA—THE  
INVITATIONS—NEGRO ARISTOCRACY, &c. &c.

I send you herewith the originals of three invitations to a negro wedding, which is to take place on the 27th, at Richmond. The envelopes are in the best style of De la Rue and Co., open-work embossed, and of the finest texture. They enclose an embossed card, inscribed thus:—

MR. and MRS. TAYLOR will be pleased to  
see you on Wednesday Evening, June 27th,  
at 8½ o'clock.

MARIA JOHNSON.

ADAM HAWKINS.

*Richmond.*

The superscription is as follows:—‘ Mr. Charles Jackson and lady, present ; ’ the second is to ‘ Mr. Henry Cassie and lady, present ; ’ and the third to ‘ Mrs. Jane Hawkins.’ The notes are written in a neat, Italian handwriting, and tied with white satin ribbon, *à la mode de Paris*.

These invitations were all received by members of my family. Mrs. Hawkins is my cook ; Mrs. Jackson my laundress ; Mrs. Cassie my *fille de chambre*. They are all slaves, and their husbands are also slaves, owned by some of my neigh-

bours. The happy bridegroom is related to my coloured family. They will doubtless have a happy time of it, and I commend to Greeley the case of these 'oppressed children of Africa.' I am sorry that every abolitionist in the land should not have an opportunity to see one such Virginia wedding.

VALLEY.

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### A LARGE NEGRO FUNERAL.

A coloured man named Samuel Betterson, an ordained deacon of the 3rd Coloured Baptist Church, was buried yesterday afternoon. A very large number of his friends followed him to his grave. We noticed in the procession, three uniformed fire companies, and another joined them on the South Common. The Porter's Association, of which he was a member, turned out, and wore black scarfs, with white rosettes. We also noticed in the procession, two or three Female Benevolent Associations, distinguished by suitable dresses. A spectator counted thirty-five carriages, well filled, besides a number of other conveyances, and many on horseback, following the hearse. It is estimated that between two thousand and two thousand five hundred coloured persons were in the procession.

The mother of the Rev. John Cox, the coloured pastor of the 3rd Baptist Church, was also buried yesterday afternoon. About fifty carriages, containing her relations and friends, followed her remains to the grave.

John Guerrard, a coloured fireman, and a member of engine No. 5, was also buried yesterday afternoon. The members of his company, in uniform, and a large number of his friends, in carriages and on horseback, followed him to the grave.

We will add, for the information of our northern friends, that the funeral processions above noticed were perfectly quiet and orderly, and that every thing connected with them was conducted with the utmost decorum and propriety.

*July 4.*—I am now again with Mr. and Mrs. Seymour. Utica is a pleasant town; the Valley of the Mohawk, in which it is situated, is highly cultivated. Mrs. J. Seymour took me last evening to one of the low surrounding hills, and I thought the view resembling those from some of our Gloucestershire elevations. We went to see the pretty rural cemetery, and sat down upon a boulder of granite, once considered the sacred stone of the Indians. It was brought from a distance of thirty miles to save it from destruction, and room was left around the little mound where it was placed for the interment of any of the red people who might wish to be buried near it. Many of them attended the consecration of the cemetery, but not one has ever availed himself of the privilege of interment there, partly because the tribes have almost all gone West; and any individuals who may still linger in the Oneida land are too poor to incur the expense of distant funerals.

Here there is an American nursery gardener really fond of flowers—the first time I have met with a native of the United States with that taste powerful enough to induce him to devote himself to their cultivation. All the nursery men I have made acquaintance with before have been English, Scotch, or Irish, and none of them found sufficient encouragement to be much devoted to their pursuit. This, the anniversary of American Independence, is a day



of noisy rejoicing, taken advantage of by boys and men for a Saturnalia of squibs and crackers, which are not only unceasingly exploding to-day, but have been unpleasantly active ever since I arrived, on Monday. It is more alarming for horses and for petticoats than even our celebration of Guy Fawkes. In the afternoon, Mr. and Mrs. Seymour are to take me to the residence of their brother-in-law, forty miles off, at Cazenovia, which I understand is a beautiful locality, and one abounding in fossils.

*Cazenovia, July 5.*—We went thirty-five miles by cars, a few miles in a stage, and at Chittenango Mr. L—— met us with his carriage. Chittenango means, ‘the river flowing north;’ Chenango, ‘the water going south.’ From Chittenango there is a gradual rise of eight miles to Cazenovia. Limestone caps the hills; as you advance, scarlet berried elders appear accompanying it; and by the sides of the valley I found *Psoralea Onobryches*, the scarlet maple, and a beautiful rose-coloured *Calystegia*, so different in tint and character from *Sepium*, I cannot think it only a variety. We stopped in our way to see a pretty fall of the Chittenango. I expected to find Cazenovia a wild, rocky, mountainous lake, the settlement built of log-houses, and buried in pine woods. I find a calm water, something like Wenham Pond, about four miles long, with an ornamented regular little town, and Mr. L——’s house

overlooking the water—a solid, brick, English-like residence. It is all pretty, but quite in a different style from that my imagination had pictured. The situation is as high as the Lake of Geneva. We took an interesting drive yesterday to see one of the sulphur sinks, or green ponds, twelve miles' distance, and on the way there were extended views in every direction. One fine prospect took in the whole length of Lake Oneida, twenty miles; and in that direction it seemed possible to see almost to Canada. Valleys between these limestone ridges are believed to be the work of denudation, and such circular ponds as those we saw yesterday have been possibly caused by the melting of salt formations, which Mr. L—— thinks may have been carried off to enrich the salt-pans of Syracuse. The fossils of this district are very interesting and new to me: I never before saw such gigantic Trilobites—they are almost as large as the cast of one shown to me at Cincinnati.

At last I have seen a humming bird; and, foolishly enough, I was surprised by its humming. I thought the name was owing to their resemblance to a bee on the wing, but they hum louder than any bee; and the one I saw, sat a long time on a sprig and seemed to be drying his little self in the sun, after the wet in the morning; if disturbed, it only flew to a post near the tree upon

which we first observed it, and then went back again. I did not see him feed : yet I understand he is seldom to be seen but on the wing feeding. Yesterday, Mr. L—— pointed out the Kingbird, a little unarmed bird, which by activity and perseverance asserts a sovereignty over the feathered tribe, and chases even hawks away from a field. I observed him banishing a crow six times as large as himself: he follows incessantly and torments until his subject flies off. Here I have been shown some curious nests. It seems the cowbird in this country is as indolent a mother as our cuckoo: she lays an egg in the nests of other birds, and leaves it to take its chance in a strange family. A species of linnet is wise enough to find out the liberty taken at her expense: in one instance she inserted another nest above the intruded egg, so as to leave it unhatched; in another, the linnet contrived to sink the cowbird's progeny below her own eggs. The oriole will appropriate any silk or worsted put in her way, and I am to have a very pretty nest interlaced with scarlet wool; and the fine line of a fishing rod with the hook attached has also been turned in with other materials. The yellow linnet is a very showy little bird. I have seen here also a milk-white woodpecker, with black wings and neck. What is here called a robin is more like one of our thrushes, with a faint tinge of red on his breast. It may be remarked in this neighbourhood, elevated as

it is, that a large quantity of drift has at some time been brought here from Canada. Large boulders and rolled pebbles of granite and gneiss form part of it; and as these increase in size and quantity going northward, their progress and direction can be traced. In a forest near the 'Green Pond,' for the first time I found what is called the walking fern (*Campsorus Rhysophyllus*).

*Friday, July 6.*—We set off to see a pretty waterfall about eight miles from Cazenovia, and as I sketched from long grass in a down-pour of rain, I got thoroughly wet; but the interest of the place kept me warm, and no mischief happened from the drive back in wet things. In the afternoon we were rowed upon the lake very pleasantly by a little girl under twelve years of age.

*July 7th.*—I returned with Mr. and Mrs. Seymour, to Utica, in our way to Trenton Falls, where we met three of my fellow-tourists in Pennsylvania; but the Bishop and Mrs. Potter had been obliged to go off in another direction.

*July 8th.*—This is the most charming and rural hotel I have seen in America: it is situated almost in a dense hemlock spruce forest, and has a garden quite English in style and neatness; and the rooms, brightly clean and comfortable, are decorated with prints and drawings chosen with artistic taste. The present landlord married a daughter of the first pos-

essor of this property twenty years ago, and is now the owner. Everything about it is in accordance with the beauty and magnificence of its natural scenery; no forced ornaments or glaring paint jars upon the feelings or hurts the eye. Here is a kind of mesmeric influence which impresses the heart unconsciously: a sincere worshipper of Nature is at once assured that one of her most lovely shrines cannot be desecrated by an adoration of Mammon's golden idol. Mr. Moore is worthy of Trenton both by taste and education. This name Trenton was formerly Oldenbarneveld: one regrets it, although originating from the Hollanders, not the Indian, whose appropriate appellation was 'Kangahoorá' (leaping waters), and he called the river Kanatá (Amber River), equally descriptive; for at some places the falls resemble liquid amber, and occasionally the tumbling stream appears to have an edging of gold. The Governor and Mrs. Seymour first took me to see it from the Forest-walk, where the chasm below resembled that of the Tilt at Blair Athol, only filled by a wider, larger river, and by a succession of higher falls.

After dinner Mr. Moore took us a long walk, over wall and fence, to see a railroad in process of formation, by the aid of a very powerful and ingenious machine, worked by steam. The ground it is excavating is a hill of sand; an immense scoop,

with a kind of trap-door behind, pokes in and fills itself, and then turns quietly and majestically round alone to the wagon at one side; the scoop then opens and at once deposits half a load, while people above push down the undermined ground; at this rate a mountain rapidly vanishes. I am no mechanic, but there is a simple grandeur in these evolutions which touched me considerably. I have always felt that even railroads have their poetry, and if I were a rhymmer, this grand, solemn workman would set me rhyming.

In our way back Mr. Moore was so obliging as to accede to my wish that he would take me into a forest swamp, to see the moeassin flower growing; as we had to go down a steep woody hill, guided by a man living near, the rest of the party, excepting one young man, deserted. I was fully repaid for a rather difficult scramble by finding numbers of the beautiful pink *Cypripedium spectabile* (I should not call it purple) and *Lilium Canadense* by its side. The latter I have occasionally seen by the edges of railroads, but I never before gathered it. The pretty little white anemone-like-looking *Dalibarda repens* was also in flower all over the adjoining banks.

Next morning Mr. Moore took charge of us during a walk to all the falls along the edge of the

torrent ; without his experienced guidance I should have been afraid to undertake this, but as the water was high enough for beauty and not too high for safety, it was very enjoyable. I sketched the three principal cataracts. It will not do to compare them with Niagara—it is an entirely different kind of thing ; but certainly after Niagara I should prefer visiting Trenton to any other water scenery in America. Some of the party were obliged to leave us at one o'clock ; but Mrs. Seymour and I delayed our departure till five, and remained out till near three.

Within the spray of one of the falls I discovered a small fern (some species of *Pteris*) not described by Gray, and I cannot help hoping it is altogether new to botanists. It is about the size of an *Asplenium ruta muraria*, but a bright green, and the fronds soft, not shining, and not crisp, like the *Pteris crispa*. We returned to Utica in the evening, and yesterday Governor Seymour came with me to Albany. I now write again from the Congress Hotel, and to-morrow it is my plan to go over to visit Mrs. Edwards, at Lenox Mass. I understand it is a pretty place among the Berkshire hills ; from thence I shall go on to spend a month among my Boston friends, and there I shall have enough to do to unpack and arrange the numerous boxes of stones,

shells, and plants, I have at different times forwarded to Mr. Long's care.

Yours affectionately,

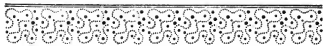
A. M. M.

*Albany, July 11.*

P.S.—In coming from Utica yesterday we almost followed the course of the Mohawk River, and came through several places which still retain the Indian names—Canogohani (the 'boiling-pot') from a spring which resembles a small whirlpool, and Schenectedy (the end of the pine plain).







## LETTER XXVIII.

LENNOX, BERKSHIRE HILLS, MASSACHUSETTS,

*July 13, 1855.*

MY DEAR FRIENDS—

This place differs from all those I have before seen in the United States. A cottage belonging to my hosts is situated on an eminence, nearly in the centre of an extensive valley ; yet the surrounding country is hardly a vale. It is a depression made up of numberless unequal hills, and bounded by higher irregular ones, with fine mountains showing north and south, at a distance of about twenty-five or thirty miles. Saddleback to the north, emulates Loch na Garr, near Balmoral, in form ; Washington southwards is its twin mountain, though apparently less grand. About a mile in front of the house there are small lakes, bordered, and half hid by woods and broken ground. At present no offices or interfering plantations shut out the panorama, and its effect from the windows and lawn is almost perfect—rather Scotch than Swiss in character ; but,

as seen from the house, it is a view which embraces a wider and more varied extent than any I know elsewhere as a home prospect. Although many have one side from which a still greater expanse of hills, valleys, and lakes may be seen, I am not acquainted with any other spot which has such views on every side. Mrs. and Miss Catherine Sedgwick live near Lennox. One evening we drank tea with them, and met Mr. and Mrs. R. P. James. Mrs. Fanny Kemble has a cottage near. Authors and poets seem to congregate around this, the 'Lake District' of the United States.

Through Miss Sedgwick I got some Indian names of places—names that are now fast fading out of memory; but she has rescued these from the talk of an Indian woman, and they are worth preservation. A river, now called Housatanic, flows below Lennox. This is a corruption of 'Awastonook' (over the mountains). The Indians so called it when they came from the Hudson. There is a spot called now Elizabeth Lot (Elizabeth is 'Auchwceemée,' the name of a berry). That place was also 'Nanwodtamá' (middle of the town). In pronunciation, the first syllable, *Auch*, should be spoken gutturally. Kinkerpot, a small lake near, has not so euphonious a sound as usual; it was 'Kinkapotamia' (where a mare was drawn out of the water). A beautiful meadow, where maple trees grow, bore the name 'Hackpee-

hink' (the nation's sugar place). *A* should be uttered long as in *far*; the *ch* gutturally; *u* with a long sound, as in *full*. 'Hackpeehuckchoo' (the rising mountain), and Scott's Lake, between Lennox and Lee, was 'Natchovtashmuch,' (cutting bulrushes). 'The rattlesnake mountain,' 'Taheecanach,' but that word signifies *heart*, and it was for some reason associated with the affection then borne by the Indians towards the white race. 'Cachca-walchook,' one of the mountains near Stockbridge, means 'crossing the mountains.' 'Massmasschaick,' a 'fish's nest,' is now Monument Mountain. The tribe of Indians who came to these parts from the North River was called 'Mahéecannéek.' 'Choo,' or 'Chook,' means mountain. 'Queecheechook,' mountain river. 'Pahquinapackkuch,' dark water. 'Pangqueseek,' the name of a marsh near this place. 'Washcuing' and 'Washenée' are now the Salisbury Lakes.

I was taken to visit a Shaker village, which, perhaps, from the beauty of its situation, appeared less gloomy than the establishment I saw last year near Albany. But, after all, these places are little better than open mad houses. The inhabitants generally look ill and depressed. One pretty rosy little girl about thirteen attracted our notice. She looked quite out of place, but fortunately, as Shakers are not bound by vows, she may be freed some of these

days—and inmates often do grow tired of such a cold formal life, and make off. One woman, not long ago, left this village, and engaged herself in one of the most noisy factories she could find. I suppose the contrast was agreeable. Another day I went to see what is called the Ice Valley, near Stockbridge. Heaps of massive rocks are thrown one upon another in a narrow gorge, to which the sun never penetrates; and in some deep holes winter snows accumulate, and remain unthawed through the hottest summers. Rambling about and sketching have occupied my time during a pleasant ten days passed among the Berkshire hills, so journalizing has been at a standstill.

*Cambridge, near Boston, July 23.*—I am now with Dr. and Mrs. Gray, at the Botanic Garden. We came by Springfield, through which town the Connecticut flows, a fine river. The path of the railroad goes through a mountainous district the first fifty miles.

*July 24.*—I went to the cottage of my friend, Mr. F——, at Brookline; and I was surprised to find it rurally situated, among woods and hills, equidistant from the villages of Brighton and Berkshire, instead of being in a flat uninteresting country.

*July 28.*—I took the railroad five miles to Boston, and saw Captain Judkins, who this time has brought in the *Canada*, instead of Captain Stone. Captain

Judkins was sent with troops for the Crimea, in the *Arabia*, but he got the fever and was invalided home ; Captain Stone replaced him ; and, on Captain Judkins's recovery, he took charge of the *Canada* till the large new steamer, *Persia*, just launched, is ready for sea. I have engaged my old berth for the last week in October, as that time is considered favourable for making the voyage home. In one of the papers I see that a Creole, at Havana, has been thrown into prison on suspicion of possessing a likeness of Ramon Pinto. Yesterday I heard another anecdote, illustrative of slavery and the negro character. My informant, who was lately travelling in Virginia, was at Sulphur Springs. The master of the hotel had a clever active black waiter, but he was a 'bad boy.' After some particular act of misconduct, the master called up his slave :

'You are a hopeless rascal, Horace ; I will have nothing more to do with you. Here are some dollars and your papers of freedom ; go off into Kentucky, and never let me see you again.'

'Can't possible, massa ; wont go, massa.'

'Wont ! but you must ! you are quite able to take care of yourself.'

'Sha'n't, massa. Fac is, can't no way 'gree with them free niggers.'

And Horace remained ; his owner might flog, but it is hardly possible for him to shake off a servant

determined not to go; selling is the only way. But respectable slaveowners are very adverse to this mode of 'proceeding; and it is not easy to get rid of a troublesome negro.' In some respects the masters are the slaves of their servants, who often dictate instead of obeying. I here repeat, what probably my friends in England will be slow in believing, that, in the mass, Southern slaveowners are conscientiously fulfilling their trying and painful duties; and that I have seen more of comfort cheerfulness, contentment, and religious principle among negroes of the Southern States than among any other working population of the same amount, either here, or in England. In the Northern States the whites have great physical and mental advantages; but there is an absence of true contentment among them, and a prevalence of insanity sad to contemplate. I suppose the restlessness consequent upon a new country and Republican institutions does not tend to real self-happiness. I must positively assert that the countenances and manner of Americans as a nation, do not express contentment. That there may be heart-rending abuses in the South I do not deny, though I have not witnessed them; but what is there which is not liable to abuse? I could tell of heart-rending abuses in the North. 'Offences will come, but woe unto them by whom they come.' No one can doubt that the change of the education

and improvement of a black population, through slavery, is a trying and arduous responsibility—a task for which pecuniary advantages are a poor compensation, and one which is not often repaid by either pecuniary or moral profit; and there are dangerous and awful temptations accompanying it; but are not temptations God's discipline for life? We cannot suppose they will ever be removed; but we must take care they 'bring forth fruit in due season.' Personally, with all my love of freedom, I would much prefer to be a slave in the South (not in Cuba), than one of those pariahs, called free negroes, in the North.

I am now with an abolitionist friend, who, like most abolitionists, has never visited the South. We can therefore sympathize only in a wish to see those States free where black labour can be superseded by white—and this for the sake of the white race rather than the black. I cannot praise those Southerners who keep their slaves, all the while maintaining that Slavery is a dark spot, to be washed off the first convenient opportunity. Such slave-owners are sinning against conscience; they must believe in Slavery as one of the means by which it pleases the Most High to discipline the white and the black for higher things; or they must at any cost repudiate Slavery altogether. Had the civilized world united to regulate instead of

attempting to abolish, each black, as he gained sufficient knowledge, habits of forethought, and industry, might by law have been given the right to purchase his own freedom at a certain age, and such negroes would have gone back to Christianize and civilize Africa. But the futile endeavour to abolish, instead of to regulate, has resulted in injury instead of benefit to the black race; just as the Maine Law punishes the use rather than the abuse, of spirituous liquors. At one house, the house too of a great abolitionist and promoter of the Maine Law, I met with 'tipsy-cake,' and saw it liberally bestowed even upon children! So we may eat drink, but we must not drink drink! Is not this humbug?

*August 6.*—We have been paying a very agreeable visit at the house of that good Mr. Forbes, who headed a petition to his Government, and commanded ships which brought out American contributions of food to the starving Irish. This was indeed a brotherly act—a grateful acknowledgment of the 'one ancestry' which now and ever should be a bond of affection between our lands; and I trust whatever family jars and misunderstandings may have arisen in past times to separate parent and children, the 'war hatchet' is now for ever sunk in those unfathomable ocean depths by which England and America are at once divided and united.



Milton has a charming vicinity; fine trees, hedges, and even roads, bordered by hedges, from which hang lovely draperies of smilax and vines, English in outline if not in detail. The village is on high ground, and has every here and there extensive views, with the sea, and Boston, and Boston Harbour—particularly from the granite quarries towards the blue hills. I spent a whole morning there, with an American friend who sympathized in the pleasures of sketching. Rattlesnakes are not uncommon, but that reptile is fortunately timid, and rarely stings; even the women and children, who are scattered about ‘berrying’—that is, gathering the berries of a productive huckleberry (*Vaccinium*, or *Galyussacia resinosa*). Men find thick leather boots or gaiters quite sufficient protection, for rattlesnakes never strike high.

We passed one pleasant day on the sandy sea shore above Nantasket River—a pic-nic party; and there I saw, as last year at Newport, young ladies and gentlemen dancing among the waves, as it is a convenient place for bathing. Mr. Forbes went into the water and experimented upon his travelling-bag life-preserver—which he thought effectual enough, but then the sea was very calm. Many vessels dotted the offing. A sandy bay extends five miles in one direction, whilst the other side is indented by rocky inlets, Cape Anne clearly visible in the

distance. Among other plants, I found for the first time *Lycopodium rupestris*.

*Brookline, August 10.*—Before my return here I spent a morning at the Botanic Garden, Cambridge, with Dr. and Mrs. Gray, to meet Miss Morris, a botanical lady from Philadelphia; we called at the house of Professor Agassiz, but he was deeply engaged in 'embryological researches,' at Nahant. From Brookline I went to the Beverley shore, to spend a few days with Mr. and Mrs. L——, under whose hospitable roof I met with my first welcome this side the Atlantic, and I wrote about their pretty place last year.

*Providence, August 18.*—I came here on the 14th, for the meeting of the American Scientific Association, that I might see the wise men of the West assembled together. I am in the pleasant and even luxurious abode of Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Ives, who sent me a kind invitation through Mr. President Wayland.

*August 15.*—We attended the morning session; that day there were no separate sections. Professor Lomax (after the Chairman, Dr. Torrey, had opened the meeting) read a paper upon the temperature of planetary bodies, and of the space through which they travel. This subject raised an animated and interesting discussion, which was carried on by Agassiz, Henry, Bache, Pierce, Rogers, &c. &c. The question about a lunar atmosphere seems still

doubtful; one astronomer present adduced proofs that signs of twilight were evident, which would speak to the fact of an atmosphere for the moon. (I forgot to mention that I passed a delightful day with Professor and Mrs. Agassiz at Nahant, and he was generous enough to admit the value, and be pleased with the fossils I brought from Ocala and the Silver Spring, in the middle of Florida, and he also said that the existence of cretaceous tertiary formations there had not before been ascertained.) During the discussion of Professor Lomax's papers, a pretty general agreement appeared to be arrived at; that the question of temperature must be so dependent upon whatever internal heat the several planetary bodies may preserve or evolve, that any calculation with regard to their distances from the sun, cannot give certainty about their individual temperature. But Agassiz expressed a decided opinion, that if there are animal organisms inhabiting the planets, they must be constituted in a manner entirely differing from terrestrial creatures; and if (as I think Whewell remarks) the laws of fluids, of light, and of motion are similar in the earth and the other bodies, then it seems a fair deduction that as yet there has been no creation of life in worlds incapable of supporting such life as we know of. Professor Bache, Director of the General Coast Survey, showed that the commonly received notion of the

existence of one great tidal wave, is a mistake. He stated that although something is known as to the direction of tidal waves in the Atlantic, very little or nothing has yet been ascertained respecting those of the Pacific. President Wayland had an evening reception, which everybody attended; it was a very pleasant party.

During the morning session of August 16th, Bache gave an account of a great earthquake wave on the western coast of the Pacific. Professor Brookleby read a paper upon remarkable frozen wells near Owega, which have ice during the hottest summers. Agassiz, as usual, charmed and informed everyone by his lucid statement of some zoological facts; and Mr. Blake gave us a new and interesting notice upon the geology of California.

In the evening there was an assembly at Mr. Allen's, where I was introduced to Miss Maria Mitchell, the American Mrs. Somerville; she is as simple and unassuming in manner as our great *astronomess*.

*Friday.*—Professor Hall explained much about graptolites that was new to me; he used a lady's parasol to exemplify the form of some of these polypi, and Agassiz following, made some of his lively instructive remarks, in which he amused the audience by calling the parasol 'this tool;' he showed that some of the associated polypi are probably higher in the scale of organization than single individuals. A terrific

gunpowder explosion which occurred at Wilmington some short time ago, by the blowing up of three wagons (which though under a regulation of separate departure, had contrived to travel in company), afforded opportunity for another lively discussion, which explained some of the curious phenomena observed to result from that explosion, and a debate (also conversational), upon Professor Bache's account of the co-tidal lines upon the Pacific coast, exemplified how naturally each branch of science dove-tails into all. To the zoologists these tides offer reasons, which partly explain the geographical distribution of fishes. To the mathematician they read or resolve problems ;—whilst they also aid and confirm the observations of geology, and thus it was shown how the cultivation of each science elucidates every other branch of knowledge. As to the mathematical and optical sections, they were beyond my comprehension, and I therefore avoided them as much as possible ; but in doing so, I missed hearing Mr. Jones's observations on the Zodiacal Light, which I am told were deeply interesting. From two hundred and fifty careful observations, he decides it to be of the same nature as the ring of Saturn ; but another great astronomer asserted that Saturn's ring is gradually approaching the body of the planet, and that within eighty years they must meet. I do not understand how these two discoveries are to be reconciled. During the section

of Natural History this morning, Professor Agassiz showed by a clear chain of argument and deduction, that the newly discovered jaw of a species of shark brought from carboniferous formations in Western America (I think from Wisconsin), belongs to the sword-fish division of that family. Professor Henry made a useful practical statement, respecting the best mode of testing building materials; he mentioned that blocks of stone coated (or rather divided from each other) by plates of tin, support double the weight, borne by those which have lead between them, because the latter substance gives way to pressure much more easily than tin. Mr. Blake continued his observations upon the geology of California, and the mountainous ridges along the western coast, and Professor Hitchcock exhibited curious drawings from the foot impressions of a most extraordinary four-toed, two-legged kind of frog, which must have been larger than the largest elephant we know of. I cannot feel sure that I have discovered the pith of what I have been listening to these last three days, in this hasty sketch, but perhaps it may enable you to judge that a great deal of information was elicited, and that the subjects brought forward were by no means dry even to unscientific hearers. Saturday evening I went to a party at Professor Caswell's; and yesterday I visited the President and Mrs. Wayland.

Last night a gentleman of high reputation in the legal profession told me that the free black people die out so rapidly, that, although himself a man only in middle age, he remembers when almost every servant in the town was black or coloured, yet now few of that race are left. His general views upon the subject of slavery were in perfect accordance with those observation has led me to adopt; and he thinks that, notwithstanding the eagerness and activity of the anti-slavery party, even in the North, a majority of the calm and unprejudiced minds would coincide in these opinions; and that many former abolitionists are adopting them. Dr. Adams, who distinguished himself on the anti-slavery side, after a visit to the South of sufficient investigation, has published a pamphlet recanting former opinions. Judge Wayne, also, confirms my observations respecting the strongly aristocratic feeling which prevails among the slaves. They consider it is losing caste to connect themselves by marriage with the people who may belong to masters of their own race, or even with those of inferior 'Buckras;' and he has known many instances of respectable and educated blacks (of individuals who have been elevated, not degraded, by slave institutions) who have positively refused offers of freedom, saying they did not want to leave a country the laws of which they understood, to go to one where, perhaps, they may find

themselves uncomfortable, and that among whites it was far more respectable for them to have a master. This I am inclined to believe is the opinion of the best informed and most superior among the black men—of course there will be exceptions; but it is the giddy and profligate negro, as a general rule, who seeks freedom by running away. This subject is so frequently a topic of conversation, that, as long as I remain in America, it will turn up in every day remarks.

*Monday, August 21*, was occupied by papers and discussions upon various subjects. Mr. Lawrence gave a lecture on minerals of the Wheatley lead mines, and the method of analyzing sulphates, arsenates, and molybdates of lead. The Rev. Mr. Brook stated a large number of facts, showing the fatal results which have followed from the marriages of blood relations. This brought up Agassiz upon races—his observations were very curious and striking. Then we had Mr. Blake's notes upon the mammoth Red wood trees (*Sequoias*) of Calaveros country, California; that tree named by Lindley, 'Wellingtonia,' is also a sequoia, Dr. Torrey says. Mr. Blake gave me a specimen of this wood, which, washed over with a sponge dipped in a solution of soda, immediately became so dark as to be almost ebony like. That evening an assembly was held by the Mayor of Providence. Mr. Brown and I leave for New York this



morning, the 21st ; and as Agassiz and many others of the scientific body, consider it their duty to attend the funeral of Mr. Abbott Lawrence in the Auburn Cemetery to-morrow, the meeting must be nearly at an end. Professor Bache and others offered their tribute of gratitude yesterday in eulogiums upon Mr. Lawrence, who was so great a benefactor to science, that the sincere regrets of that body are united to those of all other classes upon his death.

*New York, August 23.*—I got to the St. Nicholas Hotel after a pretty but dusty journey from Providence. General Scott will accompany me to West Point. He is the Commander-in-chief of the American army—an old soldier, six feet five inches in height, who, although he still suffers from wounds received in warring with his old country brethren, does not belie his Scotch descent either in appearance or feeling. I have taken rooms at the New York Hotel for the 27th, to be near the place where the Educational Convention will assemble,—the same Convention I attended at Washington, and the next assembling of which I then promised to visit.

*West Point, August 25.*—This, indeed, is the finest locality possible for a military school, and it appears to bestow such an education as, with some variation, might be a model of early training. Five years is the usual term, and seventeen, or at earliest fifteen, the age of admission. During my travels in the

United States, whenever I have fallen in with a young man who struck me as superior in information, and even in manner, I usually found he had been a Cadet at West Point. It is situated in a beautiful highland district upon the banks of the North River. At present the summer vacation is still unconcluded, and the Cadets who do not take advantage of it are encamped in tents on what is called 'The Plain,' and subject to complete military rule. Last night we went to evening parade. There was a bright moon in unison with a glowing sunset as we left the ground; it was altogether one of the prettiest and most cheerful scenes I have witnessed in America, where one great lack is the absence of athletic games and merry out-of-door amusements for the people. The puritanical leaven has, I suppose, checked everything like games, and this may be one reason for the depression and melancholy which prevail through the general population. There appears to be no reasonable medium between rowdyism and gloom; and so even fires are taken advantage of by the young men and boys to get at something like a 'lark.' I am going on to the Catskill Mountains to-morrow.

*Mountain House, Catskill, August 27.*—This hotel, hung like a bird's nest two thousand five hundred feet above the North River, at the distance of thirteen miles, is placed on a beautiful spot, just where a sunrise can be seen to most advantage; and I am so

fortunate as to have a room, the windows of which look the right way ; but unfortunately the sun rose concealed this morning—still it was fine to see the clouds chasing each other across the moss below. I heard a lady in the open gallery asking in sober earnest, ‘ Is the sun going to rise this morning ? ’ He was certainly up, though not visible ; and the valley was soon also entirely concealed. I went out by six o’clock, and had a pleasant scramble on one of the mountains above till heavy rain came on ; but before seven it poured. We came up the river from West Point yesterday in a steamer going over to Albany. I was surprised to find the distance fifty miles—charming scenery all the way: in some places the Hudson is as wide as Windermere Lake, and I could have believed myself there ; and sometimes this river may be compared to the Rhine ; but it more frequently resembles a chain of Lakes. There is a good carriage road all the way to this place ; though the ascent is very steep, we mounted it in four-horse coaches. I walked with some acquaintances the last three miles, and came through the scene of Rip van Winkle’s adventures. How the materials for building this great Palace of the Hills were ever dragged up, I cannot imagine. It was a noble thought to plant it here, where thousands, if not millions, of human beings will, in the course of time, find enjoyment, and may regain that health and

those spirits which have perhaps been lost in the turmoil below. Fresh cool air may always be found here, I am told, even during the hottest summer; and one feels as if beyond, as well as above, sublunary things. There is no church within reach, but being Sunday morning, service was read by a minister in the house.

After dinner, I walked with some friends to see the highest waterfall I ever heard of, called 'Cuatskill,' which is, I suppose, the same as Catsgill. The word 'skill' or 'gill' originates in a Dutch name; and Clove (as they here call a pass beyond) I have little doubt, has its origin in 'Kloof.' The 'Cuatskill' pours down its stream two hundred feet into a deep rocky dell. It is a much higher fall than the Staubbach, in Switzerland, and the surrounding scenery is as picturesque, though without the high Swiss mountains. The water makes another leap of eighty feet a little farther on.

Monday morning, I again went out before sunrise, and again no sun was visible. At six o'clock, the clergyman, Mr. W——, accompanied me to see fine masses of conglomerate rock upon the Southern Mountain beyond our hotel, and at seven we took our departure through a deep pass, resembling some of those in our Highlands of Scotland. By a circuitous route, the plain below our hotel was reached, and the house was seen upon the edge of the preci-

pice above us. A ferry-boat made its passage from the small town of Catskill across the North River, to meet the cars from Albany, which conveyed our party to New York.

*August 28.*—I attended the Educational Convention, where an excellent farewell address was delivered by Bache, the retiring President. He dwelt forcibly upon the great existing necessity for universities—not mere buildings of stone, or schools for youth—but assemblages of learned men—cosmopolitan institutions; places where men not learned may become so; places where real talent may be fostered, and where scientific information can be found by all who earnestly and diligently seek it,—centres from which all knowledge, theological, mathematical, historical, scientific, &c. &c., may radiate to the remotest corners of this vast country, and imbue the hearts and minds of the great American people with something which shall direct and balance the influence of the *almighty dollar*. The Bishop of Pennsylvania joined the evening exercise, when a paper was read by Professor Tappan, of Michigan, on the ‘Relation of common Schools and Colleges.’

*Wednesday, August 29.*—An excellent lecture was given by the Rev. E. B. Huntingdon, principal of the public school, Stamford, Connecticut, on ‘Mental and Physical Activity.’ In the evening the Rev. F. B. Huntingdon, Professor of Moral Philosophy at

Cambridge University, made a most original and striking address on 'Unconscious Tuition:' fine in language, attractive in delivery, and very practical in matter, although permeated throughout by poetical feeling. He touched even upon the ill effects of the want of refined habits, and the absence of gentlemanly bearing, in those who instruct, and forcibly pointed out how ugly tricks and coarse manners corrupt and debase the young placed under their influence. He said—'The teacher who sits in his chair with feet placed higher than his head, who munches apples and nuts like a monkey, and even sends forth American saliva—like a member of Congress! in all these acts is unconsciously losing the respect of his pupils, and exercising an evil influence over their character.' How true it is, that the most eloquent and accomplished orator has little permanent influence when we feel, perhaps without being able to explain, the effects of a screw loose in his moral character; perhaps there is selfishness, an absence of honesty, a seeking for applause, a something we know not what—we have never been told; but unconsciously, while we admire the talents of the orator, we refuse him our sympathy. Unconsciously his character tells upon our minds—he is no thorough man, and we feel it.

*Thursday, August 30.*—After attending the Educational Meeting in the morning, I spent the rest

of the day with a party of friends on Staaten Island. It reminds me of the Isle of Wight, but New York and North River, with their innumerable bays and creeks and islands, form a more varied and beautiful scene than the Southampton River, and the coast of Hampshire. It requires half an hour to cross over by steam; the island itself is picturesque, and well-wooded: there is a particularly pretty view from a villa belonging to Mr. Cunard. Staaten is sixteen miles in length. I have at last found, in one of the State reports from Texas, some mention of 'horned frogs' (*Phrysonemas*), there are two or three species to be found in Texas and Mexico; mine was *Phrysonema cornuta*. The *Phrysonemas* are true saurians; their bodies, instead of being smooth like frogs and toads, are covered with scales; they never hop or leap as batrachians, but run very fast like spiders. Their upper spines are as large as miniature horns of a gazelle. (I saw at Providence a little stuffed deer from Japan, not much larger than a kitten, and with horns hardly more considerable than those of a *Phrysonoma*.) They are singular creatures, and give one the idea of being stragglers left behind by one of the extinct races; the surface of their bodies is covered with scales, and there is a double abdominal row, quite prickly.

*August 31.*—The *Canada* has brought favourable news from England, which I am inclined to believe

will be received with satisfaction by the best minds in the United States, for Russo tendencies lie merely on the surface. Some of my friends went away early, and I only attended the Convention to hear Professor Barnard, of the Mississippi University upon the improvements that may be introduced into American colleges.

During my stay in New York, I have taken one trip of fifty miles down what is called the East River. It is rather a narrow arm of the sea, extending above a hundred miles, forming Long Island: it passes with a rapid current through the narrow passage called Hellgate, where once an English ship was wrecked. The river is there divided by Bondall Islands, which I last year visited with Governor Seymour to see all the penitentiaries and charitable institutions.

*September 3rd.*—I spent some time in the Acton Library, where I looked over some of Agassiz' publications, and the beautiful Zoological work of Dana. In the evening a friend took me to see Rachel's first American appearance as *Camille*. Seventeen years ago, I witnessed her London *débüt* in the same character. I think her experience, and a longer cultivation of art, do not improve upon the first and natural expression of genius. She is more cultivated, but she cannot touch the heart now as she touched the hearts in the year 1838. She was



well received by a crowded house, and the little *Comédie* of *Les Droits de l'Homme* by Premanoy, was well acted ; three sisters of Rachel's performing all the female characters.

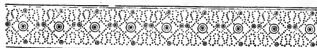
*September 4th.*—I visited the remains of the American Crystal Palace to see part of a Californian mammoth tree (Red-wood), described by Mr. Blake at Providence. The grandeur and singularity of this trunk surpassed my expectations, the trees must appear as much larger than cedars, as cedars exceed hawthorns in size. Some articles still remain in this Crystal Palace, which is now the property of Barnum: the building itself, though so much smaller than Paxton's, is less simple in ornament, and loses in effect from being too elaborate. I intend to proceed to-morrow in the direction of Lake George and Ticonderoga: in that neighbourhood I am to be joined by Governor Seymour, who promises to guide me through part of the Aderondaks, that Highland district of New York State, still a wild forest, although it is as extensive as the whole State of Massachusetts. It is principally frequented by sportsmen for the sake of the game and fish, which have been as yet but little disturbed. When we were at Ogdensburgh we almost touched that territory, which is partly bounded by the St. Lawrence. The streets of New York are much shaded in some places by *Ailanthus glandulosa*, and as most of them are now flowering, or producing

their key-like tassels, they look very pretty. I have not detected the disagreeable odour which they are accused of emitting, nor have I heard of any poisonous influence from them, but perhaps something of that kind may be discovered later in the season. This letter shall be sent from here by post now; perhaps the beauties of Lake George may induce me to begin another.

Yours affectionately,

A. M. M.





## LETTER XXIX.

SARATOGA, N.Y.,

*September 5, 1855.*

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—

I did not imagine that my next letter would date from this place, but imperative circumstances determined that it should be so. We left New York by six o'clock this morning, under the supposition that we were to reach Lake George before night; but though we were at Troy at eleven, all calculation was thrown out by information that no train could take us on till six; we were not told that by going back to Albany another line might forward us sooner; this one had been impeded by an incendiary, who had fired a railroad-bridge, about twenty miles from this place. Having once before visited Troy and made acquaintances there, I walked into the town. All the families I knew were still away on summer tours, a custom nearly universal here in cities; people having usually no country places, take to the country at large. However, I

was so fortunate as to find some friends accidentally at Troy, who afforded me shelter, a warm bath, and some dinner, and kindly walked back with me to the station, at the hour of departure. Precisely at six, the train left Troy, but the one hour (usually time enough for reaching Saratoga) was lengthened into three; for at the river, which was to be crossed, passengers, luggage and all, had to be transferred into a large ferry-boat; and it was necessary to carry weighty boxes up the steep bank of our railway track on the opposite side—a slow process. So we had two hours of travel after dark; and I at once determined to sleep at the United States' Hotel, at Saratoga. Spiteful mischief is too often perpetrated on the railroad tracks. Last year a train of cars, upon which I went in the night from Niagara to Canandagua, was thrown off by the abstraction of a few feet of rail; and the other day several lives were sacrificed by the same thing having been done. I have heard lately of two other bridges having been intentionally set on fire; and these fiendish acts are rarely followed by detection. What can be too bad for wretches who thus unmercifully destroy unoffending people, out of some feeling of individual spite? But we may be sure that fear and remorse will ultimately persecute and haunt such men, until they yearn to end their miserable lives by that rope they may for the present escape.

*Saratoga, Tuesday Morning.*—It is as well that I have been obliged to stop at this place, so much spoken of, though watering-places afford small attraction to me. Upon getting up this morning, however, I can see nothing from windows looking in two directions, but one maple tree imprisoned in a small court; and young maples, set as thick as pines, edging angular walks, and dotting some green and well-shaven turf, in a square enclosed on three sides by this hotel. The air feels cold and October-like. I think thermometers range more widely and vary more suddenly than in England; one very cold day succeeds an intensely hot one; and then, perhaps, we have two hot days again; and the nights are usually cold at this time of year; sometimes even frosty. I already see a brilliant colouring of foliage, which shows the leaves have been touched by frost.

*Lake George, September 6.*—I left Saratoga by the early train: one hour's morning walk being enough to give me some idea of a place which is a ruralized Baden-Baden, or Homburg, or Schwalbad, or any other *bad*,—I daresay a pleasant resort for people who seek only fresh air and disagreeable water, and numberless acquaintances. It resembles German baths, with rather less gambling, more dancing, and more dressing; and I was delighted to get away from such annoyances, to this charming

lake, and to find myself in an hotel quite home-like. A coach brought us the last fourteen miles; we came by Glen Falls, where the water rushes finely, in spite of lumber and saw-mills, down a descent of seventy or eighty feet; then we passed a place called 'Bloody Pond,' the battle of Lake George having been fought near, in 1755. You may remember, this engagement was between Sir W. Johnson, aided by Hendrick, the Mohawk chief and the French general, Dieskau, with his Canadian Indians. Now, we are among the very scenes depicted in *The Last of the Mohicans*. Cooper calls this lovely lake, Horican (Transparent Water); I believe he confessed it was a supposititious Indian name; but I cannot find out any other given to it by the Aborigines. The French appellation was St. Sacrament; that of the English, Lake George; and both historical and local associations now confirm it.

I am at an original hotel, called the Lake House; much pleasanter and less staring than a new place, built in a beautiful situation at the southern end, 'The William Henry Hotel.' Here I do not feel as if I was at a place of public resort, though the house contains a large number of guests. It has easy access to the water from a lawn, for bathing, fishing, or boating, and bowling and billiards may be enjoyed by those who wish for them. I find pleasant families here who do

not make gay attire and good dinners the first objects of life. Horican (Transparent Water), that was a characteristic name! Lake George unites the beauties of Loch Lomond, Windermere, and Wenham 'Pond;' and is as beautiful as any lake I know, excepting that its mountains, though fine, are not so rugged as some of our Highlands. It is wide enough, without the shores being too distant from each other; the water has, in many places, a depth of one hundred and twenty feet. It empties itself into Lake Champlain, near Ticonderoga; so called from Checonderoga, an Iroquois word, signifying 'sounding waters,' on account of the noise made by the water rushing from Lake George. *The Last of the Mohicans* has made this neighbourhood doubly interesting. Yesterday we had a gay and touching celebration of the hundredth anniversary of the victory gained by the British and Americans over the French, in September, 1755. My own maternal grandfather led his Highland regiment during the conflict of those days; and this commemoration was one which enlisted my sympathies. Gentlemen and ladies walked in two separate processions to the church, where, after a short prayer, Dr. Vanraensselaere gave a detailed historical account of the events of 1755, and the years succeeding. After firing off cannon there was a beautiful array of boats, decorated with flags; most of them had only one lady

in the stern ; mine carried the English ensign. Mrs. Potter had the Scotch thistle. English and French flags waved in union on this occasion, and the band played *God save the Queen*, with other airs. There were about twenty-four boats marshalled in line upon the Lake, or sweeping along in succession, at the command of a Commodore. The scene was very gay upon the beautiful waters ; and, when night came on, the darkness was illuminated by a liberal display of rockets and Roman candles. A subscription was proposed for raising a monument on the old battle-field to the heroes who fell there, particularly to the gallant Indian chief, Hendrick ; and I hope the object will be accomplished.

*September 10.*—I went with a party in a steamer thirty miles up the lake to Ticonderoga, which is a small town on the Lake George side of the fort. There are still ditches and fortifications which mark the battle-field. Sixteen hundred British were killed in that engagement.\* The fort is situated on a peninsula which runs into Lake Champlain ; it is a beautiful site, commanded by a mountain which has been named Defiance. The rest of our party went to dine at an hotel near, but I remained for

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\* The French entangled them among the branches of felled trees, so that their forces were scattered and destroyed.



two or three hours sketching and wandering about the fortifications, which are very extensive. This is the only interesting ruin I have seen in America.

*September 12.*—Yesterday, in my way here, I stopped for an hour or two at the hotel to wait for a steamer. The landlord took so great an interest in a sketch of the fort, which I made from a window in his house, that he would not hear of my paying either for my own dinner or R——'s; the only repayment he would accept was a hasty copy of my drawing.

At Westport I was fortunate in finding Mr. H. L——, who drove me up to see his pretty cottage, situated upon a rock which commands a splendid view. While I was absent this morning, Governor Scymour arrived with his niece, and he has gone on to Elizabeth Town, to make necessary arrangements for our camping out of town in the Aderondaks. We are to join him at an early hour to-morrow morning. Weather promises to be favourable, and the black fly has vanished, so that we have every prospect of enjoying our gipsy expedition.

*September 12.*—We started before six o'clock, and joined Mr. Seymour at Elizabeth Town. We met Professor Baird, who is staying there, and Mr. H——, one of our *compagnons de voyage*. We set off after making backwood arrangements, and selecting kettles and pans. Tea, biscuits, lemons, portable soup, and

arrow-root went into small space ; these, with trout and venison, will feed us nobly for a week. Branches of the hemlock spruce with waterproof coverings, duvets, blankets, and air-cushions will form our couches ; and our Governor carries a tent in case of wet weather. We reached the Sarawak Lake about an hour after dark, conveyed by buck-boards and wagons—much too civilized a mode of proceeding ; but we go on in boats or on foot, and hope to travel more than a hundred miles with packs on our backs and staffs in our hands—this will be delightful ! On our way yesterday, we passed through fine passes and grand mountains. I made one sketch, in which Tahawas, ‘ the cloud splitter,’ was included. We thought ourselves unhappy at sleeping in the little Sarawak hotel last night, though it was three in a room, constructed of rough boards and lathes ; still this will be the last time for some days we shall have any other canopy than heaven, and the small tent which is to be carried with us. Our drive from Elizabeth Town to this place was about thirty-two miles ; the road rough, but practicable by walking up the steepest parts. In our way we picked a variety of wild fruits, blackberries, huckleberries, cherries, and above all, a little red plum, which, though rather hard and acid, I thought would make a good pudding at our first camp in the woods ; so I got enough for that purpose. It was quite dark for

an hour before we reached Baker's—the name by which this last house of reception on the Sarawak River is known. We had no other difficulty, however, than making our way once nearly into a shed, instead of following the road, and after backing out, our proposed resting-place was soon reached.

While the party were packing up, I parted with R——, and sent her back in the carriage to embark again in the steamboat to Westport. She will go round by Utica to Canandaigua, to give Mrs. Seymour a report of us so far; and I shall pick her up again at the latter place, where she will remain with our hospitable friends, Mr. and Mrs. G——. Miss M—— and Mr. S—— walked on a mile or two to the lake side, and left Mr. H—— and one guide to accompany me, after I had made a sketch of the place and surrounding mountains from a hill above. On the edge of Sarawak Lake we found a small house, three boats, and various articles prepared for forest expeditions. One boat was set apart for two dogs, guns, and baggage, taken care of by Jamie M'Clelland, who had enough of Scotch recollections to induce him to look with a pleased expression at one of my name.

Mr. Moody, the head guide, rowed the boat, in which I had a comfortable seat of cloaks and cushions, with the Governor. Miss M——, his niece, and Mr. H——, were conducted by a fine

youth of nineteen, who goes by the name of 'Prince Albert,' and it is believed he was so christened at two years old, though he looked shy and annoyed when asked about it, and said he believed it was '*Pliny* Albert.' The weather was perfect, as we rowed along the beautiful Sarawak Lake. For the first time I saw the Loon, and heard it utter its wild cry, more resembling a mocking laugh than anything else. I could have fancied it saying, 'You intruders, you—you will have enough of this before you have done.' A fine eagle next soared over our heads, and ravens also.

We floated on water as smooth as glass, passing by lovely islands and fine rocks, until we came to the first rapid, an inlet into the next lake, where we disembarked, that the men might carry and push through their boats. I sketched during this operation, while Mr. S—— mended the slight terminal pole of his fishing-rod, which an accident had broken: then we proceeded to a small 'round lake,' prettily set among the mountains, but very shallow, the rushes and Lilypods growing plentifully over it. Now we had a portage. Each man carried a boat on his head, and we loaded ourselves with as much as we could carry. M—— and I filled my Scotch plaid with baskets and bundles, and we bore it between us. The distance was short, but it was above an hour before we were again afloat in the Upper

Sarawak, at the end of which our first encampment was to be made. Upon landing, we chose a pretty spot; the guides hastily built up a great log fire. I gathered up some brush and fir-cones to help the blaze, and we broke off small branches (or 'feathers') of the hemlock spruce, which makes the sweetest and best foundation for an Alpine couch in this country—sweeter than, if not so pretty as, our heather. Over this the Governor spread a thin oilskin. My air-cushions were most valuable: we puffed them up, and with these, my leather bag as a bolster, large plaids and felt coverings, and Mary M——'s black and scarlet shawl as a curtain of division, we, two ladies and two gentlemen, slept soundly, after making a hearty supper off trout and potatoes. I had provided a dozen lemons, aware that when no milk can be had, the juice is an excellent addition to tea, and this plan was unanimously approved. To our guides the idea was quite new; and, as all forest fare is common pot-luck, they were quite pleased. 'It isn't bad,'—'Right fine, I'll assure you;' but the first sentence implies almost as high praise as 'It wont hurt you;' and that is the *acme*. I concocted my pudding with the wild-plums, deprived of their stones, biscuit, brown sugar, a little butter, and some water; but, as some hours' stewing was necessary, this dish was not produced before our breakfast. One of the boats was turned upside down for

a table ; our candlestick, a large potato placed upon a tin pail inverted. The guides bivouacked close around the little tent. About half-past two o'clock, according to a common habit in the forests, we all roused up for half-an-hour, replenished the fire, and I removed my stew to a little fire of its own, that it might not get quite stewed away before morning. We then again composed ourselves to sleep again, and had comfortable naps till daylight. During the night I heard a horrible noise once or twice, and, imagining it might be the howl of a wolf, I called to Moody, who assured me it was nothing but a screech-owl. At five o'clock began preparations for breakfast—frying pork, boiling trout and potatoes, and water for the kettle of tea ; at last, trout were broiled in the same pan with the pork gravy, an excellent dish. We two ladies went down to the lake to make our toilet, and balanced ourselves in one of the empty boats, to use tooth-brushes, &c. While the rest of the party were packing up, and preparing to undertake the portage to Story Creek, I made a sketch before the tent was struck, and caught one of the men in the act of carrying a boat, with his head concealed underneath, like some nondescript shell-fish.

Before we started, the gentlemen hung a small mirror of M——'s on a tree, and very composedly shaved themselves. The guides took the boats upon

their heads, and after two returns they transported all the baggage the rest of the party could not carry through two miles of difficult portage. Then we reached the Otter's Creek and Raquette River, where at last, at the junction of the streams, there was such good fishing, that a long pause ensued. The trout were large and plentiful. The Governor caught several, weighing from two to three pounds. Mr. H—— lost two of his best: one owing to his young boatman, and the other owing to his own hurry in pulling up his prize. I landed to sketch the scenery, and was so much absorbed as to leave my parasol in a bush. We rowed back half a mile for its recovery; however, Mr. Moody took this trouble without a murmur, and Mr. S—— having extremely enjoyed his sport, I believe he was rather pleased to take another look at that pleasant locality. We did not again join the other boats until our arrival at the next rapids, where we were obliged to resign ourselves to another tedious portage; but the row down Raquette River had been delightful—it flows through a deep forest of maples, pines, and tamarisks; the crimson tints of autumn blending with dark and orange foliage, tiny seedling red maples dotting the rocks and the bogs; the cantinal flower-blue gentian, and lilac asters occasionally showing themselves; but through this whole region, the autumnal flora has not a grèat deal of variety. I

gathered some berries of a *Rhamnus*, saw very large-leaved willows and species of *Vaccinium* (one very good indeed); the scarlet berries of *Cornus Canadensis* everywhere enlivened the forest; and there were also the white Partridge berry, bright trillium seeds, and the large and small winter green *Gaultheria procumbens*.

Now and then the starry flowers of *Houstonias* lingered on the ground, and raspberries and low blackberries refreshed us on our way—these, with the exception of white and yellow *Nymphæas*, called by the people ‘Lilypods,’ were all I saw of flowers or seeds. Deer feed much on these lilypods early in the season, and as they come down to the rivers and lakes in search of their tender shoots, they fall an easy prey at that period; but now they feed upon higher grounds, so dogs are sent off who hunt out a single one, and chase him down to any part of the lakes, where they are loosed; there they keep him in the water, and by their baying call their masters to finish the chase. Our gentlemen were not successful in shooting any, because, owing to the long distance we had to travel through this wilderness (about one hundred and fifty miles), the mornings could not be spared for hunting; and although two attempts were made by despatching the hounds in the afternoon, they did not bring their game back until too dark for even the accustomed to get a shot. Maple



and birch are considered the best wood with which to build a fire: the common distinguishing phrase is 'hard and soft wood.' Hard is applied to deciduous trees, soft to the pines and evergreens. 'How finely the soft and hard trees are mixed on that mountain,' said one of our party.

Upon landing below the Raquette Falls, we had a mile and a half of difficult portage: the signs of a trail were at times hardly visible; gigantic timber felled by storms, or by time, crossed the obscure path, sometimes every twenty yards; deep bogs, and slippery rocks impeded it, and we had often to retrace our steps, or seek a blazed tree before we could find our way; each individual of the party straggled on as he or she could, with their load. When Mr. S—— had conveyed his to the edge of the river above the Falls, he kindly returned to relieve me of whatever basket or bundle I had been able to carry; and so we all at last reached our intended camping place, a beautiful spot. Our tent was soon pitched, a bright fire in front of it was lit, just at the edge of the water, and another blaze, for cooking, made near to our boat-table. The largest trout was boiled, the smaller ones broiled, with excellent potatoes, for our supper; tea-lemonade our beverage. As an awakening amusement for an hour afterwards, we played a game of whist, with a not very white pack of cards, procured from one of the guides; and then after arranging our couch

as before, we slept very soundly till after one o'clock, when the fires were made up, and then we slept till again morning; not a sound disturbed the forest, except that of the rippling waters at our feet; but when we awoke at six, a gentle rain pattered upon the surrounding trees. However, it was no more than 'the pride of the morning,' just enough to make us more sensible of the blessing of fine weather. M. M—— selected a sheltered rocky nook, a little way back for our dressing-room; there we bathed, and adjusted our toilet with brushes, combs, tooth-brushes, a luxury of towels, and even a tiny mirror hung upon the lowest branch of a fine hemlock spruce; this smartening up of the individual woman marked our Sunday morning, for no Sabbath-day's rest can be set apart for travellers in the Bush, who must get to their journey's end by a certain day, or go without the common necessities of existence. We came forth again arrayed in cleanliness: its opposite is at times picturesque, but certainly not comfortable. On the whole, I was impressed by the tidy habits of our three guides; they omitted no opportunity for using the fresh pure water to wash away impurities, either on their hands or upon our culinary matters, and never left cup or platter in a soiled state, if they could help it.

Before our starting, the Governor rowed me over to the opposite shore for a sketch of our resting-place.

A few miles further up the Raquette River some of our party saw the track of a wolf, and we heard the partridge drum: this noise is caused by the wing of that bird, which in plumage is like ours, but in size it comes nearer to our pheasant. Wild-ducks appeared numerous, but they kept at a distance. Now again we got sight of distant mountains; of late, the forests and swamps have been low and flat. The approach to Long Lake is so thickly covered with lily-pods, rushes, and other water-plants, that it seemed as if we were making our way across watery meadows. When we reached the lake itself, the wind blew freshly, and our boatmen had to row eighteen miles against it and the wavelets which arose. Occasional settlements dot the shores: a boy of ten years old paddled his little boat towards us, and when we asked him if many people lived there, he answered, 'There is the baby, and a few more.' Evidently, that baby was the individual of most importance. We again saw wild-ducks, an eagle, a gull, and a loon; and at one spot (a rare sight in this wilderness) two small wagons were waiting to be transported across the lake.

A Mr. and Mrs. Carey, with a family of young children, possessing cows and horses, and a house in the background, lived just behind the rocky knoll where we decided upon forming our encampment—under some tall pine trees: they supplied us with excellent milk and bread-and-butter, an unaccus-

tomed luxury, and also with some straw for our beds. Mrs. Carey, a pleasing young woman, visited us with a present of blackberries after supper. The 'Owl's Head' was a prominent mountain beyond, and a young crescent moon arose not far above it. In the morning we had some fine rain ; but with the aid of my large umbrella, I did not miss a sketch of our camp : and the palmetto fly-flapper I had brought all the way from Mobile proved of great use in frightening away mosquitoes. Alas ! I afterwards lost it during one of the portages. Here it was decided to leave one boat. Mr. Carey was to convey the chief guide with a second one in a wagon, a cross-cut through the woods ; and we all packed into the remaining boat, as there was some probable difficulty in getting through rapids and portages. The guns and dogs having both been conveyed to the land carriage, whole flights of ducks passed fearlessly within shot, as if they had by some means become aware of their security. After two or three portages, fatiguing and difficult enough, the men determined to attempt pushing the boat through the last rapid. Now touching one rock, now fast upon another, the water rushing by, I did not think the adventure a pleasant one ; at last we came to a dead lock. Jamie M'Clelland proposed, that Governor Seymour and Mr. H—— should jump upon a rock, water-surrounded as it was, and by so lightening the boat, we were with

difficulty floated up to a landing : here we quickly heard Moody's whoop, and he came up with a partridge he had killed during his progress by land : and soon the whole party was again mustered, for our gentlemen had waded on shore from their rock and thus rejoined us. This day we saw the track of a moose-deer on the edge of a stream ; plenty of tracks and signs of smaller deer : one or two solitary cranes, and a bald-headed eagle. It was muddy walking ; we were thoroughly bespattered, but Jamie endeavoured to console us by the assurance that he had 'seen women looking much worse.'

In these forests, the variety of funguses is beyond description ; some, just like beautiful white coral. Many were in form and substance quite different from any drawings or models I have seen ; the colours scarlet, orange, pink, pure white, black, drab, and rose ; and bunches of that odd monotrope, the Indian pipe, constantly fringed our path. It seems to me that there is something nourishing in the air of these Alpine forests : I never felt very hungry, although our meals were far apart, and usually very light in substance. As we rowed down the Raquette Lake, I observed a yellow sunset, with heaped-up clouds to the south, and a suspicion crossed my mind that stormy weather was brewing. At a rough clearing, our guides pulled up. A shanty belonging to a Mr. Becch was not a great way off, and, oddly enough,

there was another clearing on the opposite shore of the lake, owned by a Mr. Wood.

Our tent was pitched on a cleared spot, near where a famous eagle once had his eyrie upon a tall pine; both pine and eagle are gone—the latter died, and the former was blown down. Some dried venison was procured, and a neighbour provided milk. We composed ourselves to rest, and slept till midnight; then growling thunder, vivid lightning, and pouring rain disturbed our slumbers. A wet morning followed, and any intention of striking our tent was abandoned. It was a violent storm—probably an equinoctial gale. We had only to be patient and enduring, with the conviction that ‘Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.’

In the afternoon the weather cleared, and we went by the lake to visit Mr. and Mrs. Becch, while the gentlemen and the guides went off hunting. But their dogs did not immediately find, and again, it was too dark to shoot a deer which was hunted down to the water. The ladies returned to our tent, and, as I had a reserved provision of arrowroot, I determined to make a large kettleful, flavoured with lemons and molasses, adding to it a portion of Malaga, and putting in biscuits. This made a comforting warm mess for the cold and tired hunters upon their return.

After the violent rain of last night and to-day,

we found our hemlock spruce beds rather damp, although the guides had turned the tent so as to face a large fire, and accommodate it to a change of wind. In spite of all the wet, however, no colds were caught, and early on the 20th of September we embarked again on the lake in high spirits. The guides had stowed themselves under one of the boats during the night, which perhaps sheltered them even more completely than our tent did us.

During this last pause in our wanderings, we could not help being struck by the wild, careless, picturesque appearance inside that tent. Seated upon the floor, where we were taking our meals, with pans of tea, and plates of tin, air-cushions, and variously coloured plaids and felts scattered around; sketch-books and presses, books and maps; a large tin case, containing our store of grocery, a huge basket full of biscuits, a hammer ensconced among bunches of berries; tallow candles, under protection from the damp, towels, hats, bonnets, and other articles of attire impartially scattered; accidentally bestowed touches of scarlet and blue upon the interior, lit up as it was by the warm glow of a blazing wood fire—this would have formed a picture for Gerard Dow.

I forgot to say we ate Mr. Moody's partridge for breakfast, and it proved excellent. I did not omit to sketch this encampment before we left it. As we

rowed up the Raquette Lake, a slight snow-storm overtook us, but it was soon over. Even during that early morning, with its fog and snow, the lake was beautiful, with numerous bays and islands, and blue mountains rising in the distance. We passed through a narrow channel for some way, then disembarked for a portage to the eighth lake of the Eckford chain; for eight lakes of differing magnitude are strung upon the Moose River, and we were to pass through all. We now found a sandy beach which before had been rocky. The cheerful little crossbill hopped fearlessly around us, and wild-ducks flew away. After rowing across the eighth, another portage brought us to the seventh lake. There was some difficulty in pushing the boats over a sandy bar at its entrance from the narrow stream we had just traversed. The seventh lake is quite encircled by hills. We observed a tempting rocky promontory, and as the sun was getting low, we decided upon landing upon a pretty sheltered beach behind it.

Our tent was pitched behind a gigantic fallen tree, against which the fire was made: it served as a convenient table for our cooking operations, as well as a good back for the blaze. I made a can of excellent portable soup, a provision we had before tried with success; but now I added a little arrowroot, an onion, potatoes, two or three spoonsful of sweet wine, and several biscuits. It was generally agreed



that this mixture 'would not hurt anybody;' indeed it might anywhere have been considered an excellent soup.

I found a quarter of a pound of portable soup, or a quarter of a pound of arrowroot necessary to make the quantity sufficient for seven hungry bodies. Although I brought these things with me from England more than a year ago, they were in good *préservation*; and I recommend London portable soup to all travellers in the Bush, and advise them also to add lemons and a good store of sugar, brown and white, to their other preparations. We had a bright moon this evening. Some hunters and fishers were upon the lake, and from the latter our people procured trout, and all enjoyed this camp particularly, even though no deer were attained. We had a misty morning, but the mountain tops soon peered out. We again embarked, and passed from one lake into others, sometimes by such narrow outlets that there was a difficulty in finding them, until at the last our boatmen rowed twice a considerable distance before a swampy-looking egress was discovered: this led us into a pretty winding creek, and another short portage brought us below the falls of the Moose River into its rapid stream. Here we had only one boat. The Governor (for our other gentlemen had been obliged to leave us before we entered the chain of lakes) walked on to make some arrangements at

Arnold's Farm, and we two ladies, in charge of Mr. Moody and M'Cleland, had a pleasant row, seeing many canvas-back ducks before us in the river. The former shot one, which I have no doubt would have been very good for dinner, but we never had any time or opportunity for trying the experiment. Mr. Seymour remained to make arrangements with the guides while his niece and I walked on to Arnold's Farm. There we found Mrs. Arnold and six daughters. These girls, aged from twelve to twenty, were placed in a row against one wall of the shanty, with looks so expressive of astonishment, that I felt puzzled to account for their manner, till their mother informed us they had never before seen any other woman than herself! I could not elicit a word from them; but, at last, when I begged for a little milk, the eldest went and brought me a glass. I then remembered that we had met a single hunter rowing himself in a skiff on the Moose River, who called out, 'Where on the 'arth do they women come from?' And our after-experience fully explained why ladies are rare birds in that locality. At this place we expected to find horses, but owing to our twenty-four hours' detention on Raquette Lake, they had been sent off to bring up some gentlemen from Brown's Tract; pedestrianism was therefore our only resource. Jamie M'Cleland came up from the river and explained that unless we made some fur-

ther progress this evening, we should not be able to get through the forest during daylight to-morrow, and delay was of importance, so we decided upon trudging on as far as possible. Jamie took the tent on his back, and Mr. Seymour and the other guides were to follow as soon as they could select positive necessities from our baggage. Mrs. Arnold was furious—she did all but try to detain us by force—declared we could not get on, and that she should soon see us back again; but necessity has no law: we felt the importance of determination, and we had become too experienced gipsies to fear camping out. For one mile we had a pleasant path, then commenced the series of bog-holes which, with few and short intervals, were to be scrambled through for sixteen miles. The worst was, that as night closed in, we could not find a dry spot upon which to pitch our tent. At last we sent Jamie on, and he brought us the news that, at a short distance, he had found a little knoll above the bogs.

Dark as it was, we reached this spot without any other mishap than an occasional flounder in the mud; but all the lumber around was soaking wet. No fire could be made till our guide had cut down a tree—for he had not forgotten his axe; and his experienced arm soon felled a birch of considerable size, cut it in logs about two yards long, and so built up a fire, which we assisted in lighting, by

breaking off dry brush from the surrounding bush. Jamie worked hard ; and before Mr. Seymour and the other guides joined us with exclamations of astonishment how we had ever got through the places which had nearly swamped them, the tent was raised, hemlock branches gathered, and a good fire blazed all ready for cooking operations. The young moon occasionally peeped through the foliage above our heads ; but it was too thick for much light to be visible. Our only misfortune at that moment was the sufferings of poor young Princee Albert, who lay upon the ground agonized and quite useless. We gave him what comfort we could ; and I administered camphor, which soothed the pain, and enabled him to get sleep. Our head guide told me he knew the value of that substance in most cases of slight illness ; and that he seldom went into the forest unprovided with some of it.

Before daylight next morning we again aroused ourselves. Fortunately sufficient portable soup and arrowroot was still left to make a good warm mess for breakfast ; and this nourishment is so lasting, that, with the exception of half a biscuit and some water, I got on upon it till we reached our resting-place at Bonville, after nine in the evening. At this encampment, we parted from our three guides, who had conducted themselves excellently well through all our difficulties. Jamie, a Canadian,

was going back to take his young wife, of nineteen (to whom he had been four years married), to his father's house, near Montreal. 'An' wont she be glad to see me back. I wouldn't change my gal for any gal in the States, or in Canada either.' Jamie is a sober, handy fellow. I feel sure he is a good husband, as he certainly made a thoughtful, intelligent attendant on us two women in the Bush. The Governor fell in with Mr. Wood, of Raquette Lake, at Arnold's, and engaged him to see us safely through the concluding passage of our travels; but, as the only chance of getting assistance to meet us, it was necessary to send him on. Mr. Seymour must always be considered a brave man, for having undertaken alone, to take us that day's walk; but having never passed through this track before, he was happily not fully aware of what he undertook, or he confesses he should have been afraid. The path we had to follow was a road cut through the forest fifty years ago; planks had been laid down and corduroy bridges made; but, as no settlement followed, left to entire neglect, the rotten timbers only made bad worse; and I imagine that it would be impossible to find anywhere a tract so difficult to get over as that through which we patiently laboured for ten consecutive hours. Mr. Seymour's patience and good humour never gave way. Putting off the packages on his back he now extricated one companion,

now another, from a boggy 'fix.' I never shall forget the astonishment of Mr. Stephens, of yacht celebrity, when, on horseback with another gentleman and guides, he met us emerging from the Bush! They had four horses; and our *avant-courier*, Mr. Wood, had secured one of them, upon which I mounted; and, although it was not easy to keep my seat upon a man's saddle in getting over such ground, I soon found the benefit of being carried on the last few miles by some other agency than my own feet. Mr. Scymour and his niece walked on; in one mile more we again reached the Moose River, and crossed it in a boat; and another two hours brought us to the clearing, where a small wagon was procured—rough enough, but still a wagon—which took us to a comfortable hotel, at the small town of Bonville, from whence, after a good night's rest, we got on by coach and cars to Utica. A singular and touching circumstance occurred to me in the coach. An old man and a younger one conversed in Welsh. I could not help inquiring what part of Wales they came from, for that tongue awoke in my heart early memories. The old man knew Caermarthen; had been at Abergwilly, and spoke of my father as 'that charity man.' David Owen was quite blind; but that meeting was pleasant to us both. After fifty years to hear one's father's name spoken of with respect and affection, in this

far distant land ! There are many Welsh people settled hereabouts. Owen's home was a small village near Trenton Falls. As we passed over a bridge,—

‘ Now,’ he said, ‘ we are near my home.’

‘ Not being able to see, how do you know that ?’

‘ Ah ! do I not understand the voice of that bridge ?’ And one or two miles beyond, the old man and I parted, he shaking me by the hand, with his blessing. Three days at Utica were necessary to recruit and repose myself. Now I write from Canandaigua, on the eve of starting for Chicago and St. Louis.

*Buffalo, September 27.*—We left Canandaigua at ten this morning ; but, having reached this place by four, we cannot proceed till half-past nine o'clock. By travelling all night, we may arrive at Chicago to-morrow evening, and be at St. Louis next day.

*Chicago, Friday night.*—We have travelled four hundred and ninety-two miles since ten o'clock last night ; very rapidly and pleasantly to-day, only changing cars at Toledo. The previous night's journey was a crowded one ; a great number of the men in the carriages indulged themselves in the habits of the backwoods, which made them very unpleasant neighbours, although their appearance was respectable ; and I was glad of a change which gave us another set of fellow-travellers. The country between this place and Cleveland is in a rapid course

of settlement. There is not an evergreen of any kind to be seen—neither firs, spruce, nor cedars; the forest consists entirely of ‘hard’ wood trees, of which there is a great variety—chiefly beech, oak, plane, ash, and poplar. I did not observe much hiccory, or any acacias; and, as the timber is not on the whole of great size, I suppose there is less difficulty in making clearings in this district than in some others I have passed through. Numerous towns are starting up—as usual, with names not particularly well selected.

After Toledo, we passed through Hudson, Hillsdale, Jonesville, Coldwater, White Pigeon, &c. &c. On approaching Chicago, the country begins to acquire a prairie character; and I saw such large fields of grain, and so many signs of improved farming, that but for snake-fences, I could have believed myself in some parts of England. A rolling district, dotted by small lakes, prevails about Hillsborough, while for a hundred miles this side Lake Erie the forests are flat and undiversified. In marshy plains, bilious fevers are common. I was told that sleeping in respirators is a certain preventive. I wonder whether this has been tried at Norfolk, where there has been of late such dreadful pestilence. During our journey here, I heard of the fall of Sebastopol—sad, sad carnage. My anxiety to know the names of those who have last sacrificed



themselves for England and duty must, perhaps, remain unappeased for days. Friends and friends' sons still there to be risked—herocs and Cornelias: they will have their reward.

During our mountain expedition I was struck by the one fact which gives American armies an advantage in warfare—the practical rifle skill which backwoods' sport cultivates. Our guides always took off the head of a squirrel with their guns, to avoid (as they said) 'injuring the skin,' so that every American soldier is a good marksman, while many of England's brave peasantry, though willing and ready to fight, hardly know (upon their first enlistment) how to fire off a shot. This morning, I remarked a circumstance which has before attracted my observation travelling in railroad cars. Men in the garb of gentlemen, and who would be indignant at being addressed by any other appellation, were busy helping one another to drams of brandy in the early morning. Quart bottles of spirits extracted from carpet-bags is no uncommon sight. This habit is rather illustrative of that aristocratic law which denies liberty of action to the poor and sick, while it does not trench upon the freedom of the rich and luxurious. Have fanatics who advocate this law ever considered that the same principle might be applied to the 'Tree of the knowledge of good and evil?' Would not these people have

preached to the Saviour upon the impropriety of his first miracle, or the dangers of the sacramental wine? About forty miles from Chicago we passed the first prairie town of Joliet. Before entering it there is a cutting through a kind of alluvial conglomerate, formed of gravel, sand, and round water-worn pebbles; and around it there are well cultivated farms, backed by forests; large fields of grain, and numerous herds of cattle. We soon traversed a prairie, and saw wide, wide plains covered with grass and flowers on every side. It is too late for the great beauty of the flowers. Now there are few in but *Asters*, *Coreopsis*, and *Solidagos*. After Bloomington where we stopped to dine, nothing could be more bleak and dreary than the towns, or rather villages, among them *Lincoln*, *Chatham*, *Girard*; the population squalid and dirty; nothing looking clean but the white painted wooden houses, scattered over the black trod-down prairies; not a fence, not a bush, not a garden. These places appear to me much more desolate than any forest clearings; there you can, at any rate, make large fires to enliven the scene. Our journey was unpleasant: in the day it rained, and every window would have been closed, if I had not kept mine open with a parasol before it. At night a rough-looking set of men opened every glass wide. Whatever the mornings may be, almost all nights in America are cold. A superabundance of air

in the cars is not often to be complained of; but I have seldom met with any consideration for ladies in this particular. In travelling to Chicago, when I had a small bit of my own window open, a gentleman three seats off came and put it down without any request or one word of apology. No room for more in this letter.

Yours affectionately,

A. M. M.







## LETTER XXX.

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI, U.S.,  
October 1, 1855.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—

It was almost twelve o'clock at night when the *Reindeer* steamer landed R—— and me at this place. The river voyage of twenty-five miles was a most unexpected termination of our long railroad journey from Chicago. It seems this line is just on the point of being opened to a terminus at St. Louis,\* and meanwhile a kind of mystery (very commonly thrown around unfinished rail lines) has enveloped the communication between this place and Chicago. I was assured of going through, but the manner and the means were left unexplained, and it was with some surprise that I found myself transferred from an omnibus into a steamboat, instead of a hotel. Upon landing, I determined not to invade my proposed hosts, Dr. and Mrs. P——, at that time of night; so after procuring a carriage, we drove to the

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\* Since I left America a terrible accident has occurred, by the fall of a bridge.

Planters' Hotel, where I had the most reasonable charge for a night's lodging and breakfast that I have paid in America: and after breakfast, my friends came and removed us to their own comfortable house. In the afternoon, they drove me to see the Cemetery, and also to visit Mrs. P——'s father and mother, a few miles out of town. Colonel O'F—— has a very singular and interesting place, built on the site of some aboriginal city, and upon the summit of one of the ancient mounds. In digging foundations, hundreds of skeletons of a very old type were found; stone hatchets; and, among other relics, one delicately-worked small mocassin. The trees which now shade (and so bury the dwelling that but a very small peep of the Mississippi can be obtained from its portico) were, with the exception of one poplar, all planted by Colonel O'F——. He purchased a considerable estate there forty years ago, and has a charming garden, with some of the finest *Magnolias macrophylla*, *pumila*, and *purpurea* I ever saw, excepting in the forests round Mobile: magnificent evergreens, *Ilex opaci*, Red cedars, and various pinuses; *Ipomœa*, *Quammoclit*, and *Coccinea*, forming bowers six feet high, and rose bushes fifteen in height. I brought away the first ripened seed-vessel of *Magnolia macrophylla* I ever saw. I think this tree, flowers and fruit, still handsomer than *grandiflora*; the leaves are larger and finer, although

neither so dark, shining, or persistent as those of the grandiflora, and the flowers also are larger, though not so numerous. In the evening, the Botanist, Dr. Engelmann (introduced by a note from Dr. Gray), called and gave me much information; my pleasant friends Dr. and Mrs. L—— also.

*October 2.*—Dr. L—— came before nine in the morning, and drove me out to see various parts of the town and environs. I wished to make a sketch or two, but it was difficult to find any spot from whence the Mississippi and the city could be made picturesque, and there would have been no satisfaction in a mere bird's-eye view. At last I drew the great river, with that now small village upon the opposite bank, called Cahokia, a place which was once of importance, but which St. Louis has supplanted and so completely eclipsed, that its name is hardly known beyond its immediate vicinity. I made one more drawing looking back upon St. Louis, taking as foreground one of the most picturesque and singular limekilns I ever saw; it is so rare to find a picturesque bit of building in America, even a limekiln. My pleasant kind friend then took me to see Dr. Engelmann, where, upon a small lead at the back of his little town house (which was trellised by a Catawa vine in full bearing), is to be seen the most rare and curious collection of Yuccas and Cacti, cultivated this side of the Atlantic; most

of them from Mexico. The Doctor kindly gave me a little box of seedlings, which I hope to import safely into England. These objects of interest delayed my return to Dr. and Mrs. P—— until after their dinner hour. I was easily forgiven; but they and some friends were waiting. We spent the evening with Dr. and Mrs. L——. Although I was obliged to be on board the steamer at six, I did not go to rest till two o'clock in the morning.

*Chicago, October 3.*—A beautiful day; and as Lake Michigan is the only path by which I can hope to attain Mackinaw and the Sault St. Marie, after reaching Milwaukie by railroad, fine weather is of great importance; but the elements have been unceasingly goodnatured to me: ever since I left the shores of England, rain or sunshine has always come at the right time for my particular objects, and if this good fortune will only continue till the second week in November, and see me well across the Atlantic again, I shall have the greatest reason to be thankful.

Now I must go back to my leaving St. Louis yesterday morning. After performing every other act of hospitality and kindness possible, Dr. and Mrs. P——, and Dr. L—— were up at five; the two gentlemen accompanied me to the *Reindeer* steamer, and remained till the starting-bell rung. At St. Louis I have left a valuable and valued friend, even if in this phase of existence I meet him no



more. We steamed away from the first forest of only funnels I ever beheld. At New Orleans there was also an immense assemblage of steamers, but there I saw also sailing-vessels, boats, masts: at St. Louis, no boats but steamers; no sails, no masts. It was a striking object for contemplation, not a picturesque one certainly—still, full of meaning. Some of the names too were suggestive—Reothuk, Shenandoah, Monongahela—Indian sounds, poetical and characteristic, and appropriate to the waters of the Mississippi and the Missouri, which fall in about twenty miles above St. Louis. We saw the junction of these streams, and saw, too, how the heavy molten waters of the Missouri contaminate the purity of the Upper Mississippi. For a short distance that bright blue river keeps apart from his uninviting comrade, but he cannot long avoid contact; his azure robes are first spotted, then soiled, and at last they are miserably and hopelessly discoloured and embrowned, and they must roll on hundreds of miles, and pass New Orleans a muddy compound, until they are purified, but lost in the sapphire waves of the Mexican Gulf.

We reached Alton about nine o'clock: it is a pretty place, which I did not see in the dark on Saturday; the last forty miles, too, of that journey was through a rather fine country, not prairie, but woody. Before leaving the *Reindeer* steamer, I

had some conversation with a sensible lady from Chicago, who regretted the way in which 'the great majority of American young women are sacrificing health to vanity. She agrees that it is not so much climate, as bad management, which crowds the cemeteries with early victims. An idea has gone forth that fragility is interesting, and young ladies almost cultivate ill-health! She told me that, standing at her own door one morning, she observed three girls between twelve and fourteen passing to school; it was damp weather: these children were lightly and showily attired, with thin silk slippers, to set off their feet to advantage—instead of good substantial boots. These kind of absurdities are common in the United States. I have found out a reason why ladies travelling alone must be extravagantly dressed: without that precaution they meet with no attention and little civility,—decidedly much less than in any other country. So here it is not as *women*, but as *ladies*, they are to be cared for!—and this in democratic America!

I saw flocks of prairie birds, both going and coming; and I was told that they are a kind of grouse, generally called 'prairie chickens.' If they were roasted as we roast game in England, they would be very good: I have only tasted them broiled, so as to be dry and hard. There was nothing which struck my fancy, in the manner of expression, as

peculiar in prairie life. I no longer hear the singular affirmation 'Yes, sirree,' or 'No, sirree,' which was made use of among the Aderondak Mountains to express something very positive.

*October 3, Milwaukie.*—I am brought to a standstill. We arrived at Chicago too late for the Mackinau steamer of yesterday. I was told that by taking the cars here early this morning, we should get a lake conveyance; but, on reaching this place, not only my hope of a steamer till Friday is vain, but owing to what is called a state fair, it has been with the greatest difficulty that I have procured a tiny bed-room in a secondary hotel. The town, though scattered and extensive, is crammed to overflowing. I am glad to observe that in these parts the taste of the settlers induces them to preserve the Indian names. We passed to-day by several places, such as Waakeyau, Shenosha, &c.; near the last-mentioned town I observed a beautiful Gentian, growing in dry places by the side of the track. I do not know one exactly like it; the colour was as brilliant as Bavarica, but several inches taller.

The site of Milwaukie upon Lake Michigan is supposed to have been once covered by its waters, and fresh-water shells are found in the elevations behind the city.

On Saturday morning I may reach Mackinau, in the steamer *Niagara*, but the delay I have met with

puts an end to all hope of my reaching Lake Superior, as Saint Maric is too distant, and I must follow the Collingwood line from Lake Michigan across Lake Huron, then to Toronto by land, and by Lake Ontario to Oswega, so as to reach Utica on Monday.

*Thursday, October 4.*—Yesterday afternoon I set forth upon a voyage of discovery to find out a spot from which I might take a sketch of the city. Making my way over a bridge to higher ground, it was evident that the present site of Milwaukie was once covered by water; below some bluffs, a mile and a half from the present lake, there is a most distinct beach, and shells are found just beyond. The town authorities are going to great expense to cut through and level these bluffs, which, left as they are, would diversify and ornament their town. This levelling process will puzzle future geologists. I think the water here tastes of iron. By-the-bye, I quite forgot to mention the wonderful Iron Mountain of Missouri, situated in St. Francis county, about eighty miles south-west or south of St. Louis: it rises to a height two hundred and sixty feet above the surrounding country, and there is said to be many million tons of ore above the surface! It is known as specular oxyde, and yields from sixty to seventy per cent. of pure iron. There is also the Pilot Knob, Shepherd's Mountain, and other valuable deposits in Madison County, on the line of the Iron Mountain Railroad.

These deposits vary in their character and produce ; and yield iron adapted to various purposes. There are immense works and forges crected in Franklin County. About fifty miles west of St. Louis are large iron works, and in various other localities along the Mississippi ; abundance of iron is found also at that place on the Macamaco, where iron has been manufactured for some years past. The South-west branch of the Pacific Railroad passes through extensive deposits of minerals—iron, copper, lead, and coal sufficient to work all the mines on the line ; indeed, it is believed the metalliferous region of Missouri covers an area of near thirteen millions of acres : it also extends into Arkansas and the Indian territory ; that country is said to be all magnesian limestone, rich in lead. It surprises me to hear that the Iron Mountain is thickly timbered : I should have expected it to be devoid of trees of any size. I made my sketch this morning, from a house belonging to Mr. G——, which stands upon an isolated bluff, the earth having been so cut away all around it as to leave the buildings above in a doubtful state of security. Mr. G—— told me they are seeking compensation for the injury done to their property, as it will be impossible for them to remain on it another year. I walked up to look at the fair, but as there was a great number of people, I was afraid to encounter so large a crowd, and kept

aloof; at the same time I did not see one instance of intoxication or disorder: the visitants were generally well attired, good-humoured, and quietly amusing themselves. In short, this state fair of Milwaukie was a very creditable specimen of the conduct and civilization of the citizens of Wisconsin.

This afternoon closes in with a wetting fog. I hope it does not intend to be so thick to-morrow as to drive me back to Chicago; for I will not embark on the lake and take the Collingwood line, unless the weather promises well, though I shall regret to return again *viâ* Toledo and Buffalo.

*Milwaukie, October 5.*—At nine this morning I am told the *Niagara* has arrived; and after a storm last night the weather is fine.

*On Board the Niagara Steamer, October 6.*—According to the usual fashion in this country of furnishing false information, after giving up my rooms and going down, bag and baggage, to the wharf, the only vessel there was a steamer going back to Chicago. Fortunately, at the steam agency office, I had fallen in with the principal agent for the Collingwood line, to whom I feel indebted for a civility and attention I should not have received from his subordinates. He got my things safely taken care of, before he was obliged to embark for Chicago, and did all in his power to facilitate my passage in the *Niagara* whenever she might arrive;

but six hours of tiresome waiting on that wharf, in very uncivilized company, ensued. At last, in despair, I went up to the office, with the idea of changing my ticket for the railroad. Evidently there was a great demur about allowing this. I had been unwise enough, upon the faith of the *Niagara's* supposed arrival, to pay for my tickets through to Oswego. I recommend travellers in America never to take tickets in advance, beyond the first office, as, if anything occurs to make a change of route necessary, they must bear in mind that *refund* is a very bad fund. However, just as I had secured a carriage to remove my things from the wharf to the railroad, with a determination to go off, and take my chance of ultimate justice, the steamer was announced to be in sight, and upon her reaching the dock we found that bad weather had delayed her departure from Chicago until eight in the morning, although a telegraphic message shown to me at the office stated she had left that port at one hour after midnight. Of course, if such had been the case, her delay of seven hours after the usual time gave reasonable cause for anxiety. Captain Miller was very obliging, and I immediately procured a comfortable berth, where I could rest after so many hours of suspense and anxiety.

Of course, this detention puts Lake Superior and St. Marie out of the question. The doubt is,

whether I can even attain Utica by the day I am engaged to be there. If we reach Toronto too late, we may miss the steamer to Oswego, and be again delayed some hours. The lake is not very smooth: it still retains some agitation from the storm of Thursday, and I see many people suffering from sickness; however, it was well to be on shore during the bad weather. So far my delay was a fortunate one. Last night I suffered from an illustration of the want of thought and consideration for others, which appears to me to make itself more evident among the population, particularly of the young generation, in America than in Europe. Being much fatigued, I retired early, and the same thing was the case with a majority of passengers; but there was a piano in the saloon, close to my berth. After ten o'clock at night, a young girl sat down to perform—not harmonious music, for such a disturbance might have been forgiven, but she perseveringly amused herself by striking the instrument in a style so utterly discordant, that, after a while of patient endurance, I opened my door, and inquired whether it was right at that time of night to keep the passengers from sleeping? She repeated my words with an air of ludicrous impertinence, and, though she paused for a little while, before long the annoyance was continued, if not by her by others, without the smallest excuse or apology! Thus do the rising



generation here mistake rudeness for Republicanism, and selfishness for independence; but we must not be too hard upon them. As this great and growing nation advances in life and experience, it will advance also in civilization and true Christian politeness; Rowdysm will cease to be considered manliness, or extravagance gentility. Noble American spirits are setting an example, correcting these errors. A few more years, and their influence will permeate and pervade the length and breadth of American society. As yet, that society is but roughed out—not polished: the polishing will follow in due time.

Already in Boston I have remarked that simplicity and comfort are advancing beyond ostentation; dress and furniture there evince more attention to suitability than to mere show. In every other part of the United States, with the exception of Mr. G——'s, of Canandaigua, and one or two other houses, magnificent curtains, expensive carpets, and fine mirrors, are more abounding than in England; but useful tables, writing materials, and other little comforts we consider imperative, are wanting. That singular fashion—which is almost general—of making the drawing-room and parlours so obscure, that the inmates might as well live in cellars, is one reason why necessaries for employment are scarce. Tables would be almost useless where no one can see to write or draw. I have been told it is the heat

of this climate which makes people thus darken their rooms ; but they have a long winter, and sunshine is as carefully excluded in cold weather as in hot ; besides, I never heard that in Italy there is such an intense love of obscurity. It has happened that I have opened a blind in some of the hotels ; and the chambermaid, upon entering, rushed to close it with an air of as much alarm as if the sun was shining in to the injury of some valuable picture.

This morning we have had some negro music ; two darkies singing duets, accompanying themselves with a guitar and violin. Their voices good, and (like those of most of the negroes) in perfect tune. One song had a chorus imitative of barking dogs, which amused the younger passengers extremely. By eight at night we reached Mackinaw—that island, with a fort once known as Michelimackinack, a name I had so often heard in my childhood from an old friend, whose husband served in the early American conflicts between the English and French, that I wished much to see the place which owned it, but it was too dark for much observation ; I could only tell that a fort is still in existence, and there is a large pointed rock, like a sugar-loaf. The town is small, with a population of about two thousand. A steamer lay alongside the wharf ; she proved to be the *Lady Elgin*, the very boat in which, if it had

not been for false information, we should have embarked on Tuesday night, at Chicago. That apparent disappointment has proved an advantage, for she was disabled in the next day's storm; and we escaped both fright and danger, while we should not have been advanced one mile on our voyage.

*Toronto, October 8.*—We arrived at Collingwood by seven o'clock this morning, after a tedious and anxious passage from Mackinaw—anxiety for others more than for ourselves. As the *Lady Elgin* was not considered in a safe position at that place, and had no means there of repairing her damages, our captain decided upon taking her in tow. The following night and day proved rough; and, if the heaving of the vessel had caused the towing lines to give way, it would have been impossible for the *Niagara* to have afforded more assistance. What an awful consideration that such an accident would have obliged us to leave the unfortunate *Lady Elgin* and her passengers to their fate; which (as she was quite helpless) would probably have been a watery grave. It was a great relief when once we passed Lake Huron and the lower end of the Georgian Bay, for then apprehension was over.

During this voyage we saw the Manitoolia, Islands, and Fox and Duck Islands; of course I abandoned all notion of Sault St. Marie and Lake Superior. The cars received us upon landing at

By three o'clock I reached Utica, to find a never-failing cordial reception from my friends there. In the course of the afternoon Mrs. Seymour took me to see Colonel Jowett's fine collection of Silurian fossils; there I found very curious and unique specimens of the early crustaceans, a great variety of Trilobites, and some things I never before heard of; the most singular were found at Niagara and Trenton. Colonel Jowett was so obliging as to offer me some duplicates, which I shall like much to have. At night I took leave of Governor and Mrs. Seymour, and parted from them with a deep and grateful sense of the untiring and affectionate kindness they have evinced towards me during the past year. The early train for Albany started at five o'clock in the morning, and I reached Awastanook, near Lennox, sufficiently early for a pleasant drive in the afternoon.

*Thursday, October 10.*—Mr. D—— went with me in search of a white rose I saw blowing last July upon Rattlesnake Mountain, as the season is now favourable for taking up suckers. We were successful in finding an abundant crop, and I am rather in hopes that this Awastanook rose will prove a novelty to the botanical world.

Thursday afternoon, and all Friday, the rain poured down in torrents; I thought myself fortunate in being comfortably housed, and that this storm did not catch us on Lake Ontario.

*Saturday.*—The morning, though cloudy, was only wet underfoot: a carriage was ordered, and I drove with one of my friends, to fulfil a promise I had made to an occupant of the farm from which I had made a sketch of Lennox and the surrounding country, that she should see the drawing. We found with her two intelligent young women; daughters, I conclude. The premises resembled a comfortable English farm; a large spinning-wheel was in use in the parlour. I observed maps, and other indications of education, with a certain degree of refinement; and all the inmates evinced an intense and delighted interest in my sketch: they expressed the most lively gratitude for being allowed to see it, and eagerly pointed out every familiar tree and cottage. In return, I learned the Indian name of that pretty lake, on the borders of which Hawthorne wrote his *Seven Gables*—*Mackinaw*,—‘*the Mountain Mirror*,’ what an improvement upon that un-euphonious appellation of Stockbridge Pond!

*Monday, October 16.*—This morning at nine o’clock I must take leave of Awastanook for ever. Thankful for my enjoyment of its lovely scenery, and convinced, too, that this spot will ever remain impressed upon my memory, as a ‘*Mountain Mirror*,’ which to me has reflected only truth and beauty.

*Boston, October 16.*—Although I came by railroad from the Berkshire Hills last summer, I was yester-

day still more strongly impressed by the beautiful country it passes through ; perhaps the late rains have embrowned and deepened the rapid torrents and numerous lakes of that Highland district ; while crimson and golden tints give added brilliancy to forests which are at all times varied in foliage. I could only regret that almost all the houses and farms are so very white and uniform in appearance ; I did once see a sky-blue stable, and occasionally a red barn, and such colours were quite a relief to the monotony. How subdued and quiet the grey stone buildings of England will look, after the almost universal white paint of American erections.

I find myself again under that friendly roof which sheltered me first, and promises to shelter me last on this side the Atlantic ; as I shall embark on the 24th upon my homeward voyage, this will probably be the conclusion of my letters. Before closing them, I must once more return to the subject of Slavery : in the first place, to extract a few observations from a letter written by a gentleman of known experience and ability ; and then to answer an accusation made against me by some Northern friends, who affirm that I have not spent sufficient time among slaves and slaveholders to judge fairly. My correspondent says :—‘The phenomenon of African Slavery, as it is sometimes called, is in truth no phenomenon at all. Where is the country, or

the period of history, wherein slavery did not exist in some shape or the other? Slavery has always existed, and will continue, as long as there is a disparity in the intellect and energy of men. I do not enter into the question of the Unity of Races, which is supposed to be derived from Bible authority: it will be sufficient to assert that this race, known as African, is inferior to the Caucasian. As a people, the blacks are sensual and stupid, lazy, improvident, and vicious; unless under guidance, they have no idea of cherishing those virtues which elevate our common nature; they have an alacrity for sinking—nothing more. In their own country, they are either savages or slaves. There is at this time, and there have been for long periods, a large number of free coloured people in the slaveholding and non-slaveholding States of the Union; but even constant attrition against Yankee sharpness and shrewdness, has failed to elicit one scintillation of talent or genius from this race. When they pass from bondage it is only to swell the volume of insignificance or vice which has characterized their past history. But besides this, I would remark that we should reflect upon the fact of Slavery, more than upon the manner of its regulation. The Virginian negro, who is held by law as a slave, is really little more a slave than the man who works in the mines and manufactories of England. The first is held in

subjection by a well-devised system of police, the other by a necessity stronger than any police. It is no answer to say that the Englishman can, if he chooses, leave his employer; that power only exists in theory, as the penalty for severing his bonds is *starvation*. His real master is Capital—which, being in its nature greedy, grasping, and selfish, it doles out to human labour the smallest possible amount which will sustain life, and keep the working machine in due order. There are three millions of slaves in the United States, and they constitute the only black people who are progressing in civilization and Christianity—who are orderly, quiet, contented, and industrious. They are well fed, well clad, and in physical comforts will compare advantageously with the same number of operatives in any part of Europe.

‘The only favourable results yet marked out for the African race are due to the American system of slavery; and until experience shall have demonstrated that some other policy will result in greater blessings to the negro, I cannot but regard efforts to abolish the present state of things as thoughtless and unwise, if not unjust and inhuman.’

So much for the opinion of a good man who has long studied the question here. My visit to the South may not have enabled me to ferret out and



investigate all the evils there may be to discover there, and it would be absurd to ignore the possible existence of cruel masters and ill-used slaves ; but I saw nothing, and heard very little, which would substantiate accusations ; yet early rising and active habits gave me opportunities of using my eyes and ears, in the fields and the forests, and in places where not many travellers would be suspected. The varied aspects of New York, and Paris, and London, are dwelt upon and described every day, and yet how few writers think it necessary to seek out and reprobate the slaveholders of those cities. Now I hear it said—‘ Bad things may be done in free countries, but they are not done legally.’

The *abuses* of Slavery are no less illegal ; and let us confess, and acknowledge repentantly, how cruelly England, or rather English law, did first neglect, and then persecute children, human beings born, and perhaps nurtured in crime, through the indolence and negligence of society. Then, because of the very weakness and ignorance thus induced and fastened upon these helpless ones, have they not been incarcerated in prisons ? denied those very occupations and exercises positively necessary for the moral, intellectual, and physical improvement of growing creatures ? and when at last the consequences of such treatment became evidenced by an increase of vicious propensities, the poor outcasts, if

not legally murdered according to ancient law, have at any rate been whipped and tormented until their hands were raised against every man, as those of every man have been against them !

Of late years the British people have opened their eyes, and they have been looking into, and endeavouring to remedy, such evils ; and surely every nation has work enough to do at home ; and if each will only put aside distant, and perhaps ignorant philanthropy, until they have done their own immediate business, the world will be in a fair way to be mended ; and those crimes and sorrows which affect the white race quite as heavily and pitiably as Slave Institutions press upon the black, will rapidly become ameliorated and consoled.

In the meanwhile, if the observations in these letters jar against commonly-received and long-cherished opinions and principles, I am sorry to differ. Let it be remembered that every case has two sides. Hitherto, of Slavery one side only has been made prominent. It will be admitted by most intelligent thinkers, that open discussion is useful ; and if I have drawn mistaken conclusions, they must ultimately rectify themselves. I am not conscious of being imbued with a spirit of partisanship ; and I trust nothing I have said will arouse feelings of bitterness, or in any degree wound that kind spirit, through and by which alone this subject should be approached.

These letters were hastily written, sent off by post uncopied, and generally uncorrected. They ask for indulgence; but, as I have always believed that the fresh impressions of any commonly intelligent observer must have some degree of interest, so I make no further apology for this publication; and I shall only add one or two more suggestions with regard to Slavery. If that indigenous earth-nut, from which such a quantity of oil is, or can be, expressed, were to meet with sufficient encouragement upon the African coasts, and if the Blockading Squadron were exchanged for merchant-ships to carry away the produce, the traffic in slaves would gradually be given up for a more remunerative occupation, and it would be one which might absorb all the surplus black labour. Commercial remedies are the only certain and legitimate slavery preventives. By using them, we should save white lives as well as black lives, and white money as well as black interests; and if the slaveholders in the South American States can be induced to co-operate with us in the Christianizing and civilizing of Africa by a law which may enable all those black slaves who, showing sufficient economy and forethought to save money for self-purchase, are willing to buy themselves, on condition of going to Africa, much good can be accomplished. It is my belief, you may as well attempt to improve the morals, and add to the

happiness of idiots by turning them out of asylums, as to imagine you can benefit the 'darkies' by abolitionism.

Yours affectionately,

A. M. M.

If any wishes should be expressed for the publication of a series of SKETCHES which would illustrate these volumes, Messrs. WILLIS, of Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, have authority to receive applications concerning it.

*December, 1855.*

THE END.



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